

Mirth softly smoothes the brow of Care and writes a 1000 Graces there

TWO SHILLINGS

THE MIRTHFUL MEDLEY

A CHOICE OF FIVE HUNDRED PICTORIAL FIGURES OF FANCY

FACETIOUS TALES, JESTS & PUNS

LONDON: J. & R. MAXWELL

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"'TIS GOOD TO BE MERRY AND WISE"

OLD SONG

THE MIRTHFUL MEDLEY

*A BOOK FOR ALL SEASONS, FOR BOTH SEXES, AND FOR
EVERY COUNTRY; PROVOKING LAUGHTER, YIELDING
INNOCENT AMUSEMENT, AND AFFORDING JOYOUS
RECREATION TO OLD AND YOUNG*

ILLUSTRATED WITH

HUNDREDS OF COMIC CUTS

SO BRIMFUL OF CHARACTER, FUN, AND FROLIC, AS SURELY TO EXCITE
MERRIMENT, WIT, AND WISDOM

EDITED BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS



LONDON

JOHN & ROBERT MAXWELL, PUBLISHERS

MILTON HOUSE, SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET

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FULL OF THE CHOICEST MERRIMENT AND WISDOM

Profusely Illustrated.

DROLL DOINGS.



SINGING A "CATCH."

"Some boys get it lighter than that," said the porter, significantly.

"And get it heavier at the Old Bailey! You don't catch me nickin', if that's what you mean," said Dick.

"Don't you ever steal, then, young Nick?"

"No, old Nick; and I wouldn't. Lots does it, but my family wouldn't."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. I believe there's some good in you, Dick, after all."

"Oh, I'm all good!" said Dick. "But I wouldn't prig. It's bad form."

"TIME to wake up there, youngster," said a rough voice.

"Ridiculous Dick" opened his eyes slowly, and stared stupidly in the face of the speaker, but did not offer to get up.

"Wake up, you young scarecrow!" said the man, a little impatiently; "I suppose you'd lay there all day, if I hadn't called you."

"What time is it," asked Dick, "by your patent self-winding gold repeater?"

"Seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock! I oughter 've been up an hour ago, for there's nobody but me knows 'the combination' at the Bank! I know what 'twas made me so precious sleepy. I went to the Opera last night, and then my club after, and so I didn't turn in till past four, h'ay h'em!"

"Tell a whacker while you're at it! You went to the Opera! More like the 'Oxton Worities! Where'd you get your money?" asked the man, who was a porter in the employ of a firm doing business in Milk Street.

"Made it by shining, in course, like the *Brush* 'Lectric Light Co.! My guardian don't allow me no money for theatres, so I have to earn it."

"I'm glad you think so, Dick," and the rough voice sounded gentler than at first. "Have you got any money to buy your breakfast?"

"No; but I'll soon get some."

While this conversation had been going on, Dick had got up. His bedchamber had been a wooden box, half full of straw, on which the young shoe-black had reposed his weary limbs, and slept soundly. He sank down into the straw without taking the trouble of undressing. Getting up, too, was an equally short process. He jumped out of the box, shook himself, picked out one or two straws that had found their way into rents in his clothes, and, drawing a well-worn cap over his uncombed locks, he was all ready for the business of the day.

Dick's appearance as he stood beside the box was rather peculiar. His nether garments were torn in several places, and had apparently belonged in the first instance to a boy two sizes larger than himself. He wore a waistcoat, all the buttons of which were shed except two, out of which peeped a shirt which looked as if it had been worn a month. To complete his costume he wore a coat too long for him, dating back, if one might judge from its general appearance, to a remote antiquity.

Washing the face and hands is usually considered proper in commencing the day, but Dick was above such refinement. He had no particular dislike to dirt, and did not think it necessary to remove several dark streaks on his face and hands.

But in spite of his dirt and rags there was something about Dick that was attractive. It was easy to see that if he had been clean and well-dressed he would have been decidedly good-looking. Some of his companions were sly, and their faces inspired distrust; but Dick had a frank, straightforward, good-humoured manner that made him a favourite.

Dick's business hours had commenced. He had no shutters to take down. His little blacking-box was ready for use, and he looked sharply in the faces of all who passed, addressing each with, "Shine yer boots, sir? Polish yer up, captain?"

"How much?" asked a gentleman.

"As much as you like," responded Dick, dropping his box, and sinking upon his knees on the sidewalk, flourishing his brush with the air of one skilled in his profession.

"Why, I should like a shilling a minate!"

"That's me; but suppose now we settle it without harbitration, at sixpence the go."

"Sixpence! Isn't that a little high even for London?"

"Well, you know, 'taint all clear profit," said Dick, who had already set to work. "There's the *blacking* costs something, and since the *Noobian* come in, and the French stuff floods the market, regular old Day and Martin ain't in everybody's hands, and I have to get a new brush awful often."

"And you have a large *rent* too to sustain," said the gentleman quizzically, with a glance at a large hole in Dick's coat. "It wants mending sadly."

"Yes, my lord," said Dick, always ready to joke; "I have to pay such a big rent for my Grosvenor Gardin's manshun, that I can't afford to take less than three dee a shine. I'll give you a superior shine, for the tanner."

"Be quick about it, for I am in a hurry. So your house is Kensington way, is it?"

"It isn't anywhere else," said Dick, and Ridiculous Dick spoke the truth there.

"What tailor do you patronise?" asked the gentleman, surveying Dick's attire.

"Would you like to go to the same one?" asked Dick, shrewdly.

"Well, no; it strikes me that he didn't give you a very good fit. Is that boot a Hoby?"

"Tall events, it covers the Shanks' mare; that's my *hoby* horse!" responded the boy comically. "This 'ere coat once belonged to General Waterloo. He wore it all through the Afghan War, and it got torn some, 'cause he fit so hard. When he died, he told his widder to give it to some smart young chap that hadn't got none of his own; so she gave it to me. But if you'd like it, sir, to remember the old veteran by, I'll let you have it reasonable."

"Thank you, but I wouldn't want to deprive you of it. And did your trousers—I think they are meant for trousers, eh? come from General Waterloo too?"

"No, they were a gift from the Shah, old Persia got too Pursey, outgrow'd 'em in for short, and telephoned 'em to me—he's bigger than me, and that's why they don't pinch."

"It seems you have distinguished friends. Now, my lad, I suppose you would like your money."

"Unless you're a Loan Bank, and then I fear it would come in pooty small instalments," answered Dick.

"I believe," said the gentleman, examining his pocket-book, "I haven't got anything short of half-a-crown. Have you got any change?"

"Not a brown," said Dick. "All my money's invested in Indian Gold Mines."

"That's unfortunate."

"Shall I get the piece changed, sir?"

"I can't wait; I've got to meet an appointment immediately. I'll hand you the half-crown, and you can leave the change at my friend's office any time during the day."

"All right, sir. Where is that?"

"No. 125, Merchants Street. Shall you remember?"

"I know her like a book. What name?"

"Greyson—office on second floor. I am Mr. Whitney."

"All right, sir; I'm a retriever, when it comes to fetching change for a fiver!"

"I wonder whether the laughable little scamp will prove honest," said Mr. Whitney to himself, as he walked smilingly away. "If he does, I'll give him my custom regularly while in the City. If he don't, as is most likely, I shan't mind the loss."

Mr. Whitney did not understand Dick. Our ragged hero wasn't a model boy in all respects. I am afraid he swore sometimes, and now and then he played tricks upon unsophisticated boys from the country, or gave a wrong direction to honest gentlemen unused to the City. A clergyman in search of the Sunday School Union he once directed to Newgate Prison, and, following him unobserved, was highly delighted when the unsuspecting stranger walked up the steps of the great stone building, and hammered at the Debtors' door to obtain admission.

"I guess he didn't ought to want to stay long there if he had a' gotten in," thought Ridiculous Dick, hitching up his inexpressibles. "Leastways I shouldn't. They're so precious glad to see you that they won't let you go, but board you gratatious, and never send in no bills."

Another of Dick's faults was his extravagance. Being always wide-awake and ready for business, he earned enough, in spite of the opposition of "the Brigade," to have supported him comfortably and respectably. There were not a few young clerks who employed Dick from time to time in his professional capacity, who scarcely earned as much as he, greatly as their dress exceeded his.

But Dick was careless of his earnings. Where they went he could hardly have told himself. However much he managed to earn during the day, all was generally spent before morning. He was fond of going to the theatre, and to

music halls, and if he had any money left afterwards, he would invite some of his friends to have a h'oyster, or a s'rimp, or a trotter; so it seldom happened that he commenced the day with a penny.

Then Dick had formed the habit of smoking. This cost him considerable, for Dick was rather fastidious about his cigars, and wouldn't smoke the cheapest. Besides, having a liberal nature, he was generally ready to treat his companions.

Large numbers of newsboys and shoeblacks form the habit. Exposed to the cold and wet, they fancy it warms them up, and the self-indulgence grows upon them.

And "Ridiculous Dick" lost very much by "pitch and toss" with those of his own trade. In that case, two of the trade would, despite the row, agree to cheat him with pence double-faced like themselves.

I have mentioned Dick's faults and defects, because I want it understood, to begin with, that I don't consider him a model boy. But there were some good points about him nevertheless. He was above doing anything mean or dishonourable. He would not steal, or cheat, or impose upon younger boys, but was frank and straightforward, manly and self-reliant. His nature was a noble one, and had saved him from all mean faults. That is so with most heads that see the humorous side of life. They laugh very often to prevent their weeping.

After Dick had finished polishing Mr. Whitney's boots he was fortunate enough to secure three other good customers.

When Dick had got through with the last, Bennett's clocks indicated eight o'clock. He had been up an hour, and hard at work, and naturally began to think of breakfast. He went into a small, cheap coffee-room, where he could get a cup of coffee.

Refreshed, he returned to his "pitch," which, it cannot be said, defileth not, for he more resembled a blackamoor than a white boy when he had finished the day. He slept up an alley so soundly that he had not a dream, and it was not till well into the morning that he remembered that he had not yet returned the change due to the gentleman whose boots he had blacked on the morning of his introduction to the reader.

"What'll he think of me?" said Dick to himself. "I hope he won't think I'm mean enough to keep the money after laying the charge on as thick as the blacking?"

Now Dick was scrupulously honest, and though the temptation to be otherwise had often been strong, he had always resisted it. He was not willing on any account to keep money which did not belong to him, and he immediately started for 125, Merchants Street.

The door being open, Dick walked in.

"Is Mr. Whitney disengaged?" he asked of a clerk who sat on a high stool before a desk.

"Not just now. He'll be soon. Will you wait?"

"Yes," said Dick.

"Very well; take a seat, then."



THE PORTER (p. 1).

Dick sat down and took up the *Times*, and presently came to a word of four syllables, which he pronounced to himself a "sticker," and laid it down. The clerk had snapped him up so curtly that he hesitated to impart the nature of his business to him.

Besides, his attention was distracted by other occupants of the office. They were one, a gentleman of fifty; the other, a boy of thirteen or fourteen. They were speaking together, and Dick had no difficulty in hearing what was said. At the same time, the tone of the elder's voice was not unfamiliar to him. He was saying:

"I am sorry, Frank, that I can't go about and show you some of the sights, but I shall be full of business to-day. It is your first visit to town, too."

"Yes, sir."

"There's a great deal worth seeing here. But I'm afraid you'll have to wait till next time. You can go out and walk by yourself, but don't venture too far, or you may get lost."

Frank looked disappointed.

"I wish Tom Miles knew I was here," he said. "He would go around with me."

"Where does he live?"

"Somewhere West, I believe."

"Then, unfortunately, he is not available. If you would rather go with me than stay here, you can, but as I shall be most of the time in merchants' counting-rooms I am afraid it would not be very interesting."

"I think," said Frank, after a little hesitation, "that I will go off by myself. I won't go very far, and if I lose my way I will inquire for the Cathedral Hotel."

"Yes, anybody will direct you to St. Paul's, ignorant as too many Londoners are latterly of all their city monuments. I am sorry I can't do better for you."

"Oh, never mind, uncle, I shall be amused in walking around, and looking at the shop-windows. There will be a great deal to see."

Now Dick had listened to all this conversation. Being an enterprising young man, he thought he saw a chance for a speculation, and determined to avail himself of it.

Accordingly he stepped up to the two just as Frank's uncle was about leaving, and said, "I know all about the city, sir; I'll show him around, if you want me to."

The gentleman looked quickly at the ragged figure before him. "What, you? my shoeblack of yesterday, I think?"

"That's me, your honour."

"Well, I have not forgotten you."

"And I didn't forget neither; this is your change."

"You're an honest lad," said Mr. Whitney, for it was he.

"Who taught you to be honest?"

"Nobody," said Dick. "But it's mean to cheat and steal. I've always knowed that."

"Then you've got ahead of some of our modern business men. You evidently have some good principles to start with, as you have shown by your scorn of dishonesty."



THE SOHO TOUT (p. 13)

I shall hope good things of you in the future. I'll speak to my friend Greyson about you—see if he cannot get you into some school."

Meanwhile Master Frank had been studying the new comer, who eyed him almost as curiously.

"Well, that job's done," remarked Dick, unabashed. "Money down, and stamped receipt given. How about the contract I proposed, sir, please?"

He was a little wistful in his desire.

"So you are a city boy, are you?"

"Yes, sir," said Dick, "I've lived here ever since I was a baby."

"And you know all about the public buildings, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the Parks?"

"Yes, sir. I know my way all round."

The gentleman looked even more thoughtful.

"I don't know what to say, Frank," he remarked to his son, after a while.

"It is rather a novel proposal. This isn't exactly the sort of guide I would have picked out for you. Still he looks honest and he acts honestly. He has an open face, and I think can be depended upon."

"I wish he wasn't so ragged and dirty," said genteel Frank, who felt a little shy about being seen with such a companion.

"I'm afraid you haven't attended to your face this morning," said Mr. Whitney.

"They didn't have no wash basins at the hotel where I stopped," said Dick.

"What hotel did you stop at?"

"The Packing Case."

"The Packing Case Hotel?"

"Yes, sir, I slept in a box up an alley."

Frank surveyed Dick amusedly.

"How did you like it?" he asked.

"I slept prime."

"Suppose it had rained?"

"Then I'd have had a wet blanket," said Dick. "That's common to us citizens, when we buy at 160 on the rise, and it drops by ten at a time to 40 below par, afore we gets the tip in the morning."

The clerk poked his nose over the partition at this very professional simile, and his master's guest laughed.

"Are these all the clothes you have?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Whitney held a consultation with Frank, who seemed pleased with the suggestion.

"Follow me, my lad," he said.

Dick, in some surprise, obeyed orders, following Mr. Whitney and Frank out of the office to the Cathedral Hotel. Here a servant stopped Dick, but Mr. Whitney explained that he had something for him to do, and he was allowed to proceed.

They entered a long passage, and finally paused before a door. This being opened, an old-fashioned, pleasant chamber was disclosed.

"Come in, my lad," said Mr. Whitney, and both boys entered.

"Now," said Mr. Whitney to Dick, "my nephew here is on his way to a boarding-school. He had a suit of clothes in his trunk about half worn. He is willing to give them to you. I think they will look better than those you have on, and are more likely to fit than a ready-made suit."

Dick was so astonished that he hardly knew what to say. Presents were something that he knew very little about, never having received any to his knowledge

That so enormous a gift should be made to him by a stranger seemed very wonderful.

The clothes were brought out, and turned out to be a neat grey suit.

"Before you put them on, my lad, you must wash yourself. Clean clothes and a dirty skin don't go very well together. Frank, you may attend to him. I am obliged to go at once. Have you got as much money as you require?"

"Yes, uncle."

"One more word, my lad," said Mr. Whitney, addressing Dick, "I may be rash in trusting a boy of whom I know nothing, but I like your looks, and I think you will prove a proper guide for my nephew."

"You lay I will, sir," said Dick, earnestly. "Honour bright!"

"Very well. A pleasant time to you."

After Dick had had a bath, the sensation of cleanliness brightened him up with its new pleasantness. Frank added to his gift a shirt, stockings, and an old pair of shoes. "I am sorry I haven't any cap," said he.

"I've got one," said Dick.

"It isn't so new as it might be," said Frank, surveying an old glengarry, which had once been black, but was now dingy, with a large hole in the top.

"No," said Dick; "my grandfather used to wear it when he was a boy, and I've kep' it ever since out of respect for his memory. But I'll get a new one now. I can buy one cheap by the Meat Market, at the entrance to Cloth Fair, where I've been told a poet named *Hamilton* lived and lost a mint over a Pair-o'-dice."

"Milton, who wrote 'Paradise Lost'? I should not mind to see that place. Is that near here?"

"Only five minutes' walk."

"Then we can get one there."

When Dick was dressed in his new attire, with his face and hands clean, and his hair brushed, it was difficult to imagine he was the same boy.

He now looked quite well, and might readily have been taken for a young gentleman, except that his hands were red and still grimy.

"Look at yourself," said Frank, leading him before the mirror.

"Granessgoodchious!" cried Dick, *à la* Arthur Roberts, starting back in astonishment, "this isn't 'Ridiculous Dick,' is it?"

"How do you know yourself?" asked Frank, smiling.

"It reminds me of Cinderella," said Dick, "when she was changed into a fairy princess. I see it one Boxing-night at Ashley's. What'll Johnny Noonham say when he twigs me? He won't dare to speak to such a young swell as I am now. Ain't it toffish?" and Dick burst into a loud laugh. His fancy was tickled by the anticipation of his mate's surprise. Then the thought of the value of the gift he had received occurred to him, and he looked gratefully at Frank.

"You're a brick," he said. "I'll never want to punch a boy agin jest on'y because he wears a clean collar."

"A what?"

"A brick! You're a jolly good fellow to give such a treat."

"You're quite welcome, Dick," said Frank, kindly. "I'm luckier than you are, and I can spare the clothes just as well as not. Your old clothes you can make into a bundle."

"Wait a minute till I get my handkercher," and Dick pulled from his former pocket a dirty rag, which might have been white once, though it did not look like it, and had apparently once formed a part of a workhouse sheet.

"You mustn't carry that," said Frank.

"But I must," said Dick. "You see, I am so h'accustomed to napkins when I dines that, whenever by chance I gets deluded into a low-style chophouse where

they don't know what Soho Square *servy-hets* is, I am obligated to h'employ my hankercher as sich. I larnt the trick when I was in Paris—or 'on the parish;' it's the same thing," he added, under his breath.

"Oh, I don't mean you to go without a handkerchief. I'll give you one."

Frank opened his trunk and pulled out two, which he gave to Dick.

"I wonder if I ain't dreamin'," said Dick, once more surveying himself doubtfully in the glass, and sniffing at the perfume on the cambric. "I'm afraid I'm dreamin', and shall wake up in a barrel, a-kissing of my toes, like the Vokes trick, as I often does."

"Shall I pinch you, so you can wake here?" asked Frank, playfully.

"Yes," said Dick, seriously, "I wish you would."

He pulled up the sleeve of his jacket, and Frank pinched him pretty hard, so that Dick winced.

"Right on my waxination marks! Yes, I'm awake," said Dick; "you've got a pair of nippers, you have. One of the crab family. But what shall I do with my brush and blacking?" he continued.

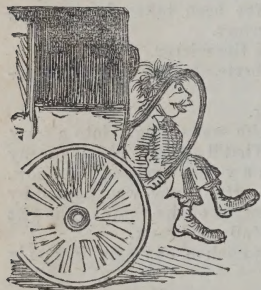
"You can leave them here till we come back," said Frank. "They will be safe, unless the Boots destroys them out of rivalry."

"Hold on a minute," said Dick, surveying Frank's feet with a professional eye; "you ain't got a good shine on them boots. I'll make 'em shine so you can see your face in 'em. These hotel boots ain't up to money value."

And he was as good as his word.

"Thank you," said Frank; "now you had better brush your own."

This had not occurred to Dick, for while the "Bootblack Brigade" present a finished appearance, the independent "outsider" in general considers his blacking too valuable to expend on his own shoes, if he is fortunate enough to possess a pair.



The two boys now went downstairs together. They met the same servant who had spoken to Dick a few minutes before, but there was no recognition.

"He don't know me," said Dick. "He thinks I'm a young juke like you."

"What's a juke?"

"Oh, a juke's a swell that wears nobby clothes like you."

"And you, too, Dick."

"Yes," said Dick, "who'd ever have thought as I should have turned into a tailor's dummy?"

They had now reached Smithfield, and were slowly walking along by the Hospital, when whom should Dick see in front of him, but an acquaintance, Johnny Noonham.

A "CUT BEHIND" IN PREPARATION. Instantly Dick was seized with a fancy for witnessing Johnny's amazement at his change in appearance. He stole up behind him, and slapped him on the back.

"Halloa, Johnny, how many shines have you did?"

Johnny turned round expecting to see Dick, whose voice he recognised, but he stared in blank amazement.

Frank drew off a few steps, especially as he perceived several ragged and straw-decorated youths come over from the circular park where the hay-carts congregate. Two or three were more or less of Ridiculous Dick's own calling, with occasional deviations into paths which terminate in the Clerkenwell Sessions dock.



MICKY MAGUIRE'S LINE.

secured him. Moreover, he was ultra-democratic in his tastes, and had a jealous hatred of those who wore good clothes and kept their faces clean. He called it "putting on airs," and resented the implied superiority. If he had been fifteen years older, and had a trifle more education, he would have interested himself in politics, and been prominent at Brummagem caucuses, and a terror to respectable voters. As it was, he contented himself with being the captain of a gang of market snatch thieves.



MICKY "WIPE" D OUT.

One was a stout, red-haired, freckled-faced boy of fourteen, bearing the name of Micky Maguire. This boy, by his boldness and recklessness, as well as by his personal strength, which was considerable, had acquired an ascendancy among his fellow-professionals, and had a gang of subservient followers, whom he led on to acts of ruffianism. Micky himself had served two months for such behaviour; but the confinement appeared to have had very little effect in amending his conduct, except, perhaps, in making him a little more cautious about an encounter with the "copper," as he and his associates designate the police. The slangologist may decide whether the name comes from the brazen boldness of Policeman X, or the slanderous assertion, that, like a *copper*, he is always to be found in the kitchen.

Now Micky was proud of his strength, and of the position of leader which it had

Now it is only justice to Dick to admit that, so far as wearing good clothes was concerned, he had never hitherto offended the eyes of Micky Maguire. Indeed, they generally looked as if they patronised the same clothing establishment. On this particular morning it chanced that Micky had not been very fortunate in a business way, and, as a natural consequence, his temper, never very amiable, was somewhat ruffled by the fact. He had had a very frugal breakfast—not because he felt abstemious, but owing to the low state of his finances, and bread-and-water conveys no pleasant reminder to the victim of our penal laws. He was walking along with one of his particular friends, a boy nicknamed Limpy Jim, so called from a slight peculiarity in his walk, when all at once he espied our friend Dick in his new suit.

"Bung up my heyes!" he exclaimed, in astonishment; "Jim, just look at Ridic'ulous Dick. He's come into a fortun', and turned gentleman. Tumble to his new clothes."

"So he has," said Jim. "Where'd he get 'em, I wonder?"

"Hooked 'em, in course! Let's stir him up a little. We don't want no Royal-farm beef in our market. So he's puttin' on style, is he? I'll give him a touch of raw-head and cowheels."

So saying the two boys walked up to our hero, who had not observed them, his back being turned, and Micky Maguire gave him a smart slap on the shoulder.

Dick turned round quickly.

"What's that for?" demanded he, turning to see who had struck him.

"We're gittin' moighty fine!" said Micky Maguire, surveying Dick's new clothes with a scornful air.

There was something in his words and tone which Dick, who was disposed to stand up for his dignity, did not at all relish.

"Well, what's the odds if I am?" he retorted. "Does it hurt the Irish Mimber any?"

"See him stand on his dignity, Jim," said Micky, turning to his companion. "Where'd you get them ole clo'es?"

"Never you mind where I got 'em. Maybe the Prince of Wales give 'em to me."

"Hear him, now, Jim," said Micky. "Most likely he nailed 'em."

"Snatching ain't in *my* line."

It might have been unconscious, the emphasis which Dick placed on the word "*my*." At any rate Micky chose to take offence.

"Do you mean to say *I* steal?" he demanded, doubling up his fist, and advancing towards Dick in a threatening manner.

"I don't *say* anything about it," answered Dick, by no means alarmed at this hostile demonstration. "I know you've been to 'Coldbaths' twice, but the dip didn't 'take,' and you are as foul-mouthed as previously before. P'raps 'twas to make a visit along of the Mayor and Recorder! Maybe you was a hinnocent victim of oppression. I ain't a-going to explain at length."

Micky's freckled face grew red with wrath, for Dick had only stated the truth.

"Do you mean to insult a dacint boy?" he howled, shaking the fist already doubled up in Dick's face. "Maybe you want a laying out for a wake?"

"I ain't partic'larly anxious to get one," said Dick, coolly. "They don't agree with my constitution, which it is nat'rally delicate. I'd rather have a good layin'-down than a layin'-out, any time."

"You're afraid," sneered Micky. "Isn't he, Jim?"

"In course he is," muttered Mr. Limpy Jim, at whom both Frank and Noonham darted looks which he interpreted to imply that he had better not interfere on the behalf of his comrades.

"P'raps I am," said Dick composedly, "but it don't trouble me much. I haven't seen any advertisements in the papers yet for a Hero at five pun' ten per week an' uniform perwided."

"Do you want to fight?" demanded Micky, encouraged by Dick's quietness, fancying he was shrinking from encountering him.

"No, I don't," said Dick, "I ain't fond of fightin'. It's a very poor amusement, and very bad for the complexion, 'specially for the eyes and nose, which is apt to turn red, white, and blue."

Micky misunderstood Dick, and judged from the tenor of his speech that he would be an easy victim. Like other wits, Dick had veiled his sarcasm quite impenetrably to ordinary vision. As he knew, Dick very seldom was concerned in any street row—not from cowardice, as he imagined, but because he had too much good sense. Being quarrelsome, like all bullies, and supposing that he was

more than a match for our hero, being about two inches taller, he could no longer resist an inclination to assault him, and tried to plant a blow in Dick's face which would have hurt him considerably if he had not drawn back just in time.

Now, though Dick was far from quarrelsome, he was ready to defend himself on all occasions, and it was too much to expect that he would stand quiet and allow himself to be beaten, especially under eyes like those of Frank, whose good opinion he already rated far more highly than that wondering looker-on surmised.

He returned Micky's blow with such good effect that the young bully staggered back, and would have fallen, if he had not been propped up by his confederate, Limpy Jim.

"Go in, Micky!" shouted the latter, who was rather a coward on his own account, but liked to see others fight. "Polish him off, that's a good 'un!"

Micky was now boiling over with rage and fury, and required no urging. He was fully determined to make a terrible example of poor Dick. He threw himself upon him, and strove to bear him to the ground; but Dick, avoiding a close hug, in which he might possibly have got the worst of it, by an adroit movement, tripped up his antagonist, and stretched him on the sidewalk.

"Hit him, Jim!" exclaimed Micky, furiously. "Strike him wid your crutch."

Limpy Jim did not seem inclined to obey orders. There was a quiet gaze upon him which alarmed him, and he watched Frank sideways with increasing uneasiness. He preferred that Micky should incur all the risks of battle, and accordingly set himself merely to raising his fallen comrade.

"Come, Micky," said Dick, quietly, "you'd better give it up. I wouldn't have touched you if you hadn't hit me first. I don't want to fight. It's low, that's what it is."

"You're afraid of hurtin' your new clo'es," said Micky, with a sneer.

"Maybe I am," said Dick. "I hope I haven't injured yours; for if I have, perhaps you wouldn't love me any more! and that would make me pine away."

Micky's answer to this taunt was another attack, as violent and impetuous as the first. But his fury was in the way. He struck wildly, not measuring his blows, and Dick had no difficulty in turning aside, so that his antagonist's blow fell upon the empty air, and his momentum was such that he nearly fell forward headlong. Dick might readily have taken advantage of his unsteadiness, and knocked him down; but he was not vindictive, and chose to act on the defensive, except when he could not avoid it.

Recovering himself, Micky saw that Dick was a more formidable antagonist than he had supposed, and was meditating another assault, better planned, which by his impetuosity might bear our hero to the ground. But there was an unlooked-for interference.

"Cheese it! (run) here's the copp!" said Jim, in a low voice.

Micky turned round and saw a tall policeman heading towards him, and thought it might be prudent to suspend hostilities. He accordingly picked up his blacking-box, and, hitching up his trousers, walked off, attended by Limpy Jim.

"What's that ragamuffin been doing?" asked the policeman of Frank, as the most intelligent of the group.

"He was amoosin' himself by pitchin' into me," replied Dick, for himself.

"What for?"

"He didn't like it 'cause I patronised a different tailor from him."

"Well, it seems to me you *are* dressed pretty smart for a shoeblack," said the policeman.

"I wish I wasn't one," said Dick. "But they wouldn't take me in at Spring Gardens for chief collector of the Revenue—though I fancy I could come at eleven and go it till four with any on 'em."

"Never mind, my lad. It's an honest business," said the policeman, who was a sensible man and a worthy. "It's an honest business. Stick to it till you get something better."

"I mean to," said Dick. "It ain't easy to get out of it, as John Sheppard, Esq., remarked, when he was asked how he liked his fetters."

"I hope you don't speak from acquaintance with such gentry."

"No," said Dick; "I don't mean to get into quod if I can get quids t'other way. When I wear chains, I aim to have them end in a watch and a locket in my own pockets, and not in the waistbands of them that come before and arter me."

When he had gone his way, Frank, who had slipped a bit of silver into the hand of starving Noonham, reminded his guide of the intended purchase. It was more than hitherto necessary as the glengarry had been trampled out of all similitude to anything but a dish-clout in the late scuffle.

Dick soon supplied the deficiency in head-gear, and they returned their cruise, followed by the astonishing gaze of Johnny Noonham, who could not quite make up his mind whether the neat-looking boy he had been talking with was really "Ridiculous Dick" or not.



THE MISSING LINK.

In order to reach the Strand, it was necessary to cross Holborn. This was easier proposed than done. There is always such a throng of omnibuses, vans, drays, carriages, and vehicles of all kinds in the neighbourhood of the Albert Statue, that the crossing is formidable to one not used to it. Dick made nothing of it, dodging in and out among the horses and wheels with perfect self-possession. Reaching the opposite kerb, he looked back, and found that Frank had retreated in dismay, and that the width of the street was between them.

"Come over!" called out Dick. "Here I am."

"I don't see any opening," said the rustic youth, looking anxiously at the prospect before him. "I'm afraid of being run over."

"If you are, you can sue 'em for damages," said Dick. "It's a small fortune to be smashed by a bayrouche."

Finally Frank got safely over after several narrow escapes, as he considered them.

"Is it always so crowded?" he asked.

"A good deal worse sometimes," said Dick, calmly. "I knowed a young man once who waited six days for a chance to cross, getting his meals of passing bakers, perambulators, and napping agin the lamp-posts, and at last got run over by a light trap, leaving a widder and a large family of orphan children. His widder, a beautiful young woman of seventy-three summers, was obliged to start a cokernut and apple stall. There she is now."

"Where?"

Dick pointed to a hideous old hag, of large proportions, wearing a bonnet of immense size, who presided over a fruit basket close by.

Frank laughed.

"If that is the case," he said, "I think I will patronise her."

"Leave it to me," said Dick, winking.

He advanced gravely to the portable magazine, and said, "Old lady, have you paid your taxes?"

The astonished Pomona opened her eyes and her mouth to the detriment of a short pipe.

"I'm a Crown officer," said Dick, "sent by the Chancellor of the Checker to collect your taxes. I'll take it in apples just to oblige. That big red one will about pay what you're owin' to her Majesty."

"Sorra a wan o' me knows nothing about no taxes," said the old woman, in bewilderment.

"Then," said Dick, "I'll let you off this time. Give us two of your best apples—the rough ones, whose coats you have not yet polished with the palm of your beautiful fist—and my friend here—(whisper)—he's the President of the Board of Trade—no less—will pay you."

Frank smiling, paid for the apples, and they sauntered on, Dick remarking, "If these apples turn out no good, duchess, we'll return 'em, and get our money back." This would have been rather difficult in his case, as the apple was already half consumed.

Charing Cross, where they meant to go, being south, they traversed the Seven Dials. They were soon in High Street, Bloomsbury, walking between rows of second-hand clothing stores, many of which had half their stock in trade exposed on the causeway, to say nothing of botched up boots and shoes. The proprietors of these establishments stood at the doors, watching attentively the passers-by, extending urgent invitations to any who even glanced at the goods, to enter.

"Walk in, young gentlemen," said a stout man, at the entrance of one shop.

"No, I thank you," replied Dick, "as the spy said to the filder."

"We're selling off at less than cost."

"Of course you be. That's how you makes your money. There ain't nobody of any enterprise that pretends to make any profit on his goods these here times."

The Semitic trader looked after our hero as if he didn't quite comprehend him; but Dick, without waiting for a reply, passed on with his companion.

In some of the shops auctions seemed to be going on.

"I am only offered four bob, gents, for this elegant pair of trousers, made of the very best of cloth. It's a frightful sacrifice. Who'll give five? Only four shillings! Why, the cloth cost more hullsale by the yard!"

This speaker was haranguing to three men, holding in his hand meanwhile a pair of cheap continuations.

Frank and Dick paused before the shop door, and finally saw them knocked down to rather a verdant-looking individual.

"Clothes seem to be pretty cheap here," said Frank.

"Yes, but Aldgate is the cheapest place."

"Is it?"

"Yes. Johnny Noonham got a whole rig-out last week, in Petticut-lane, for a dollar—coat, cap, vest, the rest of 'em, and shoes. They was wery good, easy, generous measure, too, like my best clothes that I shook off to oblige you."

"I shall know where to come for clothes next visit to town," said Frank, laughing. "I had no idea the City was so much cheaper than the country. I suppose the Aldgate tailors are fashionable?"

"In course they are. Me and 'Charley, the best-dressed man in London,' go



HE "NOSE" A BARGAIN.

here always for clothes. When Charles gets a new suit I always have one made just like it; but I can't go the white hat. It ain't becomin' to my style of beauty, pertickler with a black band."

A little farther on a man was distributing small printed handbills. One was handed to Frank, which read as follows:—

"GRAND CLOSING-OUT SALE!—A variety of Beautiful and Costly Articles for Sale, at any price downwards. Unparalleled Inducements!"

"Whereabouts is this sale?" asked Frank, "may I inquire."

"Right here, young gentlemen," said a black-whiskered individual, who appeared suddenly on the scene. "Step in."

"Shall we go in, Dick?"

"It's a swindlin' shop," said Dick, in a low voice. "They are always at the Last Three Days of Sales. Positively, that old man's grandfather started it for one week only in seventeen ninety-four! I can swaller a twenty-bladed warranted Sheffield knife for ninepence, but a gold ticker and a diamon' ring for fourpence halfpenny is too many for me. That man's a reglar cheat. He's seen me before, but he don't know me coz of my clothes."

"Step in and just see the articles," said the man, persuasively. "You needn't buy, you know."

"Are all the articles worth more'n their value?" asked Dick.

"Yes," said the other, "and some of the genuine intrinsic kind are worth a great deal more."

"Such as what? Is there any particular intrinsic at an easy price per pound?"

"Well, there's a silver cream jug worth a sovereign."

"And you sell it for four-and-nine. That's very kind of you," said Dick, innocently. "But it looks like robbery."

"Walk in, and you'll understand how we carry on business."

"No, I think not," said Dick. "My servants is so dishonest that I wouldn't like to trust 'em with a silver cream jug. The stone jug is more in the way of some people. Come along, Frank. I hope you'll succeed in your charitable enterprise of supplyin' the public with silver at pewter prices."

"How *does* he manage, Dick?" asked Frank, as they went on. "Some looked real and solid."

"Some elephants are real and solid, and other-some don't have but empty trunks. Why, when it comes to packing up, they shove anything of the same shape into the brown paper. Most of 'em ain't worth sixpence."

At Charing Cross Frank's feast of wonderment was complete.

Accustomed to the quiet of the country, there was something fascinating in the

crowds of people thronging the sidewalks, and the great variety of vehicles constantly passing and repassing in the street. Then again the shop windows with their multifarious contents interested and amused him, and he was constantly checking Dick to look in at some well-stocked show.

"I don't see how so many shopkeepers can find people enough to buy of them," he said. "We haven't got but two in our village, and every street here seems to be full of them."

"Yes," said Dick; "and it's pretty much the same in the suburbs."

"Where's Drury Lane Theatre?" asked Frank.

"Oh, that's up near the church you see away off there," said Dick. "But there's the 'Delphy. It's most as good as Old Drury and the plays is quite as excitin'."

"I'll go to both if I get time," said Frank. "There is a boy at home who went to London and went to the Drury Lane pantomime, and has been talking about it ever since, so I suppose it must be worth seeing."

"Ay," agreed Dick, "they turn out the panto. grand there. On'y it's weak in 'osses and animals, for the which you're bound to go over to Ashley's, leastwise which it is Sangers's now. The Drury Lane purtended elephants is all very well so long as you on'y see the forelegs, but the hind legs being a man's, inside, don't bend naterally and the deception's no blind."

"They've got a great play at Ashley's now," pursued Dick. "'Tis called the 'Demon of the Danube.' The Demon falls in love with a young woman, and drags her by the hair up to the top of a steep rock where his Alpine castle stands."

"That's a queer way of showing the strength of his love," said Frank, laughing.

"And the strength of her hair. She didn't want to go with him, don't you know, but was in love with another Spaniard. Them stage gals always are. When he heerd about his gal bein' carried off, he felt awful, and swore a swear not to rest till he had got her free. Well, at last he bored into the castle by some underground tunnel, and he and the Demon had a fight with pistols. Oh, it was rich seein' 'em roll round on the stage, cuttin' and slashing at each other."

"And which got the best of it?"

"At first the Demon seemed to be ahead, but at last the young Baron got him down, and stuck a pisoned dagger into his heart on the wrong side, sayin', 'Die, false and verjuiced villain! The dogs shall feast upon thy carcass!' and then the Demon give an howl in severil foreign languages and died fatally. Then the Baron seized his body and threwed it over the precipice, three hundred feet deep, where 'the Blue Danube flowed over golden rocks and alabaster foam,' Shakespeare!"

"It seems to me the actor who plays the Demon ought to get extra pay, if he has to be treated that way."

"That's so," said Dick; "but I guess he's used to it. It seems to agree with his constitution, for he's very stout."

"What building is that?" asked Frank, pointing to a structure a little back from the street, with a railing in front. It was an unusual sight near the Strand, all the other buildings in that neighbourhood being even with the street.

"That is the hospital," said Dick. "They take care of hurted people on very reasonable terms."

"Did you ever go in there?"

"Yes," said Dick; "there was a friend of mine; Will Mullins, which he were a *Ecker* boy, got run over as he was crossin' the Strand near the *Globe* Office. He was carried to this hospital, and me and some of his friends paid him visits while he was there. You can't imagine all the care they took of him. Everything

looked so nice and comfortable, that I thought a little of coaxin' a City Atlas driver to run over me, so I might go there too."

"Did your friend have to have his leg cut off?" asked Frank, interested.

"No," said Dick; "though there was a young sawbones there that was very anxious to have it cut off; but it wasn't done, and Johnny cut off with all limbs attached as well as ever."



"CHECK" FOR A PARTNER.

While this conversation was going on they reached the Opera House.

"That's Happytoe's (Epitau's) Restaurant," said Dick. "When I come into a fortun' I shall take my meals there reg'lar."

"I have heard of it," observed Frank. "Suppose we go in and have an ice. It will give us a chance to see it to better advantage."



ONE OF THE "BOW" MONDE.

"Thanks ever so exorcuciatingly," said Dick ; " I think that's the most agreeable way of seein' the place myself ; better than peering in at the door."

The boys entered, and found themselves in a spacious saloon, resplendent with gilding, and adorned on all sides by mirrors, in very French style. They sat down to a table with a marble top, and Frank gave the order.

"It reminds me of Aladdin's palace," remarked Frank, looking about him.

"I seed him in the pantomine," said Dick ; "he must have had plenty of bullion."

"He had an old lamp, which he had only to rub, when the Slave of the Lamp would appear, and do whatever he wanted."



A "DICKY" PROSPECT.

"That must have been a valooable lamp. I'd be willin' to give all my Irish Channel Railway Bridge shares for it."



MISSING LINKS.

There was a tall, gaunt individual at the next table, who apparently heard this last remark. Turning towards our hero, he said, "May I inquire, young sir, whether you are largely interested in this Oversea Enterprise?"

"I haven't got no property except what's invested in it," said Dick, with a comical side-glance at Frank.

"Indeed! I suppose the investment was made by your papa."

"No," said Dick; "I manage my property myself."

"But I fear your dividends have not been large?"

"Why, no," said Dick; "you're about right there. They haven't."

"As I supposed. It's poor stock. Now, my young friend, I can recommend a much better investment which will yield you a large annual income. I am agent of the Hercules Pudding Stick Mining Company, which possesses one of the most productive Norwegian Forests a-growing. You may not be aware of the fact that a pudding stirred with any other wood than ours, may be made so poisonous

that a raging volcano could travel through the congregation with even less injury. It's sure to yield fifty per cent. on the investment. Now, all you have to do is to sell out your shares, and invest in our stock, and I'll assure you a fortune in three years. How many shares did you say you had?"

"I didn't say, that I remember," said Dick. "Your offer is very kind and obligin', and as soon as I get time I'll see about it."

"I hope you will," said the stranger. "Permit me to give you some prospectuses and my card. 'Samuel Snap, Roper's Court,' I shall be most happy to receive a call from you, and exhibit the maps of our forest, and show a graduated collection of pudding-sticks suited for all classes from the royal kitchen to the poor widow's. I should be glad to have you mention the matter also to your friends. I am confident you could do no greater service than to induce them to embark in our wholesome and advantageous enterprise."

"Very good," said Dick. "I'll take my 'davy not to eat any puddin' next year unless it's stirred with these same sticks."

Here the touter left the table, and walked up to the desk to settle his bill.

"You see what it is to be a man of means, Frank," said Dick, "and wear good clothes. I wonder what that chap'll say when he sees me blackin' shoes to-morrow in the City?"

"Perhaps you earn your money more honourably than he does, after all," said Frank. "Some of these companies are nothing but swindles, got up to cheat people out of their money."

"He's welcome to all he gets out of me," said Dick. "That ain't the proper way to stick me. But let's have another *Neigh-a-polite-un*—they'se loads better than hokey-pokey off the barrer."

As the boys pursued their way up Pall Mall, Dick pointed out the prominent clubs.

At St. James's Palace, Dick turned to the right, and went up Piccadilly. Dick pointed out the Geological Museum.

"That's the Geehological Museum," said Dick; "built in Jermyn Street, by old Mr. Jermyn, a particular friend of mine from *Jermyny*. Me and Jermyn used to go to school together."

"What is there inside?" asked Frank.

"There's a hall for lectures, stuffed paving-stones and flint knives, and a picture gallery," said Dick. "They've left room for my portrait as the discoverer of Whittington's stone 'Ighgate way, but Mr. Millais axed me to waive my turn in favour of a professional beauty, and I waived."

"Oh!" ejaculated Frank.

They paused at St. James's Hall to read the poster of a negro minstrel show. Dick stumbled at the long words, so that his companion commented:

"I suppose you can't read very fast."

"I can read the little words pretty well, but the big ones is what fetch me."

"If I lived here, you might come every evening to me, and I would soon teach you."

"Would you take so much trouble about me?" asked Dick, earnestly.

"Certainly; I should like to see you getting on. I like you, old fellow. There isn't much chance of that if you don't know how to read and write."

"You're a A 1-er," said Dick, gratefully. "I wish you did live in town. I'd like to know somethin'. Whereabouts do you live?"

"About fifty miles off, in real country, in Sussex. I wish you'd come up and see me sometimes. I would like to have you come and stop two or three days."

"And no kid?"

"Yes, we have several with our nanny."

"No, no! Do you mean the inwite?" asked Dick, incredulously.

"Of course I do. Why shouldn't I?"

"What would your circle say if they knowed you asked a shoeblack to visit you?"

"What they please. You will rise from that. A good many distinguished men have once been poor boys. There's hope for you, Dick, if you'll try."

"Nobody ever talked to me so before," said Dick. "They just called me 'Ridiculous Dick,' and told me I'd grow up to be a vagabone, and be hanged to me!"

"Telling you so won't make it turn out so, Dick. If you'll try to be somebody you will. You may not become rich—it isn't everybody that becomes rich, you know—but you can obtain a good position."

"I'll try," said Dick, earnestly. "I needn't have been 'Ridiculous Dick' so long if I hadn't spent my money in goin' to the play, and treatin' boys, and bettin' on 'Ampton Races, and such like."

"Have you lost money that way?"

"Millions of it. One time I saved up a whole sov. for to buy me a new rig-out, cos my best suit was all in rags, when Limpy Jim wanted me to pitch with him."

"Limpy Jim?" said Frank, interrogatively.

"Yes, that Dot-and-go-one imp which you kep' him from shoving in his oar when I was preparing Micky for a royal levée; that's what makes us call him Limpy Jim."

"I suppose you lost?"

"Yes, I lost every penny, and had to sleep out, cos I hadn't a brown to pay for lodgin'. 'Twas a roasting cold night, and I got froze so stiff they was going to pour some tar over me, chalk on my back some tea-chest writing, and sell me to the British Museum for a 'gypsum mummy.'"

"Wouldn't Jim let you have any of the money he had won to pay for a lodging?"

"No fear! I axed him for two dee, but he wouldn't let me have it."

"Can you get lodgings for twopence?" asked Frank, in surprise.

"Yes," said Dick, "but not at the Grand Hotel. That's it over there."

"Is that the Grand Hotel?" asked Frank. "I heard of it. My Uncle William stopped there when he came to town."

"I once slept inside of it," said Dick. "It was when they were building it, and I made a hole in the hoarding. The night watchman set me sniffing by cooking of a sossidge on the fire, and then he warmed me up with a plumber's crucible under my coat-tails. He was very reasonable in his charges, and he told me I might come again. But I abstained."

"Perhaps sometime you'll be able to sleep inside," said Frank.

"I guess that'll be when Buckingham Palace is let out in flats at three-and-six."

"It looks like a palace," said Frank. "The Queen needn't be ashamed to live in such a beautiful building as that."

Frank had already seen that one of the Queen's palaces is far from being as fine a looking building as the Grand. St. James's Palace, a very ugly-looking brick structure, appeared much more like a factory than like the home of royalty, on their way down and around to Whitehall.

"You told me," said Frank, "that there was a place where you could get a night's lodging for twopence. Where's that?"

"Anywheres in a poor neighbourhood. It's only fourpence for men in a fine 'ken.' And breakfast, with the most gorgeous soup, made out of the scraps the beggars bring in, only a couple of pence more! It's prime."

"I suppose some boys don't even have the twopence to pay—do they?"

"They'll trust the boys they know to be in business, selling papers, and so on, if they'll show their stock-money," said Dick. "But I don't like to get trusted. I'd be ashamed to get trusted for even sixpence. One night I was comin' through the Seven Dials with a florin in my pocket. I was goin' to get a good supper, and then go to the fo'p'ny lodgin' house; but somehow it slipped through a hole in my trowsers-pocket, and I hadn't a farden left. If it had been summer I shouldn't have cared, but it's rather tough stayin' out winter nights."

Frank, who had always possessed a good home of his own, found it hard to realise that the boy who was walking at his side had actually walked the streets in the cold without a home or money to procure the common comfort of a bed.

"What did you do?" he asked, his voice full of sympathy.

"I went to the *Standard* office. I knowed one of the machine-minders, and so he let me coil down in a corner, where I was warm, and I soon got fast asleep."

"Why don't you get a room somewhere, and so always have a sort of home to go to?"

"I dunno," said Dick. "I never thought of it. P'rhaps I may hire a furnished floor over there in the Foreign Office. I wouldn't mind turning out to spend three days in Brighton whenever the Prime Minister, *pro tem.*, wanted any of the apartments for a ball, or a *conversashaywoney*."

"A what? Ha, ha!"

"A con-ver-sashay-woney! You must know! They pile all the old lamps, kitchen tools, and beer engines on a long table down the rooms, and give each guest an opera glass to see them by, and have the Guards' band and the dissolver-views, and walk round and round two by two like the camomiles and the Leotards going into Nowhere's Hark—don't you know?"

Their attention was diverted to an individual who seemed suddenly to pick up something from the sidewalk, and then looked about him in rather a confused and bashful way.

"I know his game," whispered Dick. "Come along and you'll see me turn him inside out."

He hurried Frank forward until they overtook the man, who had come to a standstill.

"Have you found anything good?" asked Dick, eagerly.

"Yes," said the man, "I've found this."

He exhibited a pocket-book, which seemed stuffed with valuable papers, to judge from its plethoric appearance.

"Whew!" exclaimed Dick; "you're in the cream of good luck."

"I suppose some M.P. has lost it," said the man, "and will offer a handsome reward."

"Which you'll get, unless it's a Scotch member. They never go above five shillings."

"Unfortunately, I am obliged to take the next train to Hammersmith. That's where I live. I haven't time to hunt up the owner."

"Then I suppose you'll take the pocket-book with you," said Dick, with assumed simplicity. "It seems heavy enough to Hammer Smith or any other feller."

"I should like to leave it with some honest gentleman who would see it returned to the proper owner," said the man, glancing at the boys.

"I'm honest," said Dick. "If you'll stand a cab, too, I'll take you over to Lambeth Palace, and the Archbishop will be delighted to sign any testimonial in my favour."

The man looked grave.

"I've no doubt of it," said he, slowly. "Well, young man, I'll make you an offer. You take the pocket-book—"

"All right. Hand it over, then."

"Wait a minute. There must be a large sum inside. I shouldn't wonder if there might be a hundred pounds' value. The owner will probably give you a large reward."

"Why don't you stay and get it?" asked Frank.

"I would, only there is measles in my family, and I must *mizzle* home as soon as possible. Just give me—say, a couple of sovereigns, and I'll hand you the pocket-book, and let you make whatever you can out of it. Come, that's a handsome offer. What do you say?"

Frank was so well dressed, that the confidence man did not regard it as at all improbable that he might possess that sum. He was prepared, however, to let him have it for less, if necessary. As for Dick, he had his doubts about him.

"Two pounds is a good deal of money," interposed Dick, appearing to hesitate in his speech.

"You'll get it back, and a good deal more," said the stranger, persuasively. "This is how young men become Rothschilds."

"I don't know but I shall. What would you do, Frank? Are you in it to be a Rothschild?"

"I don't know but I would," said Frank; "but you can have it all if you've got the money."

He was not a little surprised to think that Dick had so much by him.

"I don't know but I will," said Dick, after some irresolution. "I guess I won't lose much."

"You can't lose anything," said the stranger briskly. "Only be quick, for I must be on my way to the station. I am afraid I shall miss my train now."

Dick pulled out a couple of bright coins from his pocket, and handed them to the stranger, hurriedly receiving the pocket-book in return. At that moment a policeman came out of Scotland-yard, and the stranger, thrusting the pieces into his pocket, without looking, made off with rapid steps.

"What is there in the book, Dick?" asked Frank, in some excitement. "I hope there's enough to pay you for the gold you gave him."

Dick laughed.

"I'll risk that," said he.

"But you gave him two sovereigns. That's much money."

"If I had given a sharper as much as that, I should deserve to be cheated out of it."

"But you did—didn't you?"

"He thought so."

"What was it then?"

"It was nothing but a couple of *Jacks*—Hanoverian sovereigns—brass pieces."

Frank looked sober.

"You ought not to have cheated the poor fellow, Dick," he said, reproachfully.

"Didn't he want to chouse me?"

"I don't know."

"What do you s'pose there is in this book?" asked Dick, holding it up.

Frank surveyed its ample proportions, and answered sincerely enough,

"Papers, and a good many of them—may be bank-notes."

"There ain't stamps enough in it to start a P.O. savings-bank account, my boy," said Dick. "If you don't believe it, just look while I open it."

So saying he opened the book, and showed Frank that it was stuffed out with pieces of old, thin paper, carefully folded up. Frank, who was unused to city life, and had never heard anything of the "drop-game," looked amazed at this unexpected development.

"I knowed how it was all the time," said Dick. "I guess I got the best of him there. This case is worth somethin'. I shall use it to keep my coopons, stiffkits, and railway shares in, and all my legal papers relating to my claim on the immense landed property left by my ancestor, Sir Ridickylush Dickon, in Normandy, which he couldn't take over to England with him when he crossed with William Conqueror."

"That's a nice kind of paper," said Frank, smiling.

"Criminy!" exclaimed Dick, suddenly, "if there ain't the old snake comin' back ag'in. He looks as if he'd heard bad news from his family."

By this time the pocket-book dropper had come up.

Approaching the boys, he said in an undertone to Dick, "Give me back that pocket-book, you young trickster!"

"Begging of your pardon, my lord," said Dick, "but was you addressin' o' me?"

"Yes I was."

"'Cause you called me by the wrong name. I've knowed some tricky customers, sir, I have, but I ain't the honour to belong to your family."

He looked significantly at the other as he spoke, which didn't improve the man's temper. Accustomed to swindle others, he did not fancy being practised upon in return.

"Give me back that book," he repeated in a threatening voice.

"Couldn't do it," said Dick, coolly. "I'm goin' to restore it to the owner. The contents is so valyable that most likely the loss has made him quiver, and he'll cash up liberal to the honest finder."

"You gave me a brace o' jacks," said the man.

"Then there were three of you," said Dick, calmly.

"You defrauded me."

"I thought it was the other way."

"None of your chaff," said the man, angrily. "If you don't give up that pocket-book, I'll call a policeman."

"I wish you would," said Dick. "You needn't ter raise your voice so as to strain your high C, neither—for, seeing you never s'pected such a thing, I will

inform you that the Criminal Investigation Office is within stone's shy, and Mr. Wincent will come to your call like a bird. Are you delicate about it! I'll give the shriek, if you say so."

The "dropper," whose object it was to recover the prepared pocket-book, in order to try the same game on a more satisfactory customer, was irritated by Dick's refusal, and above all by the coolness he displayed. He resolved to make one more attempt, however.

"Do you want to pass the night in jail?" he asked.

"Thank you for your very obligin' proposal" said Dick; "but it ain't convenient to-day. Any other time, when you'd like to have me come and stop at your house, I'm agreeable; but *my* two youngest children is down with the mullygrubs, and I expect I'll have to set up all night to take care of 'em. Is the jail, in general, a pleasant place of residence? Better than Millbank, by way of comparison, for instance!"

Dick asked this question with an air of so much earnestness that Frank could scarcely forbear laughing, though it is hardly necessary to say that the thief was by no means so inclined.

"You'll know sometime," he said, scowling.

"I'll make you a fair offer," said Dick. "If I get more'n fifty pounds as a reward for my honesty, I'll divide fair with you. But I say, ain't it most time to go back to your family in Hammersmith, or Portland, did you say?"

Finding that nothing was to be made out of Dick by bullying, the man forced a smile, and, with affected jollity, proceeded—

"Well, that's enough, then; I see, you ain't what I took you for, and I like to encourage youth on the right path. No malice, now! I don't cherish a morsel. And just to show I'm willing to *pal* off with you—both of you—come and have a drink! I know," added he, with a lowering of the voice, "a quiet pub. not a flea's skip hence, where we can have a real glass of ale."

"Thanks awfly!" returned Dick, milking an imaginary moustache, "but I don't take *snuff in mine*!"

This pointed allusion to drugging liquor with nicotine caused the man to stride away with a muttered curse.

"You were too clever for him, Dick," said Frank.

"Yes," said Dick, "I ain't knocked round all my life for nothin'."

"Have you always lived in London, Dick?" asked Frank, as they leaned against the railings of Parliament Gardens.

"Ever since I can remember."

"I wish you'd tell me a little about yourself. Have you got any father or mother?"

"I ain't got no mother. She died when I wasn't but three years old. My father went to sea; but he went off before mother died, and nothin' was ever heard of him. I expect he got wrecked, or died at sea."

"And what became of you when your mother died?"

"The family she lodged with took care of me, but they was poor, and they couldn't do much. When I was seven the woman died, and her husband went away, and then I had to scratch for myself."

"At seven years old!" exclaimed Frank in amazement.

"Yes," said Dick, "I was little to take care of myself, but," he continued with pardonable pride, "I squeezed through."

"What could you do?"

"Sometimes one thing, and sometimes another," said Dick. "I changed my business accordin' as I had to. Sometimes I was a newsboy, and diffused intelligence among the masses, as I heard somebody say once in a big speech he made

in Agricultural Hall. Them was the Reform times when the newspaper proprietors made money."

"Through your enterprise?" suggested Frank.

"Yes," said Dick; "but I give it up after a while."

"What for?"

"Well, they didn't always put news enough in their papers, and people wouldn't buy 'em as fast as I wanted 'em to. So one mornin' I was 'stuck' on a lot of *Stars*, and I thought I'd make a sensation. So I called out 'GREAT NEWS! Horrible Explosion in Russia! All the Nihilists blowed up by reversing the clockwork in a Galvanised Torpedo!' All my *Stars* went off like comets, and I went off, too, but one of the gentleman what got sold remembered me, and said he'd give me in charge, and that's what made me change my h'occypation."

"That wasn't right, Dick," said Frank.

"I know it," said Dick; "but there's such an unaccountable *dis-inky-nation* of the vulgar populace to buying dailies a week old, that commercial morality allows a slight margin for the imagination."

"That don't make it any better."

"No," said Dick, "I was sort of ashamed at the time, 'specially about one poor old gentleman—a *Muskywhite* he was. He couldn't help cryin' to think Vera Sassywich was gone up higher than a Palace balloon, and his hands shook when he handed me the money for the paper. He'd 'a shook me wuss if I hadn't vanished quick."

"What did you do next?"



THE DRIFT IS BEYOND HIS DEPTH.

"I went into the fusee business," said Dick; "but it was small sales and small profits. Most of the people I called on had just laid in a stock, and didn't want to buy. So one cold night, when I hadn't money enough to pay for a bed, I burned the last of my matches to keep me from freezin'. But it cost too much to get warm that way, and I couldn't keep it up."

"You've seen hard times, Dick," said Frank, compassionately.

"Yes," said Dick, "I've knowed what it was to be hungry enough to chew sugar hogshead hoops, and cold enough to hug a churn and solidify the milk, with nothin' to eat or to warm me; but there's one thing I never could do," he added, proudly.

"What's that?"

"I never stole," said Dick. "It's mean and I wouldn't do it, s'elp me taters!"

"Were you ever tempted to?"

"Number of times. Once I had been goin' round all day, and hadn't sold any lights, except a penn'orth early in the mornin'. With that I buy'd a h'apple, thinkin' I should get some more in the sweet bimeby. When evenin' come I was awful sharpset. I went into a baker's just to admire the bread. It made me feel kind o' good just to look at the cakes, and I thought maybe they would give me some. I askt 'em how much of a loaf they would sell a poor boy who couldn't pay them except in fusees. But they said they'd got enough matches to last three months; so there wasn't any chance for a trade. While I was standin' on the floor hover the hovens a warmin' me, the baker went into the back parlour, and I felt so holler I thought I would take just one little roll, and roll off with it. There was such a big pile, I don't think he'd have known the mite."

"But you didn't do it?"

"No, I didn't, and I was glad on it, for when the man came in ag'in, he said he



"WHY IS YOUR CIGAR MANUFACTURER WORSE THAN YOUR SMOKE ITSELF?
BECAUSE THIS MAKES A *man ill*, AND THAT MAKES THE *Manilla*!"

wanted some one to carry a cake to a lady in Languid-place. His arrant-boy was ill, and he hadn't no one to send; so he told me he'd give me twopence to run. My business wasn't very pressin' just then, so I went, and when I come back, I took my pay in bread and ginger nuts. Didn't they taste good, though?"

"So you didn't stay long in the match business, Dick?"

"No, I couldn't sell enough to make it pay. Then there was some folks that wanted me to sell cheaper to them; so I couldn't make any profit. There was one old lady—she was rich, too, for she lived in a big brick house—beat me down so, that I didn't make no profit at all; but she wouldn't buy without, and I hadn't sold none that day; so I let her have them. I don't see why rich folks should be so hard upon a poor boy that wants to make a livin'."

"There's a good deal of meanness in the world, I'm afraid, Dick."

"If everybody was like you and your uncle," said Dick, "there would be some chance for poor people. If I was rich I'd try to help 'em along."

"Perhaps you will be rich sometime, Dick."

Dick shook his head.

"I'm afraid all my treasure will be like this," said Dick, indicating the book he had received from the dropper, "and will be full of papers what ain't of no use to anybody except the owner."

"That depends very much on yourself, Dick," said Frank.

"I'm awful ignorant," said Dick. "I believe I'd break any average school, and drive more teachers into bedlam, than a hippopottymouse a-trying to learn the Blondin business."

"But you needn't stay so."

"How can I help it?"

"Can't you learn at school?"

"I can't go to school 'cause I've got my livin' to earn. It wouldn't do me much good if I learned to read and write, and just as I'd got learned I starved to death."

"But are there no night-schools?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go? I suppose you don't work in the evenings."

"I never cared much about opening cabdoors and selling cigar-lights then," said Dick, "and that's the truth. And since I've got to talkin' with you, I think less about that. I guess I'll turn over new leaves to about the midst of the book and begin."

"I wish you would, Dick. You'll make a quick business man if you only get a little education."

"Do you think so?" asked Dick, doubtfully.

"I know so. A boy who has earned his own living ever since he was seven years old must have some metal in him, if, pardon me, it is only brass! I feel more and more interested in you, Dick. You've had a hard time of it so far in life, but I think better times are in store. I want you to do well, and I feel sure you can if you only try."

"You're a good fellow," said Dick, gratefully. "I'm afraid I'm a pretty rough customer, but I ain't as bad as some. I'm willin' to work hard."

"And you must not only work hard, but work in the right way."

"What's the right way?"

"You began in the right way when you determined never to steal, or do anything mean or dishonourable, however strongly tempted to do so. That will make people have confidence in you when they come to know you. But, in order to succeed well, you must manage to get as good an education as you can. Until you do, you cannot get a position in an office or counting-house, even to run errands."

"That's so," said Dick, soberly. "I never thought how awful ignorant I was till now."

"That can be remedied with perseverance," said Frank. "A year will do a great deal for you."

"I'll go to work and see what I can do," said Dick, energetically.

The boys went upon the Westminster Bridge and lolled away some time in gazing on the river, bright enough and animated when, as now, the sun shone. Then they went over to the Surrey side and lunched.

After that, in order to see Camberwell Green, about which Frank had a singular fancy, though no more freakish without basis than most boyish desires, they entered a tram car.

Frank sat down beside a middle-aged woman, or lady, as she probably called herself, whose sharp visage and thin lips did not seem to promise a very pleasant disposition. When the two gentlemen who sat beside her arose, she spread her skirts in the endeavour to fill two seats. Disregarding this, the boys sat down.

"There ain't room for two," she said, looking sourly at Frank.

"There were two men there before," he said, good-naturedly.

"Well, there ought not to have been. Some people like to scrowge in where they're not wanted."

"And some like to take up a double allowance of room," thought Frank; but he did not say so. He saw that the woman had a bad temper, and thought it wisest to say nothing.

It was with much interest that Frank looked out of the car windows on either side.

After the first conversation, already mentioned, with the lady at his side, he supposed he should have nothing further to do with her. But in this he was mistaken. While he was busy looking out of the car window, she plunged her hand into her pocket in search of her purse, which she was unable to find. Instantly she jumped to the conclusion that it had been stolen, and her suspicions fastened upon Frank, with whom she was already provoked for "scrowging her," as she termed it.

"Conductor!" she exclaimed in a sharp voice.

"What's wanted, ma'am?" returned that functionary.

"I want you to come here."

"What's the matter?"

"My purse has been stolen. There was nearly a pound in it. I know, because I counted it when I paid my fare."

"Who d'ye think took it?"

"That boy," she said, pointing to Frank, who listened to the charge in the most intense astonishment. "He crowded in here on purpose to rob me, and I want you to search him straight."

"That's a lie!" exclaimed Dick, indignantly.

"Oh, you're in league with him, I dare say," said the woman, spitefully. "You're as bad as he is, I'll be bound."

"You be a nice slow-going, self-controlled female, you be!" said Dick, ironically.

"Don't you dare to call me a female, impudence," said the lady, furiously.

"Why, you ain't a man in disguise, are you?" said Dick.

"You are very much mistaken, madam," said Frank, quietly.

"Madam!" screamed the woman, for to one of her order "Madam" is, mysteriously enough, a rankling insult.

"The conductor may search me, if you desire it," went on the boy.

A charge of theft, made in a crowded car, of course made quite a sensation.

Cautious passengers instinctively put their hands in their pockets, to make sure that they, too, had not been robbed. As for Frank, his face flushed, and he felt very indignant that he should even be suspected of so mean a crime.

Dick, on the contrary, thought it a capital joke that such a baseless charge should have been made against his "swell" companion. Though he had brought himself up, among plenty of boys and men, too, who would steal, he had never done so himself, but had been too familiar with theft in others to look upon it with horror.

Meanwhile the passengers rather sided with the boys. Appearances go a great way, and Frank did not look like a thief.

"I think you must be mistaken, madam," said a gentleman sitting opposite. "The lad does not look as if he would steal."

"You can't tell by looks," said the lady, sourly. "They're deceitful; pocket-pickers are generally well dressed."

"Be they!" said Dick. "You'd ought to see me with my Waterloo coat on. You'd think I was the biggest 'gonoph' ever you saw."

"I've no doubt you are," said the lady, scowling in the direction of our hero.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Dick. "Tisn't often I get such fine compliments."

"None of *your* impudence," said the lady, wrathfully. "I believe you're the worst of the two."

Meanwhile the car had been stopped.

"How long are we going to stay here?" demanded a passenger, impatiently.

"I'm in a hurry, if none of the rest of you are."

"I want my property," said the lady, defiantly.

"Well, ma'am, I haven't got it, and I don't see as it's doing you any good detaining us all here."

"Conductor, will you call a policeman to search that young scamp?" continued the aggrieved lady. "You don't expect I'm going to lose my money, and do nothing about it."

"I'm not going to get into no scrapes by giving the lad in charge," replied the wary official.

"I'll turn my pockets inside out if you want me too," said Frank, proudly.

"There's no need of a policeman. The conductor, or any one else, may search me."

"Well, youngster," said the conductor, "if the lady agrees, I'll paw you over politely."

The lady signified her assent.

Frank accordingly turned his pockets inside out, but nothing was revealed except his own portemonnaie and a penknife.

"Well, ma'am, are you satisfied?" asked the conductor.

"No, I ain't," said she, decidedly.

"You don't think he's got it still?"

"No, but he's passed it over to his 'stall,' that boy there that's so full of impudence."

"That's me," said Dick, comically. "I'm the 'stall,' as the *young lady* elegantly describes me. I only envies her for being up to the knocker in *patter*. I'd a' said 'his pardner,' and I'd been wrong."

"He confesses it," said the lady; "I want him searched, too."

"All right," said Dick, "I'm ready for the operation, only, as I've got valooable property about me, be careful not to drop any of my India three per-see's."

The conductor's hand forthwith drove into Dick's pocket, and drew out a rusty knife, a battered luck-penny, about fifteen coppers, and a capacious pocket-book which he had received from the swindler who was anxious to get back to his family in Hammersmith.

"Is that your'n, ma'am?" asked the conductor, holding up the wallet which excited some amazement, by its size, among the other passengers.

"It seems to me you carry a large pocket-book for a young man of your age," said the conductor.

"I'm ableeged to! The Bank vault said it wasn't safe with so much to excite the cupidity of the evil classes! I have to totter about with all my cash and valooable papers," said Dick.

"I suppose that isn't yours, ma'am," said the conductor, turning to the lady.

"No," said she, scornfully. "I wouldn't carry round such a great wallet as that. Most likely he's stolen it from some sheep farmer."

"What a prime detective you'd be!" said Dick. "P'rhaps you know in what fav'rite buzzing-pitch of the Live Meat Mart I took it from."

"I don't know but *my* money's in it, though," said the lady, sharply. "Conductor, will you open that wallet, and see what there is in it?"

"Don't crumple the *Turks*," said Dick, in a tone of pretended anxiety.

The contents of the wallet excited some amusement among the passengers.

"There don't seem to be much money here," said the conductor, taking out a roll of tissue paper cut out in the shape of banknotes.

"No," said Dick. "Didn't I tell you them were papers of no valoo to anybody but the owner? If the lady'd like to borrow, I won't charge no interest."

"Where is my money, then?" said the lady, in some discomfiture. "I shouldn't wonder if one of the young rogues had thrown it out of the window."

"You'd better search your pockets once more," said the gentleman opposite. "I don't believe either of the boys is in fault. They don't look to me as if they would steal."

"Thank you, sir," said Frank.

The lady followed out the suggestion, and, plunging her hand once more into her pocket, drew out a small portemonnaie. She hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry at this discovery. It placed her in rather an awkward position after the trouble she had made, and the detention to which she had subjected the passengers, now, as it proved, for nothing.

"Is that the pocket-book you thought stolen?" asked the conductor.

"Yes," said she, rather confusedly.

"Then you've been over-timing me all this trip for fun," he said, sharply. "I wish you'd take care to be sure next time before you make such a disturbance for nothing. Blest if I was them young gentlemen, if I wouldn't extract your name and address and sue you for public defamation of character!"

"Hear, hear!" said a seedy fellow opposite the lady, who had carefully watched where she replaced her purse, and who left the car immediately after her. "There's noffin, more reprehensible than this respecting his innercent youth!"

"I've lost five minutes," said the conductor.

"I can't help it," was the cross reply; "I didn't know it was in my pocket."

"It seems to me you owe an apology to the boys you accused of a theft which they have not committed," said the gentleman opposite.

"I shan't apologize to anybody," said the lady, whose temper was not of the best; "least of all to such whipper-snappers as they are."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Dick, comically; "your speech is taken for spoken. It ain't of no consequence, only I didn't like to expose the contents of my valooable pocket-book, for fear it might excite the envy of some of my poor neighbors."

"You're a character," said the gentleman who had already spoken, with a smile.

"A bad character!" muttered the lady.

But it was quite evident that the sympathies of those present were against the lady, and on the side of the boys who had been falsely accused, while Dick's drollery had created considerable amusement.

The car had now reached the Green, and here our hero and his companion got off.

"You'd better look out for pickpockets, my lad," said the conductor, pleasantly. "That big wallet of yours might prove a great temptation."

"That's so," said Dick. "That's the misfortin' of being rich. I don't sleep much for fear of burglars breakin' in and robbin' me of my possessions. Sometimes I think I'll give all my money to an Orphan Asylum, and take it out in board. I guess I'd make money by the operation."

While Dick was speaking, the car rolled away, and the boys walked into the feeble little park. They bought some food to munch, and sat down on a shaded seat. Having spent the rest of the day in some such rambles, the happy pair returned to the hotel, where Frank's uncle received Dick cordially.

"Good-bye, my lad," said Mr. Whitney. "I hope to hear good accounts of you sometime. Remember that your future position depends mainly upon yourself, and that it will be high or low as you choose to make it; and I give this gold piece to you," continued he, "because I remember my own friendless youth. Sometime, when you are a prosperous man, you can repay it in the form of aid to some poor boy, who is struggling upward, as you are now."

"I will, sir," said Dick, manfully.

Bidding Frank and his uncle good-bye, he went out into the street with a feeling of loneliness.

Changed in mind by that one day's doings, Dick began to look about for a better position. Until he found one he determined to devote half the day to blacking boots, not being willing to break in upon his small capital.

One afternoon, having seen by an advertisement that a cement wharf-keeper up the river wanted a boy, he took the penny boat for that destination.

He remained at the stern, and stood by the railings, watching the great city receding from view. Beside him was a gentleman with two children—a girl of eight and a little boy of six. The children were talking gaily to their father. While he was pointing out some object of interest to the little girl, the boy managed to creep, unobserved, between the rails that extended around the boat, for the protection of passengers, and fell over into the foaming water.

There chanced to be but few passengers on board at the time, and nearly all these were either in the cabin or standing forward. Among the few who saw the child fall was our hero.

Little Algie had already risen once, and gone under for the second time, when our hero plunged in. He was obliged to strike out for the boy, and this took time. He reached him none too soon. Just as he was sinking for the third and last time, he caught him by the jacket. The father, his face pale with terror and anguish, and his hands clasped in suspense, saw the brave boy's struggles, and prayed with agonising fervour that he might be successful. But it is probable, for they were now midway of the river, that both Dick and the little boy whom he had bravely undertaken to rescue would have been drowned, had not a wherry been fortunately near. The two men who were in it witnessed the accident, and hastened to the rescue of our hero. Their strong hands seized Dick and his youthful burden, and drew them into the boat, both dripping with water.

The father was waiting on the Chelsea stage to receive his child, with what feelings of gratitude and joy can be easily understood. With a burst of happy tears he clasped him to his arms.

Dick was about to withdraw modestly, but the gentleman perceived the move-

ment, and, putting down the child, came forward, and, clasping his hand, said with emotion, "My brave boy, I owe you a debt I can never repay. But," he added with a sudden thought, as his glance rested on Dick's dripping garments, "both you and my little boy will take cold in wet clothes. Fortunately, I have a friend living close at hand, at whose house you will have an opportunity of taking off your clothes, and having them dried."

His new friend secured a cab, and they were whirled rapidly to a pleasant house off the Lambeth Road, where matters were quickly explained, and both boys were put to bed.

In about an hour the door of Dick's chamber was opened, and a servant appeared, bringing a new and handsome suit of clothes.

"Whose clothes are they?" asked Dick.

"They are yours."

"Mine! I don't see my private mark. What tree did you pluck 'em from?"

"Mr. Greyson sent out and bought them for you."

"Mr. Greyson! this is a go! Young man, if the artist and reporter of the *Lustrated News* comes here furraging for particulars, mind that you tell 'em, my first observation was, 'This is a go!' Mr. Greyson, eh?"

"Yes. Here's a note he asked me to give you."

Dick read as follows:—

"Please accept this as the first instalment of a debt which I can never repay. Oblige me by calling to-morrow at my counting-room, No. 125, Merchants Street.

"Your friend,

"JAMES GREYSON."

"I never was pulled up so short," said Dick. "Why, this is the very office, where I called to see Mr. Whitney, and made the acquaintance of that trump Frank. It's a ring of 'em and they're bound to keep me in their circle."

To Mr. Greyson he frankly related his past history, and told his desire to get into work. The merchant listened attentively and said—

"How would you like to enter my counting-room here as clerk, Richard?" he asked.

Dick was about to say, "I'm on," when he recollected himself, and answered, "Very much."

"Then you may consider yourself engaged at a salary of twenty shillings a week. You may come next Monday morning."

"A pound!" repeated Dick, thinking he must have misunderstood. "It's more than I can earn," said Dick, honestly. "Boys don't get more nor six or eight."

"Perhaps it is at first," said Mr. Greyson, smiling; "but I am willing to pay you that. I will, besides, advance you as fast as your progress will justify it. Meanwhile there's an account for one hundred pounds opened for you in the Savings-bank, and lest you may be tempted to draw out a little for a day at the Crystal Palace—as I should at your age—there's five sovereigns for you to enjoy yourself without breaking into it till you begin your commercial career. Pray leave me, as I must write to Mr. Whitney, my old friend, who asked me to try and find you. It is true," proceeded the old merchant, with a smile, "that he said you had a queer way of introducing yourself to people. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

His voice broke with emotion. "I shall expect to see you on Monday morning."

Dick left the counting-room, hardly knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels, so overjoyed was he at the sudden change in his fortunes.

His benefactor took care of his education in the off-hours. Soon came an additional proof of kindness on his part, and remembrance on that of Mr. Whitney. The latter's nephew, about to finish his mercantile education in a foreign college, was informed that he would have a schoolmate. That was Dick, of course.

And it was intimated to the young men that, after three years abroad, they should both be admitted as junior partners in the house of Greyson and Whitney.

With this prospect before him, we leave for serious doings the amusing youth who never more was to be addressed as "*Ridiculous Dick*," but as "*Richard Hunter, Esq.*"



THE END.

YANKEE TICKLERS.

A TALKING DOG.



HIS HAND NEVER OUT OF HIS POCKET.

himself at the end of his rope, so to speak, and at his wit's ends for funds to keep up his end with the other boys, and after canvassing the matter in his mind and assuring himself that the old gentleman was inexorable, and that no coin could be squeezed out of him on a square proposition, he hit upon a happy expedient.

Entering the paternal presence, and assuming a look of business, he said—

“Father, have you read about that man over in Brooklyn that can teach dogs to talk?”

ONCE upon a time there lived in New York a wealthy old gentleman, who had a wayward son. The youth managed to use up considerable of the old gentleman's substance for wine suppers, fast teams, and other dissipations. Consequently, this young man was always in debt, constantly in need for ready cash, and continually making requisitions on his governor's exchequer.

At last the old gentleman “took a tumble,” whatever that may mean; but the young man, in describing the course his father had concluded to pursue, remarked to a friend that the old man had taken “a tumble.” The said tumble consisted in his notifying his son and heir that from that on and henceforth, no more cash for any funny business, and the old fellow was as good as his word. Down in his heart of hearts the young man was grievous sore, but he assumed a smile as though he felt it not, and made earnest protestations of reform.

Meanwhile he kept on running with the boys, “on tick.” Tick is one of those things that has a limit, and one day the wayward son found

If the old man had been in the halcyon days of his youth he would probably have said, "What's yer game?" but, being the father of a family, he said, "What sort of nonsense are you talking about now?"

"Fact, sure's you live," said Young Hopeful; "I've seen the thing myself, and I didn't know but what it might be a good idea to take old Tige over and have him taught; a talking dog would be a cheerful thing to have about the house, and would make lots of amusement for the children."

"My son," returned the father, solemnly, "I'm an old man, and I've seen a powerful sight of the world, and I tell you that this is an age of humbug."

"That's all right, father, but isn't it likewise an age of progress? Look at the locomotive, and the telephone, and the Atlantic cable, and the patent whatdoyoucallem, and all those other things they didn't know about in the days of our fathers."

"Certainly, certainly, my son; glad to see you showing such knowledge of the world's progress. And you really think the man can teach dogs to talk?"

"Sure pop! But it don't cost a cent if it's a failure. The Professor says he don't want any money if the dog can't be taught in a week to carry on an elegant conversation with anybody. The terms are just these: You take the dog over and pay the fifty dollars in advance; if at the end of the week the dog can't talk, you get your fifty dollars back; but if he can talk you pay fifty dollars more, making an even hundred for the lessons."

"Well, it would be odd to have old Tige talking around the house, and I guess we'll try the thing, anyhow. You can take the dog over this afternoon if you ke."

And the old man "went down in his kick," as the boys call it, and handed the boy a fifty dollar note.

Tige left the house that day.

From day to day the old gentleman inquired of his son as to the progress Tige was making in his studies. The invariable reply of the son was: "The Professor says he's just getting on fine, and is going to make a talker from A."

At last the eventful day came when Tige was to be brought home, and the young man took the other fifty from his trusting parent. That evening he came home without the dog.

"Where's Tige?" asked the governor.

"See here, father," said the young man, "I've got something to say that it won't do to speak out before all the family. I'd like to have about five minutes' conversation with you in another room."

Father and son retired to another room, locked the door, stuffed paper in the keyhole, and the young man spoke as follows—

"Well, I went over to Brooklyn and got Tige, and he was dreadful glad to see me, you bet. When we got on the boat I just thought I'd have a little talk with the old dog, to kind of get him broke in, and astonish the folks when we got home. We sat down at the bow of the boat, and I said, 'How do, Tige?'

'Pooty well,' says he; 'how's the folks?'

'Bang up,' says I.

'Gals all well?' said he.

'Fine as a fiddle,' says I.

'Has Miranda and that big beau of hers busted any more of the parlour chairs, sittin' on 'em double?' says he.

"I don't pay much attention to the gals' love affairs," said I, "and, Tige, you mustn't talk about such things; they're sacred."

"Look a' here, Jim," said Tige, kinder solemn like, and winking out of the

corner of his eye, 'look a' here, does the old man keep it up kissing that chamber-maid with the red cheeks, every time he catches her on the staircase?'

"Father, just imagine how I felt to have that dog talking that way about the author of my being! Now, what was I going to do under the circumstances? Could I bring that dog home and have him scandalising the family around the neighbourhood and before company? Not much! I just coaxed old Tige to the edge of the boat and pushed him overboard. Dead dogs wag no tales."

"The judgment of the court is that the murder was justifiable and strictly in self-defence," said the old man; and he gave the protector of the family honour another fifty, and suggested that it might be just as well to tell the folks that Tige died in a fit, and not to mention anything about his conversational powers.

PORTIA'S PICTURE.

What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation, and what
Doth the demi-god, forsaken caitiff, charge
Per dozen? Move these eyes? Or, whether riding
On the balls of mine, seem they in motion?
Ask me an easier one.

Here are severed lips parted with sugar breath;
Wonder if Jones—but, no! Perish
The thought! And, also, perish Jones,
The ringboned, spavined Jobberwock,
If ever I do catch him hereabouts again!

Here in her hair the painter plays the spider,
And hath woven a mesh to entrap
The hearts of men, one of whom am I,
By a large majority, and several counties
And unbribed districts to hear from.

But her eyes! How could he see to do them?
Having made one, methinks it would have power
To steal both his—Ah! blessed thought! I'll steal
Her picture, now I hear her foot
Upon the stairs!

FOOD FOR THE BEARS.

THE other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a bary aint he?" pointing to a bald-headed man just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."



OUTSIDERS WHO THIRST TO BE IN-CIDER.

After another silence the boy exclaimed, "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight!—look at 'em."

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by the newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man; "if you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll slap you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet I'll give you a shilling."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed I'm going to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam,



"DOWN I CAME ON MY—" "MAGGIE!" (see page 14).

hereafter when you travel leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she-bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the engine rather than remain in here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy, and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.

A TERRIBLY HAPPY FAMILY.

THE other evening at nine o'clock a policeman found a family of five persons and two old trunks under a shed, waiting to go up the river on a wood-barge which would not leave until the next forenoon. The man had both his hands pressed to his face, the woman was wiping her eyes on a handkerchief, and all the children squalling.

"What seems to be the matter?" inquired the officer, as he halted among them.

"Oh, nothing much," answered the man. "I've got the jumping toothache, but it allus slacks up on me about midnight."

"What ails your wife?"

"Oh, she's kinder tired out and nervous, but as soon as she gets a good rest for her back agin the wood-pile she'll go to sleep and forget all about it. She's all right, she is."

"But the children are crying," continued the officer.

"Yaas, singing or crying," replied the man; "but that's nothing. That boy, Augustus Caesar, he wants a sugarstick, but he'll soon chaw himself to sleep on a sliver. The next one, Charles Henry, he's howlin' 'cause I won't buy him a rockin'-horse, but soon's I get time to warm him, he'll curl down, and go to dreamin' of angels. That gal, Minerva, has got her mouth made up for fried cakes and milk, but I'll give her a bite o' pork and bread, and she'll never know the difference. We are kinder sprawled out here, and we may be kind o' afflicted, but we are a terribly happy family!"

THE HIGHWAY COW.

THE hue of her hide was dusky brown,

Her body was lean and her neck was slim,

One horn turned up and the other turned down,

She was keen of vision and long of limb;

With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,

And ribs like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear;

She had been a target for all things known;

On many a scar the dusky hair

Would grow no more where it once had grown;

Many a passionate, parting shot

Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone,

Many a brickbat of goodly size,

And many a cudgel swiftly thrown,

Had brought the tears to her loving eyes;

Or had bounded off from her bony back,

With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound
 For helping herself to her neighbour's corn;
 Many a cowardly cur and hound
 Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;
 Many a teapot and old tin pail
 Had the farmer-boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,
 Though sometimes tempted to be profane,
 When many a weary mile he ran
 To drive her out of his growing grain.
 Sharp were the pranks she used to play
 To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the Deacon went to town;
 She wisely watched him when he went by;
 He never passed her without a frown
 And an evil gleam in each angry eye;
 He would crack his whip in a surly way,
 And drive along in his one-hoss "shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,
 Lifting his bars with crumpled horn;
 Nimble scaling his garden wall,
 Helping herself to his standing corn;
 Eating his cabbages, one by one,
 Hurrying home when her work was done.

His human passions were quick to rise,
 And striding forth with a savage cry,
 With fury blazing from both his eyes,
 As lightnings flash in a summer sky.
 Redder and redder his face would grow,
 And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round,
 Breaking his pear and apple trees;
 Tramping his melons into the ground,
 Overturning his hives of bees;
 Leaving him angry and badly stung,
 Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall;
 The years went by with their work and play;
 The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
 And the grey-haired farmers passed away,
 One by one as the red leaves fall;
 But the highway cow outlived them all.

LADY (giving an apple to a little boy) "Give this apple to the one of us three here whom you think the handsomest." The boy looked for a moment at all three ladies, took the apple, and—eat it.

A VERY QUIET GAME.



HERE are some folks who think it awful wicked for husband and wife to sit down together of an evening and play cards, while others can't see where the harm comes in.

"Why," said the Colonel, a few days ago, when the subject of card-playing was under discussion, "does any one pretend that my wife and I can't play a few games of euchre without disputing, and arguing, and getting mad over it? Loafers can't, perhaps, but we could play for a thousand years and never have a word—yes, we could."

The others shook their heads in a dubious way, and the nettled Colonel walked straight to a stationer's and bought the nicest pack he could find.

That evening, when his wife was ready to sit down to her fancy-work, he produced the cards and said:



A GAME THAT BEGINS WITH HEARTS AND ENDS IN REGRETS.

"May, I was told to-day that you and I couldn't play cards without disputing and getting into a row. Darling, draw up here."

"Dearest, we are not the ones to have a word of dispute—not one," she replied, as she put away her work.

The Colonel shuffled away, and dealt, and turned up a heart.

"I order it up," she observed, as she looked over her cards.

"I was going to take it up, anyhow," growled the Colonel, as his chin fell, all his other cards being black.

"Play to that," she said, as she put down "the joker."

"Who ever heard of anybody leading out in trumps!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you lead out with an ace?"

"Oh, I can play this hand."

"You can, eh? Well, I'll make it the sickest play you ever saw! Ha! took all the tricks, eh? Well, I thought I'd encourage you a little. Give me the cards—it's my deal."

"You dealt before."

"No, I didn't!"

"Why, yes, you did! We have only played one hand."

"Well, go ahead, and deal all the time if you want to! I'll make two off your deal, anyhow. What's trumps?"

She turned up a club. He had only the nine-spot, but he scratched his head, puckered his mouth, and seemed to want to order it up. The bluff didn't work. She took it up, and he led an ace of hearts.

"No hearts, eh!" he shouted, as she trumped it. "Refusing suit is a regular low trick! I'll keep an eye on you! Yes, take it—and that—and that—and all



UNCONVERTED ARAB: "GUV'NOR, WHY ARE YOU A SAFH-
'UN NOT TO BE CHEATED IN COALS?"

ST. ALBANITE: "VERILY, MY YOUNG FRIEND, IT IS UN-
SEEMLY—"

ARAB; "BECAUSE YOU'D HAVE A *ton-sure*!"

of 'em ! It's mighty queer where you got all those trumps ! Stocked the cards on me, did you ? ”

“ Now, dear, I played as fair as could be, and made two, and if I make one on your deal, I'll stump you.”

“ I'd like to see you make one on my deal ! ” he puffed. “ I've been fooling along to encourage you, but now I'm going to beat you out of sight. Diamonds are trumps.”

She passed, and he took it up on two small trumps. He took the first trick, she the next two, he the fourth, and when he put out his last trump she had “ the joker.”

“ Beat hollow ! ” she exclaimed, as she clapped her hands in glee.

“ You didn't follow suit ? ”

“ Oh, yes, I did.”

“ I know better ! You refused spades ! ”

“ But I hadn't any.”

“ You hadn't, eh ? Why didn't you have any ? I never saw a hand yet without at least one spade in it ! ”

“ Why, ducky, I know how to play cards.”

“ And don't I ? Wasn't I playing euchre when you were learning to walk ? I say you stocked the cards on me ! ”

“ No, I didn't ! you are a poor player ; you don't know how to lead ! ”

“ I—I—why, maybe I'm a fool, and maybe I don't know anything, and so you can play and have all trumps every time ! ”

He pushed back, grabbed his paper, wheeled around to the gas, and it was nearly thirty-six hours before he smiled again.

TROUBLING A POSTMASTER.

A LANTERN-JAWED young man stopped at the post-office last Saturday, and yelled out :

“ Anything for the Wattses ? ”

George, our polite postmaster, replied, “ No, there is not.”

“ Anything for Jane Watts ? ”

“ Nothing.”

“ Anything for Ace Watts ? ”

“ No, sir.”

“ Anything for Tom Watts ? ”

“ No, nothing.”

“ Anything for ‘ Fool Joe ’ Watts ? ”

“ No, nor Dick Watts, Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Wattses, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilised or uncivilised, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalised, or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and for ever, one and inseparable.”

The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said :

“ Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts ? ”

THE “ Beehive Waltz ” ought to be very sweet.—[Folio. Should think it would be hard to finger]. [Boston Post. The music will no doubt be full of sharps, or *Bee flats*].

THE BROKER AND HIS LOVE.

SWEET maid, with eyes of tender blue,
Whose cheeks with hues so vivid blend,
My love has fondly pledged to you
A prompt "perpetual dividend."

I only seek to gain your hand,
With "margin" fair on that,
Because you fondly understand
My heart is the "collat."

Our home shall be a scene of joy—
You may, indeed, on this count—
With happiness without alloy,
With naught per cent. of discount.

We'll bid love to the highest rate,
And take in every share;
At premium then will be our fate,
So free we'll be from care.

With bliss our hearts will fondly beat
To bless our vows' adoption;
'Tis you can make the pledge complete—
You have the "buyer's option."

Then let us catch the fleeting hours;
Speak! speak! and name the day!
We'll wed with ring and orange flowers,
And all in the "regular way."

IT'S "NUTTING" WHEN YOU'RE USED TO IT.

BY A NEW ENGLAND TOURIST.

THE most favourite recreation at Epsom is the cocoanut game. It consists of ten to twenty stakes (the number varying according to the capital of the proprietor) held upright in baskets of earth, and sustaining each a cocoanut. Back of these, as a guard, is stretched a strip of canvas. There are also a number of clubs, about fifteen inches in length, to be thrown at the stakes holding the nuts. A penny entitles the thirster after cocoanut to three of the short sticks. The cocoanuts are placed in a line, with a space of five feet between them. The thrower stands at the front, about thirty feet off, and fires away.

If he knocks down a stake, and the cocoanut falls outside of the basket, he is entitled to the luxury. I don't know how the proprietor (who stood among the stakes, and reset them as they fell over) mounted those cocoanuts; but it was rarely that one of them dropped outside the small basket.

They went in there with a precision that was highly exasperating to the thrower, who, however indifferent he pretended to feel at the commencement of the game, grew deadly in earnest as he saw his chances dwindling.

When several people engaged in the play at once at a single stand, it made lively work for the proprietor down among the standing and flying stakes. His own cocoanut appeared to be the only one he was in danger of losing.

I don't know how it would feel to be struck in the pit of the stomach with one of those stakes; for, although I had some curiosity to learn, I carefully smothered the feeling. But I imagine, from their weight (about two pounds), that a man running against one with his abdomen would have a very large and respectable funeral, although he might not get around in time to attend it himself.

I have said there was a canvas guard up to prevent the stakes from flying too far, or hitting innocent people. Once in a while a stake hurled by some vehement



"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEAT (AND WINE) AGAIN?"

admirer of cocoanuts would go over the canvas, and alight among people who never pretended not to feel surprised by the occurrence.

One man kept at the sport until he won five cocoanuts.

I am thankful to this hour that I did not have to sleep with him that night.



"HOLMES, SWEET HOLMES!"



A P-SABLE YOUTH.

Some of the proprietors used sawdust cushions and cheap dolls in place of the nuts.

Once in a while some lady would try her hand at throwing the clubs. When she commenced, every married man left the neighbourhood with precipitation. The others remained until they got flattened out with a wipe along the jaw; when they jumped up, and left too.

One lady in throwing a stake struck an aunt by marriage, and broke in two of her teeth. The aunt was standing in rear of her, and, having got a tent between both, thought she was comparatively secure. It only teaches us how mutable are the things of this earth. I don't suppose the people on the grand stand were really safe at the time.

WOMAN'S FEAR OF COWS.

A THRILLING SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.



It is now over one hundred years since a philosopher propounded the query, "Why is a woman afraid of a cow?" and yet no one has ever succeeded in giving a satisfactory answer. There is once in a while a woman who doesn't seem to have the slightest fear, even when passing a cow with one horn all twisted out of shape; but follow that woman home and you will find that she kicks the dog, cuffs the children, jaws her husband, and knows how to sharpen a butcher knife and an axe.

The real woman has a mortal terror of cows, and the real cow seems to have an antipathy for her. Friday afternoon a lady was walking down the avenue, when she suddenly came upon a cow. The animal was feeding on the other side of the street, and the boy sent out to watch her sat under a shade tree and played on a mouth-organ.

The lady halted.

The cow looked up.

"Lost anything, ma'am?" asked the boy, as he moved the music from his mouth.

"I—I'm afraid of that cow!" the lady replied.

"What fur? Cows don't bite nor kick, same as a horse. All they kin do is to run their horns through you and pin you to the ground."

"Oh! my—she's coming!"

"No, she hain't. She's just making believe that she wants to get at ye and hook ye over the fence."

"Oh! but I dare not pass!"

"Yes, you dare. Cows know when a woman is afraid just as quick as anybody. The minit you give cows to understand that you are able to catch 'em by the heels and mop the ground with 'em they go to hunting clover."

"Dear me, but I guess I'll go back!"

"I wouldn't. If ye'll only double up yer hands and shake yer fist at her she'll

wilt right down. Cows know who's boss just as well as men do. Now, then, I'll hold yer parasol while you wind up yer hands."

"Oh! I can't—I'm going right home!"

"Well, my little brother swears at 'em instead of making fists. See if you can do that."

"No—no—no! I'm going now!"

"If I was a woman and couldn't swear, I should carry a sword-cane to stab cows with," observed the boy, as he looked across the way.

"My soul! but there's another cow up there!" exclaimed the lady, as she looked up the street.

"Yes, lots of cows around these days, but I never heard of two cows attacking a woman at once. I guess one generally hooks 'em all to pieces first, and then the other comes up and paws at the mangled remains. If you——"

The lady uttered a first-class scream and made a jump for the nearest gate. It opened hard, and after one pull she went over the fence and up the steps of a strange house, there to remain until her husband could be summoned by telephone to come and act as a body-guard.

"I'd just like to be a woman," mused the boy, as he sat down to punish his mouth-organ some more. "I'd carry a knife down the back of my neck, and the first cow that tried to hook me would feel that 'ere knife playing mumbletypeg around her vicious heart-strings."

AN INTERRUPTED SKATING STORY.

"You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady to the new minister.

"I'd just got the skates on and made a start, when down I came on my——"

"Maggie!" said her mother.

"What? Oh, it was too funny! One skate went one way, and the other'n t'other way, and down I came on my——"

"Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her father.

"Well, what? They scooted from under me, and down I came on my——"

"Margaret!" yelled both parents.

"On my little brother, who had me by the hand, and like to have smashed him. Now, what's the matter?"

The girl's mother emerged from behind the coffee-pot, a sigh of relief escaped from the minister, and the old gentleman very adroitly turned the conversation in a political channel. (See page 5).

HE OBTAINED A SITUATION.

ONE of the prominent railroad managers of the Western States said:—

A few years ago I took charge of the —— Railroad in Texas, which at that time was in bad condition. For several months I was kept very busy in trying to bring order out of chaos, and all my time had to be devoted to the affairs of the road. During certain hours I had given orders that I was to be disturbed under no circumstances, and my clerk had instructions to admit no one.

One day during these hours the following incident occurred: I was busy at my desk when the door burst open, and a long, lank, uncouth, cadaverous-looking Texan stood before me. His homespun pants were tucked inside his dusty cow-

hide boots, his rough face looked as though it had never seen a razor, and his long, uncombed hair streamed out from under a large sombrero down on his broad, wiry shoulders. He marched straight up to my desk, and, without taking off his hat, said in a gruff, quick tone—

"Is Smith in?"

I looked up in amazement and replied: "Yes, sir, that's my name."

"Well, then, cast your eye on that," said he, slapping a letter down before me.

I picked it up and read it, and found it to be a letter of introduction, saying the bearer was a trustworthy man who wanted work, and asking that it be given him.

As I finished the letter, he again broke out: "Well, Smith, what d'ye say? Can you give me a posish?"

I waited a moment and then said: "You appear to be quite a forward young man, and you want a position. Now, sir, don't you think you would have stood a better chance of getting a position if you were more polite in your manner? If you had knocked at the door, and on being invited to enter, had come in quietly, taken off your hat and asked if Mr. Smith was in, and had offered this letter, asking with a polite bow, 'Will you have the kindness to look over this letter?' If you had done so, young man, don't you think your proposition would have been more favourably received than your present action?"

The young man looked at me a second, and then turned and left. A moment after, I heard a knock at the door. I said, "Come in." Again the same young man entered. Stepping softly, he came to the desk, made a most elaborate bow, and said: "Have I the honour of addressing Mr. Smith, the manager of the ——— and ——— Railroad?" I bowed and said, "Yes, sir."

He again bowed and handed me the letter, asking me if I had leisure to look over it.

I took it, and again read it, and then looked up, saying: "This is a very complimentary letter, Mr. ———. What can I do for you?"

Quick as a flash came the response: "You may go to blazes!"

He then turned and left with a laugh.

I saw there was something in the man. I followed him, called him back, and gave him a position. He did his work well, and has since been promoted, until he now occupies one of the most responsible and best paying positions in my employ.

FRUIT-FULL WORDS.

THERE's a joy that can't be spoken
When the summer time abides,
And you walk the blooming garden
With its vegetable tides,
When the products to your stomach
Promise comfort very satis',
And your little Johnnie plumps you
With an over-ripe "tomatus."

A HUMORIST was giving an account of his experience as a hotel-keeper. "Did you clear anything by it?" asked a listener. "I cleared a six-rail fence getting away from the Sheriff," was the answer.

“PAY UP.”

ONE would imagine that the office of the Water Board would be a good place to secure variety, but such is far from being the case. Outside of the people who pay rates when due and have no words about it, there is only one other class. The man who has waited until notified that the water will be shut off if he doesn't come to time, walks into the office with a look of awful dignity on his brow and says :

“Going to shut my water off, eh?”



THE HIGHWAY COW (see page 6).

Silence on the part of the clerk.

“I'd like to see you try it on, I would! If this Water Board imagines that it runs the whole city it will find itself grandly mistaken!”

More silence from the clerk.

“If the water had been shut off I'd have given this board such a tilt as it never had before! It can brow-beat some men, but it mustn't try any Cæsarism on me!”

The clerk looks out of the window.

"I now refuse to pay the rates, and you shut the water off if you dare! I'll make a test case of it and carry it to the Supreme Court!"

The clerk shifts his weight to the other leg.

"Yes, I'll carry it to the Supreme Court if it costs me 10,000 dollars. I have never allowed any one to trample on me, and it's too late to begin now."

The clerk softly whistles, and the indignant citizen starts for the door, halts, returns slowly and says:

"No, you can't brow-beat me."



THE BALD-HEADED MARTYR (see page 3).

The clerk begins making out his receipt.

"I know my rights as an American citizen, and I will maintain them—how much is it?"

"Six dollars."

"We have no Czar in this country, and—take it out of these ten."

"Fine day," remarks the clerk, as he hands over the change.

"Yes, pretty fair. This board mustn't try to bull-doze me. I'm not the man to submit to extortion! Looks like rain, eh? Good-day!"

THE Bath Bladud Springs have been sold. But don't fret for fear they will be taken out of the country.

IN PRAISE OF THE PORTER.

Oh, listen to the porter, through all the livelong day,
 As the rattle of the wheels bears the whirling train away;
 How cheerily he bangs the door when anybody leaves,
 How cheerfully into the ditch the lazy tramp he heaves;
 And when you reach the station, in at the door he leans,
 "Lone Spar!" is what he seems to scream, but "Logansport" he means.

The burning cinder in your eye awakes you from your nap,
 And "Cedar Rapids" must be nigh, you hear him shout "Ce-rap!"
 His merry shout flows on and on, and near the break of day,
 You slow into "Batavia," and hear him shriek "B'tay!"
 And when at noon he hollers "K'loo!" you think it's some place new,
 But when you reach the station, it's only Kalamazoo.

Oh, you bet your bottom dollar, in all this broad, fair land,
 No matter what the porter says, you will not understand.
 "Apple!" he shrieks for Hannibal, and when he hollers "'sville!"
 You have to guess if "Hopkins-" or "Crawfords-" or "Titus-ville."
 "Tsbur! Chay cah! Pass' goinneast hav' twent' min't f' din'!"
 How do you know, from what he says, it's Pittsburgh that you're in?

Oh, the wasted English language, that he slays without a sigh!
 Oh, the stations where you want to stop, but where you're carried by!
 "Dah!" he calls at "Oneida," and when they hear his shout,
 The passengers for "Buda" in haste go scrambling out.
 And then to the conductor, in accents plain and clear,
 From his station at the steps he shouts distinctly, "All right here!"

"ELOQUENT!" said the Chicago lawyer of his partner. "He's able to reason the kick out of a mule. Why, here a while ago business was dull, and he decided that Mrs. Dasher ought to have a divorce, and he'd go into court and get it for her and then charge her for it. Somehow she heard of what was going on. She galloped down to the court-house to stop him, as she didn't want a divorce. She got there just as he was making his plea for her. And mind you she was mad at him, but by Jove, sir, she listened to him five minutes and became so convinced that she ought to have a divorce, that she walked right up where the jury could see her, and shed three pints of tears while he recited her wrongs. And when he won the case she embraced him, and said he should conduct all her divorce cases. I call that eloquence!"

THE cold world little realises the sense of desolation that shuts down on a man who thinks he has been handed too much change, when he dodges around the corner and finds it right to a penny.

AN applicant for a pair of boots at one of our shoe stores was asked what number he wore, and replied, as soon as he could recover from his surprise, "Why, two, of course."

A GENTLEMAN, who desires his name suppressed on account of respectable connections, was digging worms in a meadow along Mill Brook, Sunday forenoon, when he was suddenly shot through the air, and on looking around was gratified to see that there was a stream of water between him and a ferocious bull.

THE DISAPPOINTED PASSENGER.

‘SIR,’ she said, and the music of her voice thrilled the car—“sir, is this seat engaged?” He looked up at the vision of glowing cheeks and laughing eyes, marble brow and clustering curls, and he relented; even the masher’s heart warmed toward the lonely girl, the latest victim of his manly charms. “Oh, certainly not,” and his brow was a study of grace for the steam man—“oh, certainly not; you are entirely welcome. I shall be only too happy——”

“Then,” cried the charmed victim, “mother, you can sit here beside this gentleman.” An old woman, seventy-three if she was a day, with no teeth and only one eye, a small box, a big band-box in a bag, a green reticule and an umbrella, two paper bags and a piece of a calamus root, tottered into the proffered seat and sat down and piled her things into the young man’s lap. And the girl, the beautiful girl, went and sat down beside the passenger with the sandy goatee, who was so bashful that he couldn’t and wouldn’t say a word to his companion all the way to Newark, and blushed to his ears every time the fat passenger winked at him.

THE CRUSHED SERENADER.

YOUNG Bilkins went to serenade his girl. The amateur orchestra, of which he is a member, had hardly squelched out the first two bars of “Come where my Love Lies Dreaming,” when the second-storey window went up and old Boggs, Amelia’s father, stuck his head out and remarked:

“Is there no way of compromising this thing?”

“What—w—what?” gasped Bilkins.

“I say, can’t we make some arrangement to get out of this matter? How does four dollars and an old gas stove strike you?”

“Why—this—this is a serenade,” exclaimed Bilkins.

“Exactly; so I see. Now, suppose I were to stand the beer and ’bus fare all round, wouldn’t you go out in the suburbs somewhere and work off the rest of it in front of some deaf-and-dumb asylum or other?”

“Well, I’m blowed!” ejaculated the crushed lover.

“I should think you would be, hitched to the end of a big trombone. Don’t point it this way, for heaven’s sake; it might go off.”

“Come down and say that, like a man,” roared the big drum, who was full of whisky and fury. “You bald-headed old pelican, come down.”

“I—I—think we had better—better go, as it were, boys,” murmured the mortified Bilkins, and the disgusted band walked sadly off, scornfully ignoring Boggs’ parting injunctions to reform and lead better lives, after the thing blew over.

At a recent meeting, in which there was much religious interest, an old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Brother H—— said to Brother W——, “Go and stop that old man’s noise.” He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting men at once became quiet. Brother H—— asked Brother W——, “What did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?” Brother W—— replied, “I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions.”

A TRAMCAR MYSTERY.

You may have been on a tramcar when a man or woman accidentally dropped a piece of money in the straw on the floor. If so, you felt an overpowering desire to help recover it. One day not long since a woman on a car dropped something while paying her fare. She said it was silver, while a small boy thought it looked like a ha'p'ny, and two other passengers asserted it was a shilling. The woman had plenty of help to search for it, and the force was suddenly increased by a man who left his seat, came forward and got down on his hands and knees, and said :

"I always have good luck in finding lost things. Are you sure it was money?"

"Oh, yes," replied the woman.

The man poked around in the straw and suddenly held up a big jack-knife with a broken blade, and asked :

"Couldn't have been this, could it? Or did you drop this afterwards?"

"I never had that—never saw it before!" she tartly answered, as her face grew red.

"Didn't, eh? Well, boy, you can have it. We'll look a little further and see what we can see. Here are two shirt-buttons, but I don't suppose you dropped them, and I'll put them into my pocket."

"Never mind looking any more—I don't care for the loss!" she remarked, as her position grew uncomfortable.

"Oh, it's no trouble to me, and it belongs to you, whatever it is. It always vexes me to—ha! maybe 'twas this."

He held up a corkscrew with the end bored deeply into a cork, and the woman fairly rose as she said :

"I never had that—never saw it before—never!"

"Didn't, eh? Well, I'll pocket it, for such things come awful handy. I'll look a little further."



"I ONLY USE FILTERED WATER—
HOW COULD AN EEL LIP IN THE INK,"



"WHAT I SAYS IS THIS: S'LONG AS THE
'TISER REPRESENTS THE TRADE, IT IS A
'BARREL'-ORGAN."

"No, you needn't. Perhaps I didn't drop anything—I'm sure I didn't."

"I kinder think you did, for I heard something clink," he observed, as he pawed around. "Even if it's only a copper it will be a copper ahead if we find it. Now, what's this?"

The woman almost climbed over him to get to the door and drop off, but she

wasn't ten feet away when he reached the door, held up a vest-buckle between his thumb and finger, and called :

"Hold on—I've found it—here it is!"

She started on a run down a side street, and when the car started up the man trampled the straw down and hung the buckle on the front door with the remark :

"It's little reward any one ever gets for doing a stranger a favour, but seeing I've got the corkscrew, I'll leave this here and she can get it or let it go into the treasury of the company."

A SUR-PRIZE DOG.

A DOG-SHOW at the Pomona Gardens was the principal feature, and I am extravagantly fond of dogs. The afternoon I came into Manchester I found two mastiffs in the depôt. In the confusion, I thought they were two freight-cars that had by some inscrutable means got off the track. I was glad to find they were dogs. The larger of the two was called the champion of England, and added other laurels by carrying off the prize at the show. It is a very nice thing in England, as well as in America, to have the champion animal of the country ; for as long as shows are kept up, so long is the owner assured of an income.



THE BRIDE (see page 22).



A COCK-SHY.

This was the largest dog I ever saw : it was the largest dog any two people ever saw. I thought at first I would buy him, but partly hesitated on learning the price (one thousand dollars), and completely gave up the idea before I saw him out of the station.

He was secured by a chain in the hands of an attendant—a man who appeared to be in a chronic state of perspiration and protestation. And he was an erratic dog. He made violent and entirely unexpected dashes at various objects or openings ; and, wherever he went, the perspiring and protesting individual was sure to go. He snapped him off his feet every other minute, and in the intervals hauled him over sharp-cornered trunks, bumped him against other people with luggage in their hands, or shoved him over highly indignant but utterly helpless

little boys, whose unrestrained curiosity had led them too close to the performance. The last I saw of the keeper (?) he was passing through the door in charge of the mastiff, a boy was running after with his hat, and people on the sidewalk were appropriating elevated places with spotless alacrity.

THAT AMATEUR FLUTE.

HEAR the fluter with his flute—

Silver flute!

Oh, what a world of wailing is awakened by its toot!

How it demi-semi quavers

On the maddened air of night!

And defieth all endeavours

To escape the sound or sight

Of the flute, flute, flute,

With its tootle, tootle, toot—

With reiterated tooteling of exasperating toots,

The long protracted tootelings of agonising toots,

Of the flute, flute, flute, flute,

Flute, flute, flute,

And the wheezings and the spittings of its toots.

Should he get that other flute—

Golden flute—

Oh, what a deeper anguish will its presence intitoot!

How his eyes to heaven he'll raise,

As he plays,

All the days!

How he'll stop us on our ways

With its praise!

And the people—oh, the people,

They don't live up in the steeple,

Where he visiteth and plays—

Where he plays, plays, plays—

In the cruellest of ways,

And thinks we ought to listen,

And expects us to be mute,

Who would rather have the earache

Than the music of his flute,

Of his flute, flute, flute,

And the tootings of his toot,

Of the toots wherewith he tooteth its agonising toot,

Of the flute, flewt, fluit, float,

Phlute, phlewt, phlewght,

And the tootle, tootle, tooting of its toot.

At a recent marriage the bride was a young damsel who had been a great flirt. When the clergyman asked the usual question, "Who gives this woman away?" a young fellow present exclaimed, "I can, but I won't."

"HOW HE FETCHED HIM WITH AN E.S.Q."

A YOUNG man whose money did not hold out as long as the State Fair, dropped into the telegraph-office yesterday, and sent a dispatch to his father in the interior to forward him cash to reach home with. When the receiving clerk saw that the dispatch read, "To John Blank, Esq.," he suggested that a saving could be effected by erasing the "esq."

"Well, maybe you think so, but I don't," replied the sender. "When I am at home I call him 'dad' all day long, but when it comes down to black-and-white you've got to 'esquire' him right up to the nines or walk home by the dirt road. Don't you dare leave that off—not with roads as muddy as they are now!"

In about an hour the following answer was received:

"John Blank, Esq., forwards you ten dollars, and you can have more if you want it. "JOHN BLANK, Esq."

"Didn't I tell ye?" chuckled the young man, as he read it. "Dad's common enough when we're all at home and rushed to get fall wheat in, but the minute his back gets rested and a stranger comes along, he weighs more to the ton than any 'esq.' on legs. I tell ye, you don't know a man till ye have hoed corn with him!"

HER PRIZE CHROMO.

A DAME well along in years yesterday got into a Michigan tramcar with a pound of tea under one arm and a presentation chromo under the other, and she was hardly seated before a man leaned forward and asked:

"I beg pardon, but have you any objections to my inspecting that work of art?"

She handed it over, and he looked at it closely for a long time, and then said:

"How beautiful and life-like! If I ever get rich I shall have at least three of these beautiful oil paintings. I don't want to seem impertinent, but may I ask if you purchased that beautiful masterpiece for less than five thousand dollars?"

"Y—yes," she admitted.

"Ah! perhaps they made a discount in order to secure your patronage. Perhaps you got it for forty-five hundred. Cheap enough. I wish I had a million dollars. How I do revel in these delicious landscapes!"

The woman looked from her tea to the picture, then at the man, and her eyes began to bulge out in astonishment.

"Yes, this is indeed a masterpiece," he sighed, as he held it up. "No one but a lady of refinement and culture could have selected it. Pray, madam, let me ask if you recognised the handiwork of Gonzia de Moria in it as soon as you saw it?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, while her eyes grew larger than ever.

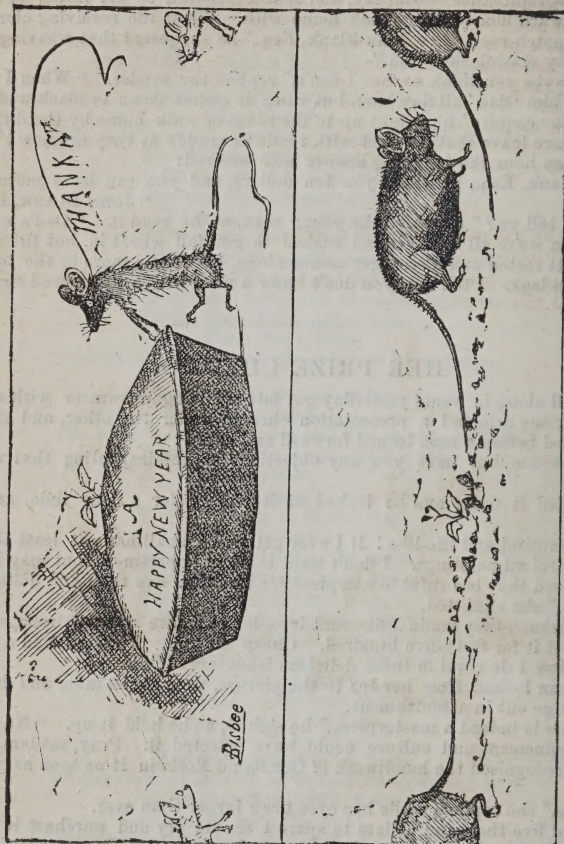
"If I had five thousand dollars to spare I should try and purchase it of you, but as it is, I can only wish you much joy over its possession. Had you noticed that tree in the background?"

"Y—yes," she answered, as she leaned forward.

"How wonderfully true to nature! That knot-hole there was never excelled by the hand of man. I always identify the works of Gonzia de Moria by the knot-holes in the trees. Will you bear that in mind in your future selections?"

"Yes, sir, and I am very much obliged."

"And in the foreground you observe a cow standing under a tree. This is a tree without any knot-hole, but what foliage! Ah! if I only had money—money to enable me to indulge my taste for such exquisite things! See what a cow! See that expression of contentment in her face! Observe the majestic curve of those



BEFORE AND AFTER "THE FEAST OF RAISINS."

horns! Here is the figure I was looking for. Ah! it is a 4. This cow gives four quarts of milk per day. Gonzia de Moria always marks the quantity of milk on every cow, and customers then know what they are buying. If I should send a friend to you to buy this picture for three thousand dollars. But no! You are able to hold it. You cannot be tempted."

"I'd sell it for——"

"For five thousand," he interrupted; "but alas! I cannot raise that sum! Here in the foreground is an opening in the rocks. Do you know what is in there?"

"No."

"A jug!" he hoarsely whispered—"a jug containing a remedy warranted to take off moles and freckles. Try it once and be convinced."

He sank back and shut his eyes. She sat up very straight and seemed to reflect. She had moles and freckles, but it was none of his business. Presently she stood up, rang the bell, mashed the chromo over his head, and walked out without a word. Everybody laughed but the most insulting party. He opened them after the car started, looked down at the ruined chromo, and sadly sighed:

"Ah! masterpiece of Gonzia de Moria, alas! that such a fate should come upon thee—who's got a pipe of tobacco in this car?"

OSCAR WILDE has recovered from the recent cold received while drinking water from a damp tumbler.

THE WORLD says it has known at least one couple who never quarrelled—they were drowned just after marriage.



A MOST IN-SULTAN PARTY.

IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

WHAT! You here? Why, old man, I
never

Felt more surprise or more delight;
Who would have dreamt that you
would ever

Parade around in robes of white?
I always thought of you as dodging
The coals and firebrands somewhere
else; [lodging

And here you are, with board and
Where not so much as butter melts.

Well, well, old man, if you can stand it
Up here, I'll never make a fuss;
I had forebodings that they'd planned it
A little stiff for men like us.

The boys were much cut up about
you,

You got away so very quick;
And, as for me, to do without you
Just absolutely made me sick.

I wish you could have seen us plant
you;

Why, every man squeezed out a tear.
And — just imagine us, now, can't
you? —

The gang, and yours the only bier.
Fred hammered out some bully
verses;

We had them printed in the sheet,
With lines funereal as hearses
Around them — didn't it look sweet!

Halloa! is that rare old Ben Jonson?

I wish you'd point the people out;

I want to see Napoleon's own son!

Is Shakespeare anywhere about?

Where's Socrates? Where's Sydney
Carton? —

Oh, I forgot he was a myth;
If there's a thing I've set my heart on,
It is to see th' original Smith.

What? Glad I came? I am for certain!

The other's a malarious hole.

I always pined to draw the curtain,

And somehow knew I had a soul.

The flesh — oh, wasn't it a fetter!

You'd get so tired of all your schemes;

But here I think I'll like it better.

Oh dear, how natural it seems!

THE SOVEREIGN AND HER PURVEYORS.

EVERY American who comes to England has an unquenchable longing to look with his own eyes upon a member of the Royal Family. It is not to admire them that he has this desire; but he wants to abhor them. I think that is the feeling. I made many an effort to get at the Royal Family, that I might abhor them, before success crowned my attempts. I have gone twenty miles to abhor a single member of the Queen's household.

There are but few advantages to the many drawbacks of being royal. A royal person in business has the advantage, when travelling, of not having to look up a hotel, on arriving at his destination, under the torturing supervision of a hardened cabman. That is about the only advantage I can detect. But to offset this is a multitude of disadvantages, and it takes a multitude to do it. The Queen goes nowhere really.

She has her palace and her walled-in gardens; and, standing there, she can say to the people of London, "Here you cannot come." But they, with their miles of streets, and multitudes of glories, can jaw back to their Queen, "Here you can't come!"

I never go by her walled gardens, but I think that there are just as envious eyes on one side of the masonry as on the other.

She can walk there as much as she likes, and by herself : but there is no swapping gossip and preserve-recipes over the gate with the woman in the next house ; nor a run out in the afternoon to see Mrs. Jones's Indian shawl, and to show her own.

What does she know of neighbourly comforts ? What does she know of the exquisite enjoyment of badgering a shopkeeper into lunacy over a paper of hair-pins, or of the subtle excitement of hoarding up old rags to exchange for new china.

However, the same longings for what we have not got, rather than the enjoyment of what we possess, is common to us all, royal or ragged, as we need but to look at these photographs to perceive.

But when were these pictures taken ? who took them ? and how came they in the market ? Did the Queen and the other royal members go to the galleries of the men whose imprints are on the cards ?

Certainly not.

Why not ?

Because no photographic-alley on the face of the earth is built large enough to accommodate them.

Imagine the Queen going up two pairs of narrow stairs in quest of a photographic-gallery, with four-and-twenty noblemen in advance, and a half-dozen knights in advance of them, and fourteen squires ahead of the knights, and then, back of her, twelve waiting-women with skirts four yards long, with four bishops back of them, the lord mayor back of the bishops, all the foreign ambassadors back of the lord mayor, a couple scores of diplomats and soldiers back of the ambassadors, a large assortment of knights and lords back of them, and the high sheriff of London bringing up the rear in red cloth and gold lace !

What photographer could stand that ? And if any photographer could, his stairs and room couldn't. A nice spectacle it would be, wouldn't it ? with the lord mayor sitting on a camera, and each ambassador on a bottle of chemicals !

Imagine the Queen sailing around with that throng in quest of a paper of hairpins !

No wonder her pet lion over the doorway of St. James's Palace laughs to think of it. I mean the one in the English coat-of-arms, with the unicorn, on their hind-legs, squaring off at each other. I can't tell the number of hours I have remained planted in front of that gateway, admiring those figures in a trance of delight. The lion has a smile on its face. It is the first lion I ever saw laugh.

I have seen thousands of these coats-of-arms, but never saw a sedate lion ; he is always laughing, as if it were the funniest joke he ever heard of—being matched against a unicorn with a barber pole between its eyes. And it is absurd, when you come to think of it ; for a lion could whip a unicorn around a stump, and have its barber-pole in front of a milliner shop, inside of nine seconds.

But I like to see a lion look pleased. I think we were all intended to be happy. A lion that won't laugh is no society for me. As for a unicorn, I am not much that way. I enter heartily into the life-sentiment of a lamented friend, who, years ago, went to a better home ; which was, "Goldarn a unicorn anyway !"

This is the same pair that hangs over every other shop to prominently announce the fact that it is doing business by "special appointment to H. M. the Queen," or "to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales."

Feeling an unquenchable longing one afternoon to see the Queen, I stepped into a shoe-store which announced itself as attending to her shodding, and waited very

patiently for an hour for her to call in "to see if that shoe was fixed;" but I did not see her. "By special appointment," &c., has stared me in the face at every turn; but I bore it uncomplainingly until I saw over a military wooden-leg contractor the announcement, "By special appointment to H.M. the Queen."

Then I caved in.

In a stroll in Princess Street, Edinburgh, I was astounded beyond expression by the sign of a dyer, which contained the well-known addition, "By special appointment to her Majesty the Queen."

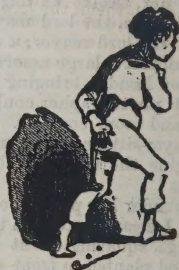
I have read this announcement on hat-stores without a wink, and even perused it over the doors of tobacconists, gents' furnishing-goods stores, and the like, without barely a perceptible quiver; but this was too much—altogether too much. Queen Victoria the patron of a dyer! Imagine the autumnal conversation at Windsor:—

"Albert Edward, will you be so good as to step into Mr. Cameron's when you are in Edinburgh, and see if my carpet rags are done?" Or, "Alexandra, you had better wear your brown poplin this week, and have Mr. Cameron clean your blue silk in time for the next drawing-room." Or, "Beatrice, tell [the Duke of Connaught to leave out his grey trousers before he goes away, that I may send them around to the dyer's this afternoon, with those hair-ribbons of yours which are to be cleaned."

And she queen of the most powerful nation on the face of the earth! It is awful!



BEAUTY—AN UN-DYE-ING THING.



LITTLE HENRY (see page 29.)

I was talking with a gentleman on the subject in the smoking room that evening. He said there was a one-legged dealer in hairpins, shoe-laces, and the like, on Leith Street, who was patronised by nearly all the crowned heads in Europe. I hurried around there early the next morning to interview him; but I did not go in. His name was over the door: it was *Combs*.

By a careful and unbiassed calculation, I learn that there are at present, administering to the various needs of Queen Victoria, 11,000 grocers, 2,150 stationers, 8,093 dry-goods merchants, 1,608 tanners, 16,040 butchers, 1,100 jewellers, 3,840 tobacconists, 243 hatters, 1,240 carriage-makers, 26,432 miscellaneous.

No wonder the country is in debt. But business is stimulated.

FUME-MEET EMERGENCIES THUS!

A YOUNG lady caught smoking put her lighted cigarette in her pocket to prevent her callers from seeing it. She was nearly burned to death. Young ladies who smoke should never slip a lighted cigarette in their pockets. When you are surprised in the act, quickly place the weed over the ledge of the door, and when the young man enters the closing of the door will jar it down, and it will fall on his head and scatter hot ashes down his neck. His conversation will become animated at once, and it will not be on such a commonplace topic as the weather, either.

MY HENRY.

He's jes' a great big, awk'ard hulkin'
Feller—humped, and sort o' sulkin'
Like, rather still appearin'—
Kind as ef he wasn't keerin'

Whether school helt out or not—
And that's my Henry to a dot!

Allus kind o' liked him—whether
Children, er growed up together!
Fifteen years ago and better,
'Fore he ever knowed a letter.

Run across the little fool
In my primmer class at school!

When the teacher wusn't lookin'
He'd be th'owin' wads, er crookin'
Pins, er sprinklin' pepper, more'n
Likely, on the stove, er borin'
Gimblet holes up thue his desk—
Nothin' that boy wouldn't resk!

But somehow, as I was goin'
On to say, he seemed so knowin',
Other ways, and cute and cunnin',
Allus was a notion runnin'
Thue my giddy fool head he
Jes' hed been cut out for me!

Don't go much on prophecyin',
But last night while I was fryin'
Supper, with that man a pitchin'
Little Henry 'round the kitchen,
Think, says I, them baby's eyes
Is my Henry jes' p'cise!

FORWARD MARCH!

HE had been quiet for some time, and she was gazing wistfully up at the star-lit heavens, that looked like a stretch of pale blue satin studded with diamonds. When she broke the silence it was to ask—

"Augustus, why are you, in matters osculatory, like this month?"

"My heart's own," he answered, "I give it up."

"Because you're not *June* it when you *May*!"

As he *knoc*tobber his hat and tied his necktie, he rudely said, "*July*."

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Wattles, "there is a tame bear in Fourlegs' circus that will eat off your hand." And old hardpan said that was nothing; one time in the mountains there was a rough, untrained bear came down one night and ate off his pardner's leg.

WHY HE REFORMED.

EDWARD DELANEY was an old settler, and he looked it every inch of him as he scraped his boot sole to his Honour in the police-court.

"Back again?" said the magistrate looking up and recognising him. "We haven't seen you for many a day."

The prisoner tried to suppress a hiccough, and murmured very solemnly: "No more you have, sir, no more you have. I've been a much altered man lately. You wouldn't know me for the last six months."

"Indeed. Given up drinking, then?"

"Not a drop of liquor did I taste in all that time, sir. Honour bright."

"You don't mean to say you gave up loafing," said His Honour in surprise.

"Not a day's work did I lose, sir. Up early and at it right smart till night. Oh, I did not waste my time, depend on it."

"Goodness me, what a reform!"

"Reform. You may well say that. No one saw me out o' nights gallivantin' round. No, indeed, I went right home when work was over and kept to my room all night. I didn't take even a nocturnal stroll."

"Wonderful!"

"And besides, I've got to be quite gentle. I didn't harm a fly all that time. Some fellows were mighty rough on me, too, and ordered me about pooty sharply. But I didn't raise any rumpus; I didn't say a hard word to 'em at all."

"Why, you have been quite reformed."

"Indeed, I have. You wouldn't believe it, but I've been to services regularly every Sunday, and I've got heaps o' tracts given to me."

"Well, wonders will never cease," said His Honour, hesitating to sign the commitment. "But where have you been all the time?"

"In the Penitentiary, sir," blandly responded the prisoner.

He is likely to go there again.

HIGHFALUTINISM.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE ACTS.

THE dress circle was adorned by a dyspeptic-looking girl, with big feet, who had a brown wart on her face and a certain look about her which plainly told that she was fresh from boarding-school. Beside her sat a long, gawky young man, from the country, and evidently smitten with the charms of the young lady by his side, upon whom he would ever and anon bestow the most tender glances. During an intermission in the play he turned to her, and, in a voice as tender as a sirloin steak, said—

"Don't yer think it's awful warm in this 'ere theater, Miss Mary?"

She let fall on him a languid, pitying glance, and then replied—

"Ah! yes, there exists a certain degree of closeness which is deleterious to the comfort of one's physical being; but, my dear Mr. Weedles, you can see at a glance that this is caused by the lack of oxygen."

"Yes, I know 'em, that is, I've read of 'em, but hain't never seen any yet, as I know on; but when Bill Wilkens, at the protracted meeting down on Goose Creek, said that the heart was a part of the stomach, I told him it was the derndest lie he ever spoke."

"Oh, dear! how absurd it was in him to make such a statement. Why, don't you know that the palpitation of the viscus generates a subtle electrical force which is the most mysterious, wonderful, and startling power which propels the anatomy of the genus homo?"

"I—I have—yes, I've heern tell of it afore, but I don't stick myself up as knowing everything. I ain't that kind of a man. The folks used to say—and was powerful proud of it—that I warn't no slouch on grammar; but won't you have some nuts, Miss Mary?" and he wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and trembled with nervousness.

"None, thank you, Mr. Weedles; nuts have a strange effect on my gastronomical organs."

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Miss Mary, because you recollect before you went off to school that I used to bring you nuts, and we used to sit astraddle the garden fence and eat them. Don't you remember how your old mother used to say that new nuts were awful colicky? Them were happy days, Miss Mary," and the humble lover sighed as low as a note on a bass fiddle.

"Oh, Mr. Weedles," she said, blushing, "I want to ask you something. Did you not say on one occasion that I was possessed of a moiety of the divine afflatus, and that you thought I was a being entirely too seraphic and ethereal to exist on this mundane sphere?"

"Miss Mary," said the lover, and his eye flashed and his breast heaved, "it's a mean underhand lie. I never said a word ag'in you in my life, and I'll just be eternally goldurned if I can't just naturally walk the log of any man who tries to scandalise me behind my back. I always said Miss Mary Jones was the sweetest girl in the country, and—"

But the curtain went up, and the rest of the conversation was lost in the crash of the orchestra.

RETRIBUTION.

AN old yellow dog in Cologne,
Ran away with an old woman's bogne;
But the wrathful old crogne
Hit him twice with a stogne,

And it was dreadful to hear the dog grogne.

THE small boy has two prime objects in view in getting a "fighting cut" to his hair in warm weather. One is to show his vigilant father that he hasn't been in swimming; and the other, because he can lie in bed five minutes longer in the morning; he doesn't have to comb his hair.

A PROFESSOR was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "It's of no use; I was cut out for a loafer." "Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you understood his business."

It takes a drug clerk of broad judgment and liberal views and a calm, statesmanlike control of his features to know how to give a citizen "the right kind of syrup in his soda-water when the citizen's wife says she will take the same as her husband.

THE FAMILY HAMMER.

THERE is one thing no family pretends to do without—that is a hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes to make up the equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one half as much agony and profanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to sliver, and always bound to slip. The face is as round as a full moon, and as smooth as glass. When it strikes a nail full and square, which it has been known to do, the act will be found to result from a combination of pure accidents. The family hammer is one of those rare articles we never profit by. When it glides off a nail head, and mashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe that we will never use it again. But the blood has hardly dried on the rag before we are out doors in search of that hammer, and ready to make another trial. That result rarely varies, but we never profit by it. The awful weapon goes on knocking off our nails, and mashing whole joints, and slipping off the handle to the confusion of mantel ornaments, and breaking the commandments, and cutting up an assortment of astounding and unfortunate antics, without let or hindrance. And yet we put up with it, and put the handle on again, and lay it away where it won't get lost, and do up our mutilated and smarting fingers; and yet, if the outrageous thing should happen to disappear, we kick up a regular hullaboo until it is found again.



A CASE OF REAL JAM.

THE END.

RAMROD SHOTS.

PROFESSOR QUACKENBOSS.



MESS-MERISM.

WHERE the Professor came from originally, or how he even obtained the title of "Professor," nobody knew. He appeared suddenly in the village one day, and renting a small shop, he hung out a sign bearing the inscription, "Professor S. Quackenboss, Mesmerist and Indian Herb Doctor," and sat down to wait for business that never came.

As he was fond of conversation, and rather unduly partial to stimulating beverages when they could be obtained at the expense of other people, he used to sit most of his time either at the tavern or at the corner grocery, where he could give his ingenious views of things generous expression to a crowd of amused listeners.

One evening the Indian question came on for discussion at the grocery, where some of the leading men of the village had dropped in, for it was the post office also; and when two or three persons had expressed their opinions, the Professor removed his pipe from his mouth, and placing his feet upon the stove, while he tilted back his chair, said—

"I don't take the same view of the North American Indians that most people do.

"Now some think that the red man displays a want of good taste.

"I have a notion to organise a political party on the basis of baby-scalping, and to go on the stump to advocate it. If people had any sense, I might run into the Presidency as a baby-scalper wearing rings through his nose. I don't see why people complain of that. Look at the advantage it gives a man when he wants to hold on to anything. If a hurricane strikes an Indian, all he does is to hook his nose to a tree, and there he is, fast and sound. And it gives him something to rest his pipe on while he smokes, while, in the case of a man with a pug, the ring helps to pull his proboscis down, and to make it a Roman nose. But I look at him from a sanitary point of view. The Indian suffers from catarrh. Now, what will cure that disease? Metal in the nose, in which electricity can be collected. Professor Huxley says that the electricity in a metal ring two inches in diameter will cure more catarrh than all the medicines between here and Kansas. The child of nature, with wonderful instinct, has perceived this, and he teaches us a lesson. When we, with our higher civilisation, begin to throw away finger-rings and ear-rings, and to wear rings in our noses, we shall be a hardier race. I am going to direct the attention of Congress to the matter.

"Then take the objections that are urged to the Indian practice of driving a stake through a man, and building a bonfire on his stomach. What is their idea? They want to hold that man down. If they sit on him they will obstruct the view of him. They put a stake through him, and there he is, secured by simple means, and if it is driven in carefully, it may do him good. Professor Huxley says that he once knew a man who was cured of yellow jaundice by falling on a pale-fence, and having a sharp-pointed paling run into him. And the bonfire may be equally healthy. When a man's stomach is out of order, you put a mustard-plaster on it. Why? To warm it. The red man has the same idea. He takes a few faggots, lights them, and applies them to the abdomen. It is a certain cure. Professor Huxley——"

"That's enough about Professor Huxley," said Miles, the shopkeeper, interrupting the speaker. "We don't care to hear any more about him."

"Don't care to hear any more about Huxley," exclaimed the Professor, with a look of feigned surprise upon his face. "Don't want to hear any more about that great and good man! I can hardly believe it."

"Well, we don't, anyhow," said Miles.

After awhile there was a lull in the conversation, and the Professor cleared his throat, and said, quietly—

"I see that they talk of putting up a monument to Christopher Columbus. It's too bad the way people've been fooled about him. He never discovered America, and I've made up my mind to let the people see what kind of an old humbug he is."

"You say that Columbus didn't discover America?" said Mr. Partridge.

"Certainly he didn't. He was a mean, lubberly rascal, who went paddling around in a punt, letting on he was doing big things, when he hadn't courage enough to get out of sight of land."

"Who did discover it then?"

"Well, I'll tell you fellows in advance of publication, but mind you keep quiet about it. It was Potiphar!"

"What was his first name?"

"First name? Why, he hadn't any. It was only Potiphar—old Pharaoh's Potiphar, you know."

"How did you find out about it?"

"Why, you know old Gridley, up in the city? Well, last year he was in Egypt, and he brought home a mummy, all wrapped up in bedclothes, and soldered around with sealing-wax. Gridley asked me to come over and help to undress

him, and so we went at that mummy, and after rolling off a couple of hundred yards of calico, we reached him. Looked exactly like dried beef. Black as your hat, and just about tender enough to chip down for tea. Gridley said he'd like to know who the old chap was, and I looked him over to find out. You know how they put up a mummy, don't you? Take out all his machinery inside, and fill him up with nutmegs and cinnamon. Then they set a brass door-plate in his stomach, and make some little memoranda, with obituary poetry, and all that kind of thing. Anyhow, after polishing him up with a flesh-brush for a minute or two, I found the door-plate, and with some care I managed to read the inscription on it. It was this: 'I am Potiphar, servant of Pharaoh. I was buried three thousand years before the Christian era. I discovered America. C. Columbus was an impostor.' That's what the inscription said, and, in my opinion, that settles it. Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I've had a cast made of that dried beef, and I intend to have it swelled all out and made into a mummy-orial, and I'm going to set it up at my own expense, alongside the statue of Columbus, and have a sign put on it to the effect that Columbus is a fraud. Then I intend to get up a memorial to Congress, asking it to change the name of the country to Potiphar, and to make Potiphar's sacred animal, the cat, the emblematical bird of the nation, instead of the eagle."

"You say you read the inscription on the plate," said Partridge. "I didn't know you understood the language."

"Can read it as easy as A B C."

"'Buried three thousand years before the Christian era,' I think you said it read. How did old Pot. know anything about the Christian era, if he was potted before?"

"Blamed if I know. Cast his prophetic eyes over the future, I s'pose."

"Well, how could he tell that Columbus was going to claim to discover America?"

"That's so. I dunno. It's kind of queer."

"Do you know what I think of you?" asked Partridge.

"What?"

"I think that if there was a statue of a humbug to be erected, the nation would choose you for the honour, instead of Columbus, or any other man, ancient or modern."

"Maybe it would! maybe it would!" said the Professor; and then he refilled his pipe from Partridge's pouch and relapsed into silence.

A BALL'D RESULT.

MR. MAXIMILIAN ADELER observed in the last number of Ball's *Journal of Health* some suggestions concerning a good method of exercising the lungs and expanding the chest. They were to this effect:—

"Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with the head up and the shoulders back, and then, fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air, not through the nostrils, but through the lips, into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath till the lungs are empty. This process should be repeated three or four times immediately after bathing, and also several times through the day."

This seemed reasonable, and he determined to give it a trial. For that purpose he went out into the yard; and pinning the directions to a tree, he stood in front of them where he could see them. Just as he began, his neighbour Cooley came out; and, perceiving the acrobaticism, he placed his elbows upon the fence, rested his chin upon his arms, and watched him with a very peculiar smile upon his face. Max was exceedingly annoyed and somewhat embarrassed, but he was determined that he should not have the gratification of driving him away from his own ground. He made up his mind that he would continue the exercise without appearing to notice him. In a few moments, however, he remarked—

“Training for a prize-fight, Adeler?”

Adeler made no reply, but continued the exercise. When he had gone through the programme once he began again. As he arrived at that portion of it where the instructions direct the arrangement of the lips, Mr. Cooley, by this time somewhat incensed at the silence, observed—

“Whistle us a tune, Adeler. Give us something lively!” As he paid no attention to this invitation, Cooley embraced the opportunity afforded by the upward motion of the performer's arms, in accordance with the directions, to ask if he was going to dive, and to offer to bring out a tub in case he cherished such a design.



TRAINING FOR A FIGHT.

Then Mr. A. completed the exercise and went into the house without giving Cooley any reason to suppose that he was aware of his presence. The next day he performed the ceremony at the same place, at the same hour. On the third day Cooley evidently expected him, for as soon as he appeared he came up to the fence and assumed his old position. He had with him a couple of friends, whom he must have summoned for the express purpose of tormenting Adeler. When Adeler had gone through the movements once, Cooley said:

“See here, Maxy, I don't want to do you any harm, but let me advise you as a friend to go to an asylum. I have known much worse cases than yours to be cured. It isn't kind to your family for you to remain at large. You're afflicted with only a mild form now; but if you don't do something, you'll have a violent paroxysm some day, and smash things. Now, take my advice, and put yourself under treatment.”

Silence upon the exerciser's part.

“How would you take it now,” inquired Cooley, in a tone indicative of yearning tenderness, “if I should get over the fence and chain you to the pump while I go for the doctor? I really think you are getting dangerous.”

"Mr. Cooley," said the health seeker, "I wish you would attend to your own business. I do not wish to quarrel with you, sir, but I will not have any interference on your part with my affairs. If it will make you any happier to learn what I am doing, I will tell you, seeing that you are so much interested in the matter, that I am exercising, under medical direction, for the benefit of my lungs."

"Exercising for the benefit of his lungs!" moaned Cooley. "His mind is entirely gone."

"Yes, sir," said the other, angrily, "I am exercising for the benefit of my lungs, according to the directions of Dr. Ball, and I will thank you to keep your tongue quiet about it."

"He has them awfully bad," exclaimed Cooley, with a pathetic look. "There is no such doctor round here as Dr. Ball, you know," he remarked, in a confidential tone, to one of his companions.

"I wish you distinctly to understand that I will not tolerate this impertinence much longer, sir," exclaimed the tormented one indignantly. "What right have you to interfere with me upon my own ground, you ruffian?"

"His intellect's completely shattered," said Cooley, with a mournful shake of his head, to his companions. "Poor Mrs. Adeler! It will be a terrible blow for her and for the children. My heart bleeds for them."

"Mr. Cooley," said the uncomprehended man, "I want no more of this. I shall discontinue Dr. Ball's exercise at this place for the present, but I will tell you before I go that I consider you an insolent, unendurable idiot, and I will repay you some day or other for your outrageous behaviour to me."

"Sad, sad, indeed!" said Cooley to his friends. "Strange how he clings to that fancy about a man named Ball, isn't it?"

One of Cooley's companions observed that the deranged were apt to get such notions in their heads, and he supplemented this statement with the remark, "This is a very interesting case—very."

Then Mr. Adeler went into the house, and from the window saw Cooley and his companions walk away laughing. Not even the unpardonable insolence of Cooley could disguise the fact that the affair had a certain comic aspect; and when the injured party became calmer he appreciated this phase of the occurrence with some keenness, even though he happened to occupy an exceedingly unpleasant position as the victim of the joke. Dr. Ball's recipe, however, I think he will toss into the fire, and expand his lungs by learning to sing or to play upon the flute. The family can then participate in his enjoyment. A married man has no right to be selfish in his pleasures.

FIXING A CHEMIST.

A PRACTICAL DIALOGUE.

CUSTOMER.—I want a box of Blinkinsop's tooth-powder.

CHEMIST.—[*No violent effort of the imagination is required to conceive the line of argument adopted by the Chemist.*]

C.—Yes, I want it for myself.

CH.—.....

C.—Yes, for my own teeth. You don't suppose I'm going to wander around the streets polishing off the grinders of the populace, do you? Or maybe you fancy I've got a contract to keep a dentist's show-case in order, or something of that style?

CH.—.....

C.—It will hurt my teeth, will it? That suits me. I've been trying for ten years to hurt my teeth with that particular powder, and if I can do it now I shall probably be able to get damages out of the manufacturers.

CH.—.....

C.—You don't mean to tell me that you sell a powder of your own? Who buys it?

CH.—.....

C.—I don't deny that it is a nice powder. I don't deny that it is nicer than Blinkinsop's. That's the reason I don't buy it. I don't want my teeth to get accustomed to too much style in their powder. They're only common teeth, anyway, and if they get to putting on too many airs they will get too big for my mouth. Blinkinsop's is bad enough for me.

CH.—.....

C.—Well, if your tooth-powder is compounded without the deleterious ingredients used in the preparation of Blinkinsop's, it won't suit me. I just revel in deleterious ingredients. I was brought up on deleterious ingredients, and I can't get along without them.

CH.—.....

C.—My friend, if you could realise the number of sleepless nights that I have sat up trying to *yaller* my teeth, you would understand with what joy I hail a preparation which you assure me will have that effect. To get a neat set of gamboge teeth has been the ambition of my life.

CH.—.....

C.—Yes, *I will* still, yet, even now, take Blinkinsop's tooth-powder, if you please. The general drift of my conversation for the past five minutes has tended that way.

CH.—.....

C.—Thank you, I want the smaller size—the little shilling—ha'penny size—I'm only a sort of a half-florin man, anyway.

CH.—.....

C.—Yes, I know that the half-crown size is larger, and will last me longer; but if half what you have said is true, this little bottle is quite enough to ruin my jaws for ever. As a matter of benevolence and humanity, you ought not to wish to have the whole head eaten off me by this diabolical invention of Blinkinsop's.

CH.—.....

C.—I don't believe you can sell me a toothbrush. You can try, if you are really anxious to find out. You have made me miss one train already, by your little lecture on the demerits of Blinkinsop's tooth-powder. I have an hour to spare; and I am perfectly willing to spend it in convincing you that you can't sell me a tooth-brush.

CH.—.....

C.—Of course it is a genuine imported Afric-Italian soft-bristle tooth-brush; but, you see, it is of no use to me. It is customary among the people with whom I associate to go over the teeth first with a harrow, and then to polish them off with a blacking-brush; and I should not like to introduce any wild innovations.

CH.—.....

C.—I may want a package of tooth-picks next week, when my diamond-mounted double gold-bladed pick is worn out; but not at present, thank you.

CH.—.....

C.—A tongue-scraper is a useful invention; but, you see, I have no tongue. I bit it off, two years ago, trying to convince an apothecary that I did not want to buy out the whole store. Thank you for the Blinkinsop, and ta ta!

THE TWINGES DUE TO TWINS.



PARTRIDGE INCLINED TO GAME.

MAGRUDER has twins, and although that fact was known to most persons, it was not known to Mr. Partridge, their next-door neighbour, when he came home from a summer's sojourn at the sea-side.

Upon the first night of his arrival, he was awakened about one o'clock by some unusually loud caterwauling, apparently in Magruder's yard. He rose, went to the window, and ejaculated "Scat!" several times, but without effect. The noise continued. Then he fumbled around in the closet for an old boot, and projected it at the spot where he thought the cats were. There was a momentary lull, but in a minute or two the screeching

became more vociferous than ever. Partridge went for another boot, and hurled it with terrific force into Magruder's yard, and then he followed it with another, and then the noise became a positive shriek. Partridge was gradually getting excited, and dashing into the closet he scooped up all the boots on the floor, and the bootjack, and after flinging them over Magruder's fence in quick succession, but without stopping the serenade, he danced around in a frenzy and fired off everything he could lay his hands on. Mr. Partridge's gaiters, the soap-cup, the towel-rack, the pomatum-jug, the cologne bottle, the foot-stool, Mrs. Partridge's hoops, the hair-brushes, the wax-fruit, the hymn-book, and the plaster image of little Samuel saying his prayers, with a stubby-nosed angel in a bolster-case watching him—all of these things were hurled furiously at the unseen cats; and still the duet proceeded. At last, when all the available material in the room, excepting the bedstead and Mrs. Partridge, had been flung away, Partridge rushed downstairs for his gun, and then emptied both barrels into Magruder's dining-room shutters. Then Magruder appeared at the back window and exclaimed:

"What in thunder is the matter?"

"Matter?" shouted Partridge, "why, I'm trying to stop those cats in your yard."

"What cats?" inquired Magruder; "I don't see any cats."

"But you can hear 'em, can't you? They've been yowlin' around down there for the last two hours like fury. There they go. Don't you hear that? Just listen to that, will you?"

"Partridge, you certainly *must* be intoxicated. Cats! Why good gracious, man, those are the twins over here in our room. They were born last Friday! Didn't you hear about it?"

"And I don't want to hear about it, now," said Partridge, as he closed the window, savagely, and went to bed.

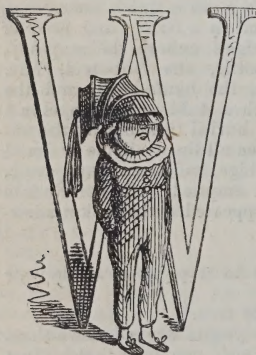
Magruder bought a coach for each of the children, when they were old enough

to go out, and he bought a trained goat, which pulled one of the coaches, while the nurse-girl pulled the other. But one day the goat met another goat, that differed from him in politics or religion, or something, and each undertook to convince the other by jamming him in the skull. Every time Magruder's goat would rear up, preparatory to making a lunge forward, Magruder's baby would lurch over backwards, and when Magruder's goat struck the other goat, the concussion would shake the milk in the baby's stomach into butter.

And sometimes the other goat would aim at Magruder's goat, which would dodge, and then the other goat would plunge headforemost into the coach, and mash the baby up in the most frightful manner. And in the midst of the contest a couple of dogs joined in, and Magruder's goat backed off and tilted the coach into the gutter, and the dogs, biting around kind of generally, would snap at the goat and cause it to whirl the baby around just in time for the bite, until at last the goat got disheartened and sprang through the fence, leaving the coach on the other side, and it struggled frantically to escape, while the other goat crowded up against the baby in order to avoid the dogs, and finally knocked the baby out, and butted the coach to splinters.

They say that the way Mrs. Magruder eyed Magruder that afternoon, when they brought the baby home, mutilated and dishevelled, was simply awful to behold; but she didn't speak to him for a week, and he had to soften her down by buying her an ostrich feather for her winter hat. The goat is still at large. Anybody who wants him can have him free of charge.

TWANGING THE LYRE.



CAPPY AND HAPPY.

W HETHER Abner Byng was a mere wanton enemy of the truth, or only a moral idiot, perhaps cannot be determined; but he has a clear right to rank high as an organiser of magnificent and sweeping falsehoods. He has been a sailor, and when he begins to talk about his voyages he draws the long bow with a vigorous hand.

"You see," said Abner, one day to a little company whom he had met at the hotel in our county town, after the adjournment of the Court—"you see I was once a sailor before the mast, on a vessel which was cruising about in the South Atlantic Ocean.

"She was a very small vessel, and so frail that I was afraid all the time she would go to pieces; but she didn't. It happened one day that I was sent aloft to nail a block of some kind on the top of the mainmast, and as we had no hatchet I took an axe. I hit the mast three or four pretty stiff knocks, when

all of a sudden I thought I felt the mast go down with a jerk. But it looked all right, and I thought it couldn't possibly be. So I came down and said nothing about it.

"Three or four days afterwards the mate said to the captain—

"Cap., it's queer we don't sight land by this time."

"Very queer," said the captain.

"And what's more funny about it is that for several days past my instruments have made us out to be in precisely the same latitude and longitude."

"Maybe something's the matter with the sun."

"Or perhaps the parallels of latitude have shifted."

"Or you may have made a mistake in your figures."

"I didn't think of that," said the mate.

"So they took another observation, and found that they were in precisely the same place. Everybody was frightened, and it was not until after a close examination that it was at last ascertained that I had actually driven that main-mast through the bottom of the ship into the mud, where it had stuck fast, and the old tub had been spinning round and round, like a weathercock on a steeple, all this time, without anybody knowing it.

"To say that the captain was mad, don't describe his condition. He roared around so about it that I got scared and hid myself in an old cask in the hold. There I lay all day, when it was decided to heave part of the cargo overboard to lighten ship, and the cask I was in was headed up and the whole concern was tossed into the water.

"I was in that barrel about four days. It was a little crowded, to be sure, and it would roll some, but on the whole it was comfortable. One day I felt myself tossed on shore, and then I was so certain of saving my life that I turned over and took a good nap.

"I was waked by something tickling my face. At first I thought it was a mosquito, but then I remembered that no mosquito could have got into the barrel. I brushed at it again, and caught it. It was a straw. I gave it a jerk. Something knocked against the barrel outside, and I heard the word:

"Thunder!"



A BEAU BESIDE AND A BOW BEHIND.

"Then another straw was inserted, and I pulled it still harder; I heard this exclamation:

"Thun-der-r-r-r!"

"Still another straw came through the bung-hole, and as I caught it I saw there was a man outside trying to suck something through the straw; and whenever I pulled it it knocked his nose against the barrel. So I gave it one more pull, and then, kicking the head out of the cask, I introduced myself to him.

"He was a Dutchman named Schuyler, and he told me, in his native tongue, which I spoke with difficulty, that I had come ashore in Dutch Guiana. He was a good sort of fellow. I went up home with him, and was introduced to his wife and his three daughters.

"The latter were splendid girls; but they were so much alike that I could never tell one from the other. I fell in love with one of them—I never could tell which, and I courted them just as they happened to come along.

"One day they all came into the drawing-room together. They were furious. They said I had promised each of them to marry her, and each repeated the fond words I had whispered to her, and accused me of treachery.

"It looked stormy for me. To conciliate them, I offered to marry them all, and to take them to Salt Lake; or to cut myself in three pieces; or to drown myself with them and perish in four watery graves.

"Respectfully and firmly declined.

"Then they all went out. After a while one came in and said:

"'Abner, dear, let us elope together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fulness of each other's love.'

"'I will think it over, my angel,' said I.

"She passed out. Then one of them came in again.

"'Abner, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fulness of each other's love.'

"'I say, I will think it over, my own angel.'

"And she disappeared. But she seemed anxious, so in she came again.

"'Abner, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fulness of each other's love.'

"'You've said that three times, and that's enough. My mind fully grasps the idea. I say I'll think it over.'

"'Why, I never said it before,' says she.

"'You didn't?' I exclaimed.

"'Certainly not!'

"I saw it all. Each of them had approached me with the same proposition. It was clear that I must fly. I made up my mind to take the first boat that left Dutch Guiana for anywheres.

"That night I walked the town, and shipped on a barque that had just loaded a cargo of mahogany for Liverpool, and next morning I was at sea.

"Well, we sailed along nicely enough for about a month, when one day we ran against an iceberg of the most enormous dimensions. I immediately clambered upon it, while the rest failed to follow, and I sat down to consider what I had better do next.

"An idea struck me; I would explore the iceberg, which was about five miles long, and, in some places at least half a mile high. So I pulled some fish from the water, and, taking two of the largest bones, I made myself an excellent pair of skates, which I tied to my feet with marlin-twine. I found that I could get along very rapidly with these, and at once I started upon a tour.

"I hadn't gone more than a mile and a half, when I stumbled over the dead body of a sailor, with a fishing-rod and line in his hand. The man, evidently, had come off of his ship to catch some fish, and had been lost and frozen to death.

"I took the rod and line from him, together with one or two articles of clothing, and proceeded to return to my wreck. After lighting a fire with some splinters, and cooking the fish I already had, I concluded to go a-fishing. Baiting the

hook, I flung it overboard. I got a few nibbles at first, but directly I felt a good bite, and I pulled up. It was an ordinary herring. Before I got it fairly out of the water, a fifty-pound sea-bass leaped up and swallowed it.

"'All right,' thought I, 'I'd rather have you anyway,' and I hauled in on it.

"Strange to say, I hadn't more than got the sea-bass's tail out, than a sturgeon appeared and took it down at a gulp.

"'Better still,' thought I, as I kept on reeling in my line. But I was destined to further annoyance; no sooner had I got the sturgeon pretty well up, than the biggest shark I ever saw stuck his nose out and took the sturgeon down without chewing him.

"'Very extraordinary, upon my word,' thought I, as I still pulled my line in. But hardly had I comprehended the situation, when a whale swam up, and seeing the shark, swallowed it.

"I was pleased; any man would be under such circumstances. I tied the line to a huge icicle, and so held the whale fast. The whale died that night from indigestion, and I, drawing the other fish from him, began to enjoy myself as well as I could.

"The days were very short, and I experienced much annoyance from the continual darkness, until another idea struck me. I took the dead sailor's shirt, tore it into narrow strips, ran the strips through the bamboo fishing pole, and stuck the pole into the fattest portion of the whale that floated alongside. I then lit the end of the strip that protruded from the bamboo, and produced a most brilliant light. The rays were reflected from the whole iceberg, and the glare was so intense that the sea was lighted up for miles, and I was compelled to look away from the ice to avoid going blind; but my left eye was, nevertheless, somewhat injured.

"Thus I lived for nearly a month, until one day I happened to observe a piece of wood sticking out of the wall of ice beside me. I grasped it and tried to move it, but without success. While I was working at it, the iceberg chanced to run aground, and it split into pieces with a noise like the firing of a million cannon. I felt the ice giving way beneath my feet, and I grasped the piece of wood and hung on. As the berg fell to pieces, I found that I had hold of the bowsprit of a ship which had been embedded in the ice, but which was now floating, as good as ever, in the ocean.

"To clamber down and get on the deck was the work of an instant. And there I found the captain and crew all frozen.

"It was lucky that I found this ship, or I would certainly have been drowned when the iceberg went to pieces. I set to work to load the craft with the pieces of ice which floated around me. Having secured a full cargo, I set sail, and proceeded due south, to hunt for a market for the ice.

"On the third day I was chased by a pirate, and having no artillery on board, I took a barrel of gunpowder, stuck a half-hour fuse in the bung-hole, lighted the fuse, and flung the barrel overboard, right in the track of his vessel. The pirate struck the barrel, there was an explosion, and the pursuer was blown to atoms. Only one man was picked up, and I made him one of my crew. But the man mutinied, and I formed myself into a court-martial, brought the man before me, tried him, found him guilty, and then the court took the crew out and hung him at the yard-arm.

"At the end of a month I ran into the harbour of one of the Fiji islands, and, just as I dropped anchor, a canoe put off from shore and came alongside. It contained the chief of the tribe which inhabited the island. I gave him a salute of twenty-one guns, with an old blunderbuss which I found on board, and received him, hat in hand, as he came over the gangway.

“‘How are you, sir?’ said I to the chief; ‘I hope you’re well. I just dropped around to see if you should be wanting any ice. I’ve got a fine cargo here, which I’m selling off at reduced rates.’

“There was yellow fever in the island, and ice was the very thing the chief wanted worse than anything else. So I cleared my cargo out at an immense bargain, and went ashore with the chief.

“When the people heard I had brought them a whole ship-load of ice they went frantic with joy. A public reception was tendered me, and I was voted a national benefactor. The people rehearsed my praises all over the island, and a grand mass-meeting was held, at which I was proclaimed Prime Minister of the country, and second only in authority to the chief who had come off to see me. I left the vessel at anchor in the harbour, accepted the office, and lived there for four years and eight months, enjoying myself hugely, and amassing great wealth.

“The people were cannibals, but I could never entirely overcome my aversion to man-meat, and one day when they had roast missionary on the table at a public banquet, I refused to touch a morsel, and left the room in disgust. This enraged the fickle mob, and I was arrested, tried, and condemned to be broiled to death on the state gridiron. On the appointed day, a huge fire was built in the square of the city, and, when it had burned to coals, the immense gridiron was placed upon it, and I was stripped and carefully laid upon the gridiron.

“I bore the inexpressible torture for a time, but after a while, making an excuse that I wanted to turn over, I leaped up, seized the gridiron, and bravely attacking the crowd, killed two hundred of them with the hot gridiron, and put the rest to flight.

“About three hundred of the more timid savages, in an agony of terror, swam out in the harbour, and secreted themselves in the hold of my ship. I also sought refuge there, and, finding my enemies in the vessel, I fastened down the hatches, weighed anchor, and sailed out to sea before the people on shore could recover from their alarm.

“I hadn’t proceeded more than twenty miles before I observed three shipwrecked sailors floating on a hen-coop. I picked them up, and, strange to say, they were my two brothers and my nephew, whom I had not seen for twelve years. Of course, the meeting was affecting beyond expression, all four of us melting into tears, and sobbing as if our hearts would break. Now that I had a crew, I had no trouble in navigating the ship, so I sailed for Cuba, where I sold the three hundred natives in the hold for slaves, at one thousand dollars a-piece, and then I set sail for Philadelphia, and got home just in time to receive the dying embrace of my mother, who very naturally had mourned for me as dead for ten years.”

When Abner Byng finished this recital, he cleared his throat, called for a mug of ale, drank it, lighted the stump of a cigar, and said:—

“Some men lie about their adventures, but that always seemed to me to be wrong. When I deviate from the truth a half-an-inch, I want somebody to kick me—to kick me hard.”

Then slowly uprose Thomas Dundas, a farmer. Coming near to Abner, he gave him a fearful kick, which moved him a dozen feet or more toward the door.

At first Abner seemed indignant; he appeared to be eager for war. But when he had eyed Dundas for a moment, a smile stole gently over his face, and he said:—

“Squire, you’re the quickest man to take a hint that I ever come across.”

And then Abner Byng adjourned.

THE CASE OF LEMUEL A. GERLACH.



A GLASS IN HIS EYE.

most people ever heard of, and they undertook to show that Gerlach had devoted the latter part of his life to organizing a scheme for foisting himself upon the company for the purpose of swindling it. That was five years ago. The case is pending in the courts yet, and the widow has already spent twenty per cent. more than the face of the policy. It was not a very profitable speculation. I'll tell you what, if a man wants to realize on his departed relatives, that is not the way to do it. Anything is better than life insurance; even Tom Bennet's way.

Tom is a friend of mine, who lives out in Arkansas. And one day, some years ago, a little cemetery in the town in which he lived was sold out by the sheriff. Tommy was looking about for a site on which to build a house for himself, and, as this one happened to suit him, he bid on it, and got it at a very low figure. When he began to dig the cellar, Tom found that the folks who were interred in the place had been petrified, to a man. Every occupant turned to solid stone! So Tom, you know, being a practical kind of man, made up his mind to quarry out the departed, and to utilize them for building material. As the building made progress, he rubbed down Mr. Flaherty for a door-sill, and had Judge Paterson chipped off with a chisel into the handsomest hitching-post that you ever saw. Some of the McTurk family were put into the bow-window, between the sashes, and the whole of the families of Major Magill and Mr. Dougherty were worked into the foundation. And when the roof was going on, Tom Bennet took General Hidenhooper and bored a flue through the crown of his head downward, so as to

WELL, sir (said the agent of assurance), I did my best to persuade that man to assure. He didn't want to; but I harried him into it. I waited on him at his office; I disturbed him at his meals and lune-de-miels; I lay in wait for him when he came home from the elub; I followed him to the sea-shore in summer; when he went yachting I pursued him with a steam-tug; when he was queer I got the chemist to enclose our circulars with his medicine; I sat next to him in church for four consecutive Sundays, and slipped mortality tables into his prayer-book; I rode with him in the same carriage when he went to funerals, and lectured him all the way out to the cemetery upon the uncertainty of human life. Finally, he succumbed. I knew he would. It was only a question of time.

I took him down to the office; the company's surgeon examined him, and said he was the healthiest man he ever saw—not a flaw in him anywhere. So he paid his premium and got his policy. Two months later he died. When Mrs. Gerlach called to get her money, the President threatened to have her put out of the office because she denied that Gerlach's liver was torpid when he took out his policy.

The widow sued to recover, and the company put the surgeon and eight miscellaneous doctors on the stand to prove that Gerlach for years had been a complete physical wreck, with more diseases than

use him for a chimney-top. The edifice, when completed, presented a rather striking appearance. The surviving relatives were indignant, of course; but as the courts decided that the petrifications, without doubt, were part of the real estate, and were included in the title-deeds, they could do nothing but remonstrate, and Tom paid no attention to that.

HOW BAFFIN WAS BAFFLED.

WHEN the good ship *Morning Star*, bound to Liverpool from New York, foundered at sea, the officers, the crew, and all the passengers but two escaped in the boats. Professor E. L. Baffin and his daughter, Matilda Baffin, preferred to entrust themselves to an india-rubber life-raft which the Professor was carrying with him to Europe, with the hope that he should sell certain patent rights in the contrivance.

There was time enough before the ship sank to inflate the raft and to place upon it all of the trunks and bundles belonging to the Professor and Matilda. These were lashed firmly to the rubber cylinders, and thus Professor Baffin was encouraged to believe that he might save from destruction all of the scientific implements and apparatus which he had brought with him from the Wingohocking University to illustrate the lectures he had engaged to give in England.

As the night wore on, a brisk wind sprang up, and shortly afterwards the light upon the captain's boat for some reason disappeared.

When the dawn came, dim and grey, the gale abated its force, and although the sea continued rough, the raft rode the waves more buoyantly and easily.

The boats had disappeared completely; but the Professor saw something else that attracted his attention, and made his heart for a moment stop beating.

The captain, an expert navigator, had assured him that they were eight hundred miles from any shore. But this certainly looked to the Professor very much like land.

"The wind is blowing right on shore, Tilly," said the Professor. "I will steer straight ahead, and I shouldn't wonder if we could shoot the breakers safely. Just hoist my umbrella so as to give her more sail!"

Before the Professor had time to think what he should do to avoid the shock, a huge wave uplifted the raft and ran it high up on the beach with such violence as to compel the Professor to turn a somersault over a trunk. He recovered himself at once, and replacing his spectacles, he proceeded, with the assistance of Matilda, to pull the raft up beyond the reach of the waves.

When the trunks were unfastened, the Professor was delighted to find that the contents were perfectly dry. Selecting some clothing for himself, he went behind a huge rock and proceeded to dress. Matilda, after looking carefully about, retreated to a group of trees, and beneath their shelter made her toilette.

"Isn't this a magnificent place!" said the Professor when Matilda, nicely dressed, came out to where he was standing by the raft.

"Perfectly lovely!"

"Noble trees, rich grass, millions of wild flowers, birds twittering above us, a matchless sky, a bracing air, and—why, holloa! there's a castle of an early period."

"Mediæval?"

"Well, not later than the seventh or eighth century, at the farthest. Tilly, have you your journal with you?"

"It is in the trunk."

"Get it and your lead pencils. We will drag the luggage further up from the water, and then we will push towards the castle. I am going to know the date of that structure before I sleep to-night."

"There can hardly be any danger, I suppose?" suggested Miss Baffin, rather timidly.

"Oh, no! Of course not; I have my revolver with me. Let me see; where is it? Ah, here! and the cartridges are waterproof. I think I will put a few things in a valise, also. We might find the castle empty, and have to depend upon ourselves for supper!"

The Professor then let the air out of the raft and folded the flattened cylinders together.

When the valise was ready, the Professor grasped it, shouldered his umbrella, and the pair started along a broad path, following the course of a brook to a place where the brook widened into a great pool. Here they were startled to hear a voice saying to them—

"Good morrow, gentle friends!"

Matilda uttered a partly-suppressed scream, and even the Professor jumped backward a foot or two, in astonishment.

Looking toward the place from which the voice came, they saw an old man, with grey hair and beard, lifting a large stone pitcher which he had been filling from the pool.

"Good afternoon," returned the Professor, after a moment's hesitation; "how are you?"

"Are you not strangers in this land?" asked the old man.

"Well, yes," said the Professor, briskly, with a manifest purpose to be sociable; "we have just come ashore down here on the beach. Shipwrecked, in fact. This is my daughter. Let me introduce you! My child, allow me to make you acquainted with—with—Beg pardon, but I think you did not mention your name."

"I am known as Father Anselm, a hermit; my cell is close at hand. You will be welcome there."

"A hermit! Living in a cell! Well, this *is* surprising! We shall be only too happy to visit you, if you will permit us."

The Hermit, with the pitcher, led the way, and he was closely followed by the Professor and by Matilda, who regarded the proceeding rather with nervous apprehension. The hermit's cell was a huge cave excavated from the side of a hill.

The Hermit brought forward a bench for his visitors to sit upon, and then, procuring a cup, he offered each a drink of water.

The Professor, hugging one knee with interlocked fingers, seemed anxious to open a conversation.

"Pardon me, sir, but I would like very much if you would tell us something about this country around here," said the Professor, waving his hand towards the door.

"Let me ask first of the misadventure which cast you unwillingly upon our shores?" said the Hermit.

"Well, you see, I sailed from New York on the 23rd of last month, with my daughter here, to fulfil an engagement to deliver a course of lectures in England."

"In England!" exclaimed the Hermit, with an appearance of eager interest.

"Yes, in England. I am a Professor, you know, in an American University. When we were about half-way across, the ship sprang a leak. My daughter and I got off with our luggage upon a life-raft which I most fortunately had with me. The rest of the passengers and the crew escaped in the boats. I became separated from them, and drifted here. That is the whole story."

"I comprehend only a part of what you say," replied the Hermit. "But you spoke of England a moment ago," continued he. "Hundreds of years ago, in the time of King Arthur, of noble fame, it happened, by some means even yet not revealed to us, that a vast portion of that island separated from the rest, and drifted far out upon the ocean. It carried with it hundreds of people—noble, and gentle, and humble. This is that country."

"In-deed!" exclaimed the Professor. "Why, Tilly, do you hear that? This is the lost Atlantis! Taking everything into consideration, I must say this certainly is the most extraordinary circumstance I ever encountered!"



A BOOTY-FULL KNIGHT.

"Nobody among us has ever heard anything from England or of it, excepting through tradition. We do not try to know more. We live here pretty much as King Arthur and his subjects lived."



ONE OF MAGRUDER'S PAIR OF KIDS (see page 7).

"My dear," said the Professor to Miss Baffin, "we shall be afforded an opportunity to study the middle ages on the spot."

"Sometimes," said the Hermit, gravely, "I have secret doubts whether England and the rest of the world may not have learned while we have remained ignorant; but I cannot tell. And no one would be willing to change if we knew the truth."

"My friend," said the Professor, with a look of compassion, "the world has gone far, far ahead of King Arthur's time!"

"Pa, I wish we could learn something about the castle we saw," said Miss Baffin.

"Oh, yes; by the way, Father Anselm," said the Professor, "we saw an old-fashioned castle yonder, as we came here. Can you tell me anything about it?"

"The castle," replied the Hermit, "is the home and the stronghold of Sir



NO "PLAICE" FOR A RIVAL WHEN IT COMES TO FIXING ON "SKATES."

Bors, Baron of Lonazep. He is a great and powerful noble, much feared in this country."

"Any family?" inquired the Professor.

"He has a gallant son, Sir Dinadan, as brave a knight as ever levelled lance, and a beautiful daughter, Ysolt. Both are unmarried; but the fair Ysolt fondly loves Sir Bleoberis, to whom, however, the Baron will not suffer her to be wedded, because Sir Bleoberis, though bold and skilful, has little wealth."

"Human nature, you observe, my child, is the same everywhere. We have heard of something like this at home," remarked the Professor to his daughter.

"Ysolt is loved also by another knight, Sir Dagonet. He has great riches, and is very powerful; but he is a bad and dangerous man, and the Baron will not consent to give him Ysolt to wife. These matters cause much strife and much unhappiness."

"It's the same way with us," observed the Professor; "I have known lots of such cases."

"The King," said the Hermit, "has espoused the cause of Sir Bleoberis, and we hope he may win the lady for the knight whom she loves."

"The King, eh? Then you have a monarchical government?"

"We have eleven kings upon this island."

"And what is the name of your particular king?"

"King Brandegore; a wise, and good, and valiant monarch."

"Tilly," said the Professor, "you might as well jot that down. Eleven kings on the island, and King Brandegore running this part of the government. I must get acquainted with him."

When the meal was finished the Professor lighted a cigar, and, sitting on the bench in a comfortable position, with his back against the wall of the cave, he began to puff out whiffs of smoke.

The Hermit, with a look of alarm, was about to ask for an explanation of the performance, when loud cries were heard outside of the cave, mingled with frightened exclamations from a woman.

The occupants of the cavern started to their feet, just as a beautiful girl, dressed in a quaint but charming costume, ran into the doorway in such haste that she dashed plump up against the Professor, who caught her in his arms.

For a moment she was startled at seeing two strangers in a place where she had thought to encounter none but the Hermit; but her dread of her pursuer overcame her diffidence, and, clinging to the Professor, she exclaimed—

"Oh, save me! save me!"

"Certainly I will," said the Professor, soothingly, as his arm tightened its clasp about her waist. "What's the matter? Don't be afraid, my child. Who is pursuing you?"

The Professor was not displeased at the situation in which he found himself. The damsel was fair to see, and the head which rested, in what seemed to him sweet confidence, upon his shoulder, was crowned with golden hair of matchless beauty. Even amid the intense excitement of the moment the reflection flashed through the Professor's mind that he was a widower, and that Matilda had always expressed a willingness to try to love a stepmother.

"I had gone from the castle," said the damsel, partly to the Hermit and partly to Professor Baffin, "to meet Sir Bleoberis at the trysting place. My father was watching me, and as I neared the spot he rushed toward me with a drawn sword, threatening to kill me."

"It is an outrageous shame!" exclaimed the Professor, sympathetically.

"I eluded him," continued the sobbing girl, "and flew towards this place. When he saw me at last he gave chase. I am afraid he will slay me when he comes."

"I think, perhaps, I may be able to reason with this person when he arrives," said the Professor, rubbing his chin and looking at the Hermit over the top of his spectacles. "The Baron ought to be ashamed of himself to go on in this manner! Tilly, wipe the poor creature's eyes with your handkerchief. There now, dear, cheer up."

Just then the Baron rushed into the cell, with his eyes flaming, and his breath coming short and fast.

He was a large man, with a handsome face, thickly covered with beard. He was dressed in doublet, trunks and hose, and over one shoulder a mantle hung gracefully. His sword was in its sheath, and it was manifest that he had repented of his murderous purpose.

"Where is that faithless girl?" he demanded in a voice of thunder.

"One moment!" said the Professor, stepping forward. "May I, without appearing impertinent, offer a suggestion?"

"Out, varlet!" exclaimed the Baron, pushing him aside. "Tell me, Hermit, where is Ysolt?"

The Professor was actually pale with indignation. Pushing himself in front of the Baron, and brandishing his umbrella in a determined way, he said:

"Old man, what do you mean by 'varlet'?" I hurl the opprobrious word back into your teeth, sir! I am not going to put up with such conduct, I'd like you to know!"

The Baron for the first time perceived what manner of man the Professor was, and he paused for a moment amid his rage to eye the stranger with astonishment.

"What do you mean? Who are you? What are you doing here?" demanded the Baron, fiercely, recovering his self-possession.

"I am Professor E. L. Baffin, of Wingohocking University; and I mean to try to persuade you to treat your daughter more gently," said the Professor, cooling as he remembered that the Baron had a father's authority.

"You have a weapon. I will fight you," said the Baron, drawing his sword.

The Professor put his cigar in his mouth, and opened his umbrella suddenly in the Baron's face.

The Baron retreated a distance of twenty feet, and looked scared.

"Come," said the Professor, closing his umbrella and smiling, "I am not a fighting man. We will not quarrel. Let us talk the matter over calmly."

But the Baron, mortified because of the alarm that he had manifested, rushed savagely at the Professor, and would have felled him to the earth had not Matilda sprung forward and placed herself, shrieking, between the Baron and her father.

At this precise juncture, also, a young man entered the cell, and, seeing the Baron apparently about to strike a woman, seized his sword-arm and held it. The Baron turned sharply about. Recognising the youth as his son, he simply looked at him angrily, and then, while Miss Baffin clung to the Professor, the Baron seized Ysolt by the arm and led her weeping away.

The Professor, after freeing himself from Miss Baffin's embrace, extended his hand to the youth, and said:

"I have not the honour of knowing you, sir, but you have behaved handsomely. Permit me to inquire your name?"

"Sir Dinadan; the son of the Baron," said the youth, taking hold of the Professor's hand, as if he were somewhat uncertain what he had better do with it.

"No last name?" asked the Professor.

"That is all. And you are?"

"I am Everett L. Baffin, a Professor in the Wingohocking University. I was

cast ashore down here with my daughter. Tilly, let me introduce you to Sir Dinadan."

Sir Dinadan coloured, and dropping upon his knee, he seized Miss Baffin's hand and kissed it. Rising, he said :

"What, Sir Baffin, is the name of the sweet lady?"

"Matilda."

"How lovely!" exclaimed Sir Dinadan.

"It is abbreviated sometimes to Tilly, by her friends."

"It is too, too beautiful," said the youth, gazing at Miss Baffin with unconcealed admiration. "As the Lady Tilly is a stranger here," said Sir Dinadan, "I would be glad to show her our beautiful park."

"That would be splendid!" said Miss Baffin. "May I go, pa?"

"Well, I don't know," said the Professor, with hesitation, and looking inquiringly at the Hermit. As that individual appeared to regard the proposition with no feeling of alarm, the Professor continued, "Yes, dear, but be sure not to go beyond ear-shot."

Sir Dinadan, smiling, led Miss Baffin away, and the Professor sat down to finish his cigar and to have some further conversation with the Hermit. Before he had time to begin, two other visitors arrived. Both were young men, gaily dressed in rich costume. One of them, whom the recluse greeted as Sir Bleoberis, had a tall slender figure and an exceedingly handsome countenance, which was adorned with a moustache and pointed beard. His companion, Sir Agravaine, was smaller, less comely, and, if his face was an index to his mind, by no means so intelligent.

After being presented to the Professor, whom they regarded with not a little curiosity, Sir Bleoberis said :

"Holy father, the fair Ysolt was here and was taken away by the Baron, was she not?"

"Yes!"

"Alas!" said the Knight, "I see no hope. Whilst I am poor, the Baron will never relent."

"Well," replied the Professor, "I can understand a father's feelings in such a case as this. It seems hard upon a young man, but naturally he wants his daughter to be comfortable. Is there nothing you can turn your hand to to improve your fortunes?"

"We might rob somebody," said Sir Agravaine, with a reflective air.

"Rob somebody!" exclaimed the Professor. "That is simply atrocious! Can't you go to work, go into business, start a factory, speculate in stocks, or something of that kind?"

"Persons of my degree never work," said Sir Bleoberis.

The Professor sighed, "Ah! I forgot. We must think of something else. Let me see; young man, agree to help me, and we'll give this island such a stirring up as will revolutionise it."

So they listened with open-eyed amazement while the Professor told them of modern inventions.

Whilst Baffin waxed eloquent, Sir Dinadan and Miss Baffin strolled slowly back towards the cave.

Sir Dinadan had improved the opportunity to offer Miss Baffin his hand, rather abruptly.

She could not help thinking of the sensation that would be created in Wingo-hocking if she should walk up the fashionable street of the town some afternoon with Sir Dinadan in his parti-coloured dress of doublet and stockings, and jaunty feathered cap, and sword, while his long yellow hair dangled about his shoulders.

While Sir Dinadan was protesting that he should love her for ever and for ever, they came back again to the Hermit's cell, and then Sir Dinadan, greeting Sir Bleoberis and Sir Agravaine, presented Miss Baffin to them.

Sir Bleoberis was courteous, but somewhat indifferent. Sir Dinadan asked the Hermit for a few simples with which to relieve the suffering of his noble mother.

"I judge, from what you say," remarked the Professor, "that the Baroness is afflicted with lumbago. The Hermit's remedies, I fear, will be ineffectual. Permit me to recommend you to iron her noble back, and to apply a porous plaster."

"I wish you and the Lady Tilly to come with me to the castle," remarked Sir Dinadan. "My father will welcome you heartily if you can medicine the sickness of my mother; and she will be eager to receive your fair daughter."

"I will go, of course," replied the Professor, "you are very kind. Tilly, we had better accept, I think."

Miss Baffin was willing to leave the matter wholly in the hands of her father. After requesting Sir Dinadan to have his luggage brought up from the beach, the Professor bade adieu to the Hermit.

The Professor that evening accepted for himself and his daughter a very urgent invitation to make Lonazep Castle their home, at least until Fate and the future should determine if they were to remain permanently upon the island. The chance that they would ever escape seemed, indeed, exceedingly slender; and the Professor resolved to accept the present with philosophical resignation.

He employed much of his time during the first weeks that he was the Baron's guest in making the Baron familiar with some of the wonders of modern discovery and invention.

The Professor often went outside the castle walls to talk with Sir Bleoberis, and to comfort him. The Professor explained the telegraph and the locomotive to the Knight, and when the Knight assured him that the armourers of the island could make the machinery that would be required, if they should receive suitable instructions, the Professor arranged to build a short railroad line and a telegraph line in partnership with Sir Bleoberis if the latter would obtain the necessary concession from King Brandegore. Professor Baffin was of the opinion that the Knight, by such means, might ultimately acquire great wealth.

Meanwhile Sir Dagonet had been seen several times of late in the vicinity of the castle, and once he had made again a formal demand upon the Baron for Ysolt's hand. This the Baron refused, whereupon Sir Dagonet returned an insolent reply that he would have her in spite of her father's objection.

The Professor sincerely pitied both Ysolt and Sir Bleoberis, but as the Baron always became violently angry when the sufferings of the lovers were alluded to, the Professor disliked to plead their cause.

It occurred to him, however, one day that there could be no possible harm in arranging to permit the forlorn creatures to converse with each other; and so, with the help of Miss Baffin, who was allowed to enter the captive's room, he fixed up a telephone, the machinery of which he had in one of his trunks, with a wire running from Ysolt's window to a point some distance beyond the castle wall.

The battery with which the instruments were supplied was placed in an iron box furnished by Sir Bleoberis, and hidden behind a huge oak tree.

The lovers were delighted with the telephone and its performances; but the Professor's ingenious kindness caused him a great deal of serious trouble.

It seems that Miss Baffin one morning had been showing her father's umbrella to Ysolt, and making her acquainted with its peculiarities and uses.

When Miss Baffin had withdrawn, Sir Bleoberis began to breathe through the telephone protestations of his undying love, and finally he appealed to Ysolt to

fly with him. Of course he expected nothing to come of this appeal, for he had not the slightest conception of any method by which Ysolt could escape from her prison. He merely threw it in, in a general sort of way, as an expression of the intensity of his affection.

But it suggested to the mind of Ysolt an ingenious thought; and she responded through the telephone, that if Sir Bleoberis would keep out of sight and have his gallant steed ready she would join him in a few moments. The Knight's heart beat so fiercely at this news that it fairly made his armour vibrate.

Obedying the orders of Ysolt, he went behind the oak and sat upon the iron box containing the Professor's battery and electrical apparatus.

Ysolt's window was but twenty feet from the surface of the water in the fosse. Directly beneath it, by a most fortunate chance, floated the life-raft of Professor Baffin. The brave girl, climbing upon the stone sill of the window, hoisted the umbrella, and sailing swiftly downward through the air, she alighted safely upon the raft. A single push upon the wall sent it to the further side of the ditch, whereupon Ysolt leapt ashore, unperceived by the warder or by anyone in the castle.

A moment more, and seated upon the steed of her cavalier, with his strong arm around her, she would be flying to peace and happiness and love's sweet fulfilment, far, far beyond the reach of the angry Baron's power.

But, alas, human life is so full of mischances! As Ysolt neared the great oak behind which her lover sat, Sir Dagonet came riding carelessly across the lawn. Seeing her he spurred his horse forward, and, right before the eyes of Sir Bleoberis, he grasped her by the arm, tossed her to his saddle, and dashed away across the country.

But why did not Sir Bleoberis leap to the rescue?

Sir Bleoberis tried with all his might to do so; but he had on a full suit of steel armour, and the Professor's battery, by some means even yet unexplained, so charged the cover of the box with magnetism that it held the Knight close down. He was compelled to sit by, imbecile and raging, while the wind bore to his ears the heartrending screams of his sweetheart as she cried to him to come and save her from an awful fate.

The shrieks of the unhappy Ysolt penetrated to the castle, and at once the Baron ran out, followed by Sir Dinadan, Professor Baffin, and a host of the Baron's retainers, all of them armed and ready for war. The first act of the Professor was to capture his expanded umbrella, which was being blown about wildly by the wind. Finding it, he proceeded to the place where Sir Bleoberis sat, trying to explain to the infuriated Baron what had happened.

"There!" said Sir Bleoberis, savagely, pointing to the Professor, "is the vile wretch that did it! Seize him! He, he alone is to blame."

The Professor was amazed.

"Yes!" exclaimed Sir Bleoberis, "it was he who persuaded the fair Ysolt to leap from the window; it was he that notified Sir Dagonet, and it is his wicked enchantment that held me here so that I could not fly to her succour. I cannot get up even now."

"Try to be calm," said the Professor, soothingly. "Let me see——. Why, bless my soul, the electrical current has magnetised the box. There, now," said the Professor, as he snipped a couple of the wires, "try it again."

Sir Bleoberis arose without effort. Baron Bors stepped forward and sternly said—

"What, you, Sir Bleoberis, were doing here I do not know. I suspect you of evil purposes. But it is clear you had nothing to do with the seizure of my daughter; if, indeed, she has been carried off by Sir Dagonet. You may go. But

as for you," shouted the Baron, turning to the Professor, "I perceive that your devilish arts have been used against me and my family while you have been eating my bread. The world shall no longer be burdened by such a monster. Off with his head as quickly as possible!"

"But, my dear sir," contended the Professor, as the Baron's retainers seized him, "this is simply awful! No court, no jury, no trial, no newspaper reporter to tell my story! It is not just. It is not fair play. Permit me, for one moment, to——"

"To the block with him!" screamed the Baron. "Have no parley about it!" Sir Bleoberis came forward.

"Sir Bors," he said, "this, in a measure, is my quarrel. It falls to me by right to punish this wretch. Will you permit me?" and then Sir Bleoberis struck the Professor in the face with his mailed gauntlet.

Professor Baffin would have assailed him upon the spot, but for the fact that he was a captive.

"He means that you shall fight him," said Sir Dinadan, who retained his faith in the Professor, remembering his own affection for Miss Baffin.

"Certainly I will," said the Professor. "Where, and when, and how? I would like to have it out right here on the spot."

It is melancholy to think what would have been the sorrow of the members of the Universal Peace Society, of which the Professor was the first Vice-President, if they could have observed the eagerness with which that good man seemed to long for the fray, and the fiery rage which beamed from his eyes until the sparks almost appeared to fly from his spectacles.

Miss Baffin at this moment rushed upon the scene, and in wild affright flung her arms about her father.

"The contest shall be made," said the Baron, sternly. "Unhand him!"

The Professor hurriedly explained the matter to Matilda, who sobbed piteously.

"You shall have my armour, my horse, and my lance," said Sir Dinadan in a kindly voice to the Professor. "Go and get them," he continued, speaking to some of the servants.

"Thank you," said the Professor. "I am much obliged. You are a fine young man."

"But, pa," said Miss Baffin through her tears, "how can you ever do anything upon a horse, with armour and a lance? It is dreadful!"

"My child, it may perhaps be regarded as fortunate. For many years I have longed to observe the practices of ancient chivalry more closely; that opportunity has now come. I am about to have actual practical experience with them."

When the armour came, Sir Dinadan helped the Professor to put it on. It was a size or two too large for him, and the Professor had a considerable amount of difficulty in adjusting the pieces properly, but with the help of Sir Dinadan he at last succeeded.

"Bring me my lance!" he exclaimed, with a firm voice, as he stepped forward.

"It is here," said Sir Dinadan.

"Farewell, my child," said the Professor to Miss Baffin, making a futile attempt to bend his elbows so that he could embrace her. "Farewell!" and the Professor tried to kiss her, but he merely succeeded in injuring her nose with the visor of his helmet.

"O pa!" said Miss Baffin, weeping, "if you should be killed!"

"No danger of that love, none at all. I am perfectly safe.



LADY BORS.

I feel exactly as if I were a cooking-stove, to be sure ; but you may depend upon my giving a good account of myself. And now, dear, adieu! Ho, there!" exclaimed the Professor, with faint reminiscences of the tragic stage coming into his mind. "Bring me my steed!"

The determined efforts of four muscular men were required to mount the Professor upon his horse. And when he was fairly astride, with his lance in his hand, he felt as if he weighed at least three thousand pounds, and the weapon seemed quite as large as the jib-boom of the *Morning Star*.



ABNER WANTS A KICK (see page 12).

The warrior did his best to sit his horse gracefully ; but the miserable beast pranced and curveted in such a very unreasonable manner that his spectacles were continually shaking loose, and in his efforts to fix them, and at the same



THE "KNIGHTS" OF OTHER "DAYS."

time to hold his horse, he lost control of his lance, and came near impaling two or three of the spectators.

Sir Dinadan's own groom then took the bridle rein, and leading the horse quietly to the jousting-ground, put him in place directly opposite to Sir Bleoberis, whose lance was in rest, and who evidently intended to spit the Professor through and through at the first encounter.

Suddenly the herald's trumpet sounded a blast. The Professor had not the least notion of the meaning of the sound, but Sir Bleoberis started promptly towards him, and the Professor's horse, trained at jousting, also started. The Professor was not quite ready, and he pulled the rein hard while trying to fix his lance in its rest. This caused the horse to swerve sharply round, whereupon the warrior's spectacles came off, and the horse dashed at full speed to the side of the jousting ground, bringing the half-blinded Professor's lance up against a tree, into which the point stuck fast. The Professor was hurled with some violence to the ground, and the horse ran away.

When they picked him up and unlatched his helmet, he was bleeding at the nose.

"It is of no consequence, Matilda; of no consequence, I assure you," he said.



DAGONET, LOOKING OUT FOR A "REFEREE" (see page 18).

"I am shaken up a little, but not hurt. I think, perhaps, I need practice at this kind of thing."

The Professor, while speaking, felt about him in a bewildered way for the pocket in which he was used to keep his handkerchief. But as the armour baffled his efforts to find it, Miss Baffin offered him her kerchief with which to stanch the blood.

"The ancients, Matilda," said the Professor, as he pressed the handkerchief to his nose, "must have possessed great physical strength, and they could not have been near-sighted. By the way: where are my glasses?"

Sir Dinadan handed them to him.

"You will not attempt to get on that horrid horse again, pa, will you?" said Miss Baffin, entreatingly.

"I think not, my child, unless I am forced to do so. Jousting is interesting to read about; but as a matter of fact it is brutal. I think, Sir Dinadan, I should be more comfortable if I could get this cast-iron overcoat off, so that I could move my elbows without creaking."

Sir Dinadan helped him to remove his armour, and said:—

"My noble mother has insisted that Sir Bleoberis shall not fight with you, and the Baron has yielded to her wish."

"How can I thank you?" exclaimed Miss Baffin.

Sir Dinadan looked as if he would like to tell her how, if he dared venture. But he only said:

"I deserve no thanks. My mother is upon your side and that of your father. She asks me to bring him to her."

The Baron was with his wife, and Sir Bleoberis stood before them.

"Sir Baffin," said the Baron, "Lady Bors insists that you are innocent of any wrong-doing; and Sir Bleoberis, seeing that you are unskilled, has resolved not to have a combat with you. I am willing to pardon you upon one condition: that you find my daughter and bring her back to me."

"I will go with you," said Sir Bleoberis.

"That is first-rate," said the Professor.

"We will keep your daughter in the castle as a hostage," said the Baron. "When you return with Ysolt you shall have the Lady Tilly, and Sir Bleoberis shall have Ysolt."

Professor Baffin packed a few things in a satchel, and putting his revolver in his pocket, he bade adieu to his daughter and the Baron's family. Mounting his horse by the side of Sir Bleoberis, who rode in full armour, the two trotted briskly out through the woods to the roadway, which ran by not far from the castle.

"Where shall we go to look for the lady?" asked the Professor, as the Knight started down the road at a rapid pace.

"The villain, no doubt, has carried her captive to his castle. We shall seek her there."

That was near the Court, where the Professor saw King Brandegore. He regarded him from the first with high favour, and the sovereign's conduct of course sufficed to recommend the Professor to everybody else. The Professor found the King to be a man of rather large mind, and it was a continual source of pleasure to the learned man to unfold to the King, who listened with amazement and admiration, the wonders of modern invention, science, and discovery.

With what instruments the Professor's ingenuity could construct from the rude materials at hand, he showed a number of experiments, chiefly electrical, which so affected the King that he ordered the regular court magician to be executed as a perfectly hopeless humbug; but Professor Baffin's energetic protest saved the unhappy conjuror from so sad a fate.

An extemporised telegraph, a few hundred yards in length, impressed the King more strongly than any other thing, and not only did he make to Sir Bleoberis and the Professor exclusive concessions of the right to build lines within his dominions, but he promised to organise, at an early day, a raid upon a neighbouring sovereign, for the purpose of obtaining plunder enough to give to the enterprise a handsome subsidy.

Sir Dagonet did not come to court during the Professor's stay. But there, in full view of the palace, a mile away in the lake, was his castle, and in that castle was the lovely Ysolt.

The Professor examined the building frequently through his field glasses, which, by the way, the King regarded with unspeakable admiration; and more than once he thought he could distinguish Ysolt sitting by the window of one of the towers overlooking the lake.

The King several times sent to Sir Dagonet messages commanding Sir Dagonet to bring the damsel to him, but as Sir Dagonet invariably responded by trying to brain the messenger or to sink his boat, the King was forced to give it up as a hopeless case. Storming the castle was out of the question. None of the available boats were large enough to carry more than half a dozen men, and Sir Dagonet had many boats of great size which he could man, so as to assail any hostile fleet before it came beneath the castle wall.

But the Professor had constructed a small steam engine, which was fitted into a boat with a propeller screw. The trial-trip was made at night, so that the secret of the existence of such a vessel might be kept from any of the friends of Sir Dagonet who might be loitering about.

It devolved upon Sir Bleoberis, by bribing a servant of Sir Dagonet's who came ashore, to send a message to Ysolt. She was ordered to watch at a given hour upon a certain night for a signal which should be given from a boat beneath her window, and then to leap fearlessly into the water.

Upon the night in question, the Professor, at the request of the King, who was very curious to have an opportunity to learn from practical experience the nature of the thing which the Professor called "a lecture," undertook to deliver in the dining-room of the palace the lecture upon Sociology which he had prepared for his course in England.

The room was packed, and the interest and curiosity at first manifested were intense; but the Professor spoke for an hour and three quarters, losing his place several times because of the wretched character of the lights, and when he had concluded, he was surprised to discover that his entire audience was sound asleep.

At first he felt rather annoyed, but in an instant he perceived that chance had arranged matters in an extremely favourable manner.

It was within precisely half an hour of the time when he was to be in the boat under the window of Ysolt.

Stepping softly from the platform, he went upon tiptoe from the room. Not a sleeper awoke. Hurrying from the palace to the shore, he found Sir Bleoberis sitting in the boat and awaiting him with impatience.

The Professor entered the craft, and applying a lighted match to the wood beneath the boiler, he pushed the boat away from the shore, and waited until he could get steam enough to move with.

A few moments sufficed for this, and then, opening the throttle valve gently, the tiny steamer sailed swiftly over the bosom of the lake, through the intense darkness, until the wall of the castle, dark and gloomy, loomed up directly ahead.

A light was faintly burning in Ysolt's chamber in the tower, and the casement was open.

As the prow of the boat lightly touched the stones of the wall and rested, Sir Bleoberis softly whistled.

"I have always been uncertain," said the Professor to himself, "if the ancients knew how to whistle. This seems to indicate that they did know how. It is extremely interesting. I must remember to tell Tilly to note it in her journal."

In response to the signal a head appeared at the casement, and a soft, sweet voice said—

"Is that you, darling?"

"Yes! yes! it is I!" replied Sir Bleoberis. "Oh, my love! my Ysolt!" he exclaimed in an ecstasy.

"Is Sir Baffin there, too?"

"Yes. We are both here; and we have a swift boat. Come to me at once, dear love, that we may fly with you homeward!"

"How must I get down?"

"Climb through the window and jump. You will fall into the water, but I shall catch you and place you in the boat, love."

"I cannot do it. I am afraid!" and Ysolt began to cry.

Wild despair filled the heart of Sir Bleoberis.

"Catch this rope, dearest," said Bleoberis, "and affix it to the window. Then slide down it, and you are safe."

Ysolt still hesitated.

"We shall be caught if we stay here much longer," observed the Professor, with anxious thoughts of the boiler.

"Good-bye then! I am lost. I cannot come down by the rope. Go without me! Save yourselves! Oh, this is terrible!" Ysolt began again to cry.

"I will help her," said Sir Bleoberis, seizing the rope and clambering up the wall until he reached the window.

A moment later, the Knight had lifted the lady out, and clasping her firmly, commenced the descent.

When the pair were about halfway down, the rope broke, and Ysolt and Sir Bleoberis were plunged into the lake.

The Professor, excited as he was by the accident, remembered the boiler, and determined that he would have to blow off steam and take the consequences; so he threw open the valve, and instantly the castle walls sent the fierce sound out over the waters.

Sir Bleoberis with Ysolt upon his arm, managed to swim to the side of the boat, and the Professor, after a severe effort, lifted her in. Then he gave his hand to the Knight, and as Sir Bleoberis's foot touched the side the Professor shut off steam, opened his throttle-valve, backed the boat away from the wall, and started for the shore.

It was now daylight. As the boat turned the corner of the wall, it almost came into collision with a boat in which, with ten oarsmen, sat Sir Dagonet. The inmates of the castle had been alarmed by the performances of the Professor's escape-pipe; and Sir Dagonet had come out to ascertain the cause of the extraordinary noise.

The Professor's presence of mind was perfect. Turning his boat quickly to the right, he gave the engine a full head of steam and shot away before Sir Dagonet's boat could stop its headway.

By some means the people of the town of Callion had had their attention drawn to the proceedings at the castle, and now the shore was lined with spectators, who watched with eager interest the race between Sir Dagonet's boat and the wonderful craft which had neither oars nor sails, and which sent a long streamer of smoke from out its chimney.

The oarsmen of Sir Dagonet worked right valiantly to win the chase, but the steamer gained constantly upon them, and when her keel grated upon the sand, close by where some horses stood, the pursuers were at least a third of a mile behind.

Sir Bleoberis sprang from the boat, and helped Ysolt to alight. The Professor stopped to make the fire in the furnace more brisk, and to tie down the safety valve; then, hurrying after Sir Bleoberis and Ysolt, the three mounted their horses and galloped away.

In a few moments they reached the top of a hill which commanded a view of the lake. They stopped and looked back. Sir Dagonet had just touched the shore, but, as he had no horse, further pursuit was useless. So, shaking his fist at the distant party, he turned away with an affectation of contempt, and entered the Professor's boat to satisfy his curiosity respecting it.

"Let him be careful how he meddles with that!" said the Professor.

As he spoke, the boat was torn to fragments. Sir Dagonet and two of his men were seen to fall, and a second afterwards the dull, heavy detonation of an explosion reached the ears of the Professor and his friends.

The three friends turned their horses' heads away from the lake, and pressed swiftly along the road home, where Baron Bors, Sir Dinadan, Sir Agravaine, and Miss Baffin emerged from the castle. Miss Baffin flew to her father, and flung her arms about him. The Professor kissed her tenderly, and at the first opportunity inquired:

"And now, Tilly, my love, how have you been employing yourself during my absence?"

Miss Baffin blushed.

"I have been giving him lessons while you were away," said Miss Baffin.

"How does he get along?"

"Quite well."

"Then," said the Professor, "if Tilly loves you, and you love Tilly, I shall make no objection."

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed both of the lovers.

This was a very fitting moment for Father Anselm to appear, and he did so.

Professor Baffin encountered the Hermit at the door. The holy man remarked that a huge ship had come near to the shore upon which the Professor had landed, and that it was anchored there. From its mast, Father Anselm said, fluttered a banner of red and white stripes with a starry field of blue.

The Professor's heart beat fast. For a moment he could hardly control his emotion. He resolved to go at once to the shore and take his daughter with him. Withdrawing her from her companions, the two strolled slowly out from the castle into the park. Then, hastening their steps, they passed towards the shore. In a few moments they reached it, and there, sure enough, they saw a barque at anchor, while from her mast-head floated the American flag.

The vessel proved to be the *Mary L. Simpson*, of Martha's Vineyard, bound from the Azores to New York. When the Professor was talking with the captain in his cabin the air suddenly darkened and the captain rushed out upon deck. Almost before he reached it a terrific gale struck the barque and she began to drag her anchors. Fortunately the wind blew off shore, and the captain, weighing anchor, let the barque drive right out to sea. The Professor was about to remark to Miss Baffin that he feared there was small chance of his ever seeing the island again, when a lurch of the vessel threw him over. His head struck the sharp corner of the captain's chest, and he became unconscious.

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When Professor Baffin regained his senses he found that he was lying in a berth in a ship's cabin. Some one was sitting beside him.

"Is that you, Tilly?" he asked, in a faint voice.

"Yes, pa; I am glad you are conscious again. Can I give you anything?"

"Have I been long unconscious, Tilly?"

"You have been very ill for several days; delirious sometimes."

"Is the captain going back to the island?"

"Going back to the *what*, pa?"

"To the island. I am afraid Sir Dinadan will think hard of us, especially of you who are engaged to him."

"Pa, how absurd! Who are these people?"

"Were you not upon the island with me, at the castle?"

"How could we have gone upon an island, pa, when we were taken from the raft by the ship?"

"Tilly, my child, when I get perfectly well I shall have to tell you of the most extraordinary series of circumstances that has come under my observation during the whole course of my existence!"

Then Professor Baffin closed his eyes and fell into a doze, and Miss Baffin went up to tell the surgeon of the ship *Undine*, from Philadelphia to Glasgow, that her father seemed to be getting better.

TAKING A RISE OUT OF HIS PATIENTS.



WANTING A "WIG-GING."

AMUEL TOOMBS had originally been a physician in Iowa, but he was compelled to leave the place because of a difficulty that he had with some of his patients.

The doctor, it seems, had a large tank placed on the top of his house, from which to supply his bath-room with water. The water had to be pumped up about fifty feet from the cistern in the yard, and the doctor found it to be a pretty good-sized job, which would cause him constant expense. So, after thinking the matter over very carefully, one day an idea struck him.

He built a room over the cistern, and put the word "Sanitarium" over the door. Then he concealed the pump machinery beneath the floor, and he rigged up a kind of complicated apparatus, with handles, and hinges, and a crank, so that a man, by standing in the middle of the machine and pulling the handle up and down, would operate the pump.

Then the doctor got out circulars and published advertisements about "Toombs's Patent Health-Lift," and he secured testimonials from a thousand or so people, who agreed that the Health-Lift was the only hope for the physical salvation of the human race.

Pretty soon people began to call to see about it, and Toombs would rush them out to the "Sanitarium," and set them to jerking the handles. And when a

customer had pumped up fifty gallons or so, Toombs would charge him a fee, and tell him that three months of that sort of thing would give him muscles like a prize-fighter.

He would push the project among his patients. If a man was bilious, or had the toothache, or was afflicted with rheumatism, or croup, or yellow fever, or cholera morbus; Toombs would turn him at the Health-Lift, and get a fee each time. The thing became so popular that he had to enlarge his tank, and put in a smaller pump; and he not only got all his pumping done for nothing, but the people who did it paid him about fifteen hundred dollars a year for the privilege. It began to look like an uncommonly good thing, and everybody was contented and happy.

One day, however, old Mr. Maginnis, who had been practising at the Health-Lift every day for months, in order to cure himself of indigestion, jammed the handles down a little too hard, and broke the board upon which he was standing. As the board gave way, it plunged Mr. Maginnis into the cistern, and just as he was sinking for the third time, Toombs fished him out with a crooked nail in the end of a clothes-prop. As soon as the water was drained out of him, Maginnis said:

"I didn't know you had a cistern under that floor. What did you do that for?"

"Why, to keep the air moist. It is healthier than dry air."

"It looked to me as if there was some kind of a pump under there."

"Oh, no; those are only the levers of the Lift."

"Mighty queer," said Maginnis, thoughtfully. "If that isn't a pump, then I don't know one when I see it."

So a few days later Maginnis came round with a lot of other patients, and found the doctor out. They determined to investigate. They pulled up a couple of boards, and ascertained the facts about the pump. Then they cross-examined Toombs's servant-girl, and learned about the truth, and then they went home mad. A consultation was held, at which every bilious and rheumatic individual who had been working the doctor's pump used violent language, and talked about murder and sudden death. Finally they resolved to prosecute Toombs for damages, and for obtaining money under false pretences.

Toombs concluded to fly, in order to save trouble.

The young man paced the parlour,
 While she was cleaning her teeth;
 And he thought of the brilliant dollars
 Of the daddy who would bequeath.
 The old man sat on the counter,
 With his head between his hands,
 And rejoiced that his girl had a lover
 Who would help him to meet his demands.

Moral:—Both mistaken.

A PRETTY girl of twenty-three was offered one thousand dollars by a very old man if she would marry him. One can imagine her indignation—how her eyes flashed, how she stamped her foot, how she said she would rather be a young man's slave, &c., and how the old man turned sadly away, deeming himself lucky to have escaped with his hair intact. P.S.—She accepted him.

SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

Just about midnight the other night, four men in a tap-room sat looking at a fifth. The fifth one was drunker than the other four. While all men were created equal, some men get drunk twice as fast as others.

"It will never do to send him home in this condition," said one of the four, after a long silence.

"No, it would break his wife's heart," added a second.

"But we can't leave him here, and if we turn him out the police will run him in," observed the third.

"I have been thinking," mused the fourth. "He has a telephone in his house. Here is one here. I will make it my painful duty to inform his waiting and anxious wife that he won't be home to-night."

He went to the telephone, got her call, and began :

"Mrs. Blank, I desire to communicate with you regarding your husband."

"Well, go ahead."

"He is down here."

"I know that much."

"In descending the stairs leading to the lodge-room he fell and sprained his ankle."

"Are you sure he didn't break his neck?"

"It is not a serious sprain, but we think it better to let him lie on the sofa in the ante-room until morning. Rest assured that he will have the best of care. We are doing ev——"

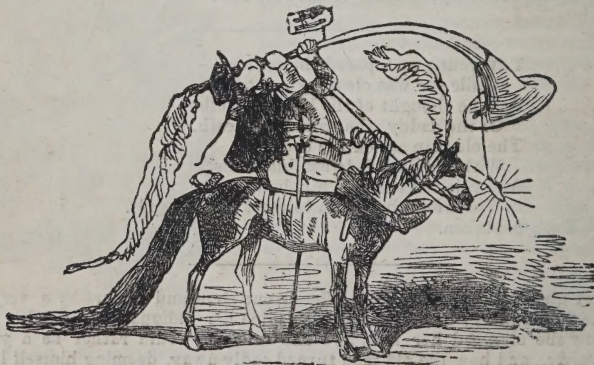
"Say!" broke in a sharp voice, "you bundle him into a waggon and drive him up here, where I can keep him hidden until that drunk goes off! He won't be sober before to-morrow night."

"My dear Mad——"

"Get out! If he is sleepy drunk put water on his head! That's the way I always do."

"Will you let me inform you that——"

"No, sir, I won't! Throw water on his head, get him into some vehicle, and rattle him up here, for it's most midnight now, and it will take me half an hour to get his boots off and push him upstairs! Remember—pour water on his head and yell 'fire' in his ear!"



THE BARON'S TRUMPETER (see "BAFFIN BAFLED").

SIDE SPLITTERS.

A TYPICAL ACTION.



SINGING "HAY! THE PRETTY MAIDEN!"

they contemplated founding would have been alive to-day.

Their journey over the mountain was utterly uneventful until they reached Simpson's Station, a spot well known to travellers on that route. Here they met a party of emigrants making for Lower California, and the latter had with them a small mountain howitzer which they had brought with them across the plains.

Twain took a great fancy for this gun, and offered fifty dollars for it, with two kegs of powder. The emigrants were glad enough to part with it, as they concluded the time for its use had passed. Dan thought the purchase of artillery and military supplies was an enormous error; but he changed his stop when they got into the wild country, and a troop of savages made their appearance.

They had no arms. Suddenly Twain brightened, remarking:

"The howitzer!"

"We've got nothing but powder," said Dan.

"Well, powder'll scare 'em; and we'll load her up."

WAS nearly twenty years ago when Dan DeQuille and Mark Twain attempted to start a paper in Mendocino county, California. They took the type and material of their recently defunct newspaper establishment in San Francisco, and loading the stuff on a big waggon, struck out into the country to retrieve their fortunes. They packed their type just as it stood in the forme, tied up the articles with stout cords, by a process well-known to printers, and packing them closely in boxes, vowed to establish a newspaper somewhere, which would be the leading exponent of politics and history of the Pacific coast. Had not an unfortunate circumstance taken place, it is evident that the newspaper which

The piece was immediately loaded with a good big charge, and the two men felt quite certain that the Indians, hearing the roar of the gun, would beat an unconditional retreat. The piece was hardly loaded and placed in position when about forty of the redskins came charging up the ravine.

Twain seized a brand from the camp fire and was about to lay on the touch-hole, when Dan yelled, "Hold on!" as he rammed something into the mouth of the piece, and remarked:

"Turn 'er loose!"

The roar of the howitzer echoed through the lonely forest, and the savages with frantic cries of pain reeled down the ravine in deep confusion.

"What did you put in?" asked Mark.

"A column of solid nonpareil and a couple of sticks of your Spring poetry."

"The poetry made 'em spring, Dan. Get one of your geological articles ready for the next charge, and I guess it'll let the red devils out for the present campaign."

The savages again advanced. Mark attended to the powder, and Dan assorted the shot, so to speak.

"Jeems Pipe's song—'My Mountain Home,'"

"Good for three Indians—sock 'er in."

"An acrostic in long primer."

"It'll paralyse them."

"'Pixley On the Constitution,' half a column of leaded brevier."

"If it hits 'em, the day is won."

"Your leader on 'Law and Order.'"

"You *order* save it as a last resort."

Dan pulled the type out of the boxes, and stuffed column after column in the howitzer's mouth as the savages came charging on. Another round from the gun, and the redskins rolled over like boulders swept away by a mountain cloud-burst. Mark, in an ecstasy of delight, pulled a flag out of his effects, nailed it to the tailboard of the waggon, and was about to make a speech, when the dusky figures of the foes were once more seen moving to the attack.

The piece was again loaded, and this time with a double charge. Mark's leader on "Law and Order," the puff of an auction "as a sickener," Dan said; verses on the "Rebel Tell," an agricultural article showing the chemical properties of corn juice as an additional lever, a maiden poetical effort, and some amateur verses completed the load.

"That poetry reaching 'em first will throw 'em into confusion, and my editorial coming on the heels of the rest, will result in grand demoralisation. It will be like the last cavalry charge of the French troopers at the battle of Austerlitz."

Indeed, when the roar of that unusual canister had died away, the enemy had evaporated, always excepting those who had died away with more literature in their heads than an educational missionary ever contemplated.

Mark waved his flag and shouted:

"Hurrah for Faust—and Marguerite!"

"Is there any type left?"

"Not a pound."

Ten days later the two journalistic tramps reached Virginia City, weary, discouraged and footsore, and secured places on the *Enterprise*.

A few days ago Dan received the following from his former partner:—

"Dear Sir,

HARTFORD, CONN., Jan. 1.

"I send you the congratulations of the New Year. Do you recollect the time we exterminated the tribe of unlettered (?) savages in Mendocino county? If

you can spare the time I wish you would make a pilgrimage to that historic spot, gather the ghostly relics together, and plant a tablet (not too expensive, at your own expense) to the memory of the departed, having a shooting-stick lying across a long bow, with our own monogram and coat of arms entwined, and some appropriate epitaph carved on the stone.

"Yours, MARK TWAIN.

"P.S.—Send me a thigh-bone of the fallen chief by the next express. M. T."

Dan will attend to the matter in the spring. The old howitzer used on the occasion is still in his possession, and any doubter can have this tale confirmed from its own brazen mouth.

PEACE appears to be restored in Colorado just as often as the Indians can catch a soldier out alone. But the soldier is never restored.

"THESE seats are engaged," the Liar remarked, as the Lone Traveller attempted to share some of the four seats the Liar had pre-empted. "Yes, I know," the Lone Traveller said, "but the engagement is broken and the match is off; there's another man, you understand." So saying, he dropped his bag and broke the Liar's legs. Thus do we learn that, although matches are made in heaven, the immortal gods (with a small g, please, good compositor), do not stoop to help a Liar steal a railway seat.

"YES, I knew him," the Texas sheriff remarked, when somebody asked him about Red-handed Bill; "I never met him but once; he came down here last February, riding another man's mule, and he came in and left the measure of his neck with me for a lariat." "Did you fit him?" asked the traveller. "Not very well," said the sheriff, "blamed thing was too tight; but he never said anything after he tried it on, so I didn't change it." And then the committee rose and reported the bill to the house, which shortly afterwards took a recess until the evening session.

THE REVISED VERSION.

"TWINKLE, twinkle, little star," the nursery rhyme so familiar to everybody, has been revised by a Committee of Eminent Scholars, with the following result: Shine with irregular, intermitted light,* sparkle at intervals, diminutive, luminous, heavenly body.†

How I conjecture, with surprise, not unmixed with uncertainty,‡ what you are, Located, apparently, at such a remote distance§ from and at a height so vastly superior to this earth, the planet we inhabit.

Similar in general appearance and refractory powers to the precious primitive octahedron crystal of pure carbon,** set in the aerial region surrounding the earth.

* Or, Swad out with the antro gilespians.

† See Hesio. Pro mea benevolente. Act. Mediæv. Pp. 992. Quisque numjam satis, Vol. II., chap. 78, § XIV. Also, Hey Didhul Didhul Thecat anthef Hidul, § XL. Pp. 672. Ib.

‡ Not found in the MSS. of the 29th century. Hunc Dunc objected to by the English committee.

§ This may also be rendered, "a long ways."

** In the Vulgate, "like a California diamond."

FASHION NOTES FROM THE WEST.

A NOVELTY in neck lingerie for gentlemen is made of hemp of manilla, and is so worn as to close up pretty snug when the gentleman steps through the trap. It is much affected in Nevada and New Mexico.

The engagement of Johnny Snebbly and Miss Lebechin will be announced as soon as Mr. Snebbly has got a lift in his salary to 11 dollars a week.

Mrs. Isinglass held a brilliant reception in the back parlour of her fashionable hotel on Saturday evening last. She receives 5 dols. 65c. a-piece from all her regular boarders except young Mr. Fastboy, who paid her 60 cents. and a silver watch, and stood her off till next Saturday for the rest of it.

Miss Diffenbach, the accomplished and beautiful cantatrice of West Hill, slapped her old mother over the head with the dish-rag last Tuesday evening, because the old lady wouldn't let her go down and sing in a Dutch chorus at the masquerade in Bogus Hollow. Miss Diffenbach has the true temper of a lyric artist, and our city will yet be proud of her.

Miss Birdie MacWhelter fell up against the side of the skating rink the other night, and blacked one of her eyes and knocked the other clean out. The one she knocked out was a glass one. It was gallantly rescued by Mr. Percival Claude O'Halligan, who unfortunately stepped on it before he picked it up. Insured in the Glass Erie Mutual.

"BREAK IT GENTLY!"



OLD HIGGINS.

"YES, I remember that anecdote," the Sunday-school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice, and the old sad look in his eyes. "It was about a simple creature named Higgins, that used to haul stone for old Maltby. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins's waggon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door.

Then he said, "Does the widder Bagley live here?"

"The widow Bagley? No, sir! There is no lady of that name living here."

"I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does *Judge Bagley* live here?"

"Yes, *Judge Bagley* lives here."

"I'll bet he don't. But never mind, it ain't for me to contradict. Is the *Judge* in?"

"No, not at present."

"I jest expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' suthin, mum, for I'm a-going to make a little communication, and I reckon may be it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old *Judge* curled up out here in the waggon, and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to *him*!"

MY WATCH.



THE PAIL MAN AT THE CORNER.

O my beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognised messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by-and-by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweller's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and beseeched him to let the watch alone,

he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not

abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness, and eagerly prised the watch open, then put a small dice-box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned and oiled and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by-and-by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in the week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch averaged well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing, and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run a while and then stop a while, and then run a while again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off, it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the main spring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed exceptionally, save that now and then, after working along quietly for nearly eight hours, everything inside would let go all of a sudden and begin to buzz like a bee, and the hands would straightway begin to spin round and round so fast that their individuality was lost completely, and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch. She would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognised in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer

either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—

"She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!"

I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it. And he used to wonder what became of all the unsuccessful tinkers, and gunsmiths, and shoemakers, and blacksmiths; but nobody could ever tell him.

THE JACKASS RABBIT.



N animal known familiarly over two thousand miles of mountain and desert—from Kansas clear to the Pacific Ocean—is the "jackass rabbit." He is well named. He is just like any other rabbit, except that he is from one-third to twice as large, has longer legs in proportion to his size, and has the most preposterous ears that ever were mounted on any creature *but* a jackass. When he is sitting quiet, thinking about his sins, or is absent-minded or unapprehensive of danger, his majestic ears project above him conspicuously; but the breaking of a twig will scare him nearly to death, and then he tilts his ears back gently and starts for home. All you can see, then, for the next minute, is his long grey

form stretched out straight and "streaking it" through the low sage-brush, head erect, eyes right, and ears just canted a little to the rear, but showing you where the animal is all the time, the same as if he carried a jib. Now and then he makes a marvellous spring with his long legs, high over the stunted sage-brush, and scores a leap that would make a horse envious. Presently he comes down to a long, graceful "lope" (the sidelong gait of a wolf—Canadian-French, *loup*), and shortly he mysteriously disappears. He has crouched behind a sage-bush, and will sit there and listen and tremble until you get within six feet of him, when he will get under way again. But one must shoot at this creature once, if he wishes to see him throw his heart into his heels, and do the best he knows how. He is frightened clear through now, and he lays his long ears down on his back, straightens himself out like a yard-stick every spring he makes, and scatters miles behind him with an easy indifference that is enchanting.

Our party made this specimen "hump himself," as the conductor said. The secretary started him with a shot from the Colt; I commenced spitting at him with my weapon; and all in the same instant the old "Allen's" whole broadside let go with a rattling crash, and it is not putting it too strong to say that the rabbit was frantic! He dropped his ears, set up his tail, and left for San Francisco at a speed which can only be described as a flash and a vanish! Long after he was out of sight we could hear him whiz.

"SOUND—SIGNIFYING NOTHING."



"BOAT-IFUL DAY, SIR!"

go about!" and leave the rest to the cub, who instantly cries, in his sternest tone of command, "Ease starboard! Strong on the larboard! Starboard give way! With a will, men!" The cub enjoys sounding for the further reason that the eyes of the steamboat passengers are watching all the yawl's movements with absorbing interest, if the time be daylight; and if it be night he knows that those same wondering eyes are fastened upon the yawl's lantern as it glides out into the gloom and fades away in the remote distance.

One trip a pretty girl of sixteen spent her time in our pilot-house with her uncle and aunt, every day and all day long. I fell in love with her. So did Mr. T——'s cub, Tom G——. Tom and I had been bosom friends until this time; but now a coolness began to arise. I told the girl a good many of my river adventures, and made myself out a good deal of a hero; Tom tried to make himself appear to be a hero too, and succeeded to some extent, but then he always had a way of embroidering. However, virtue is its own reward, so I was a barely perceptible trifle ahead in the contest. About this time something happened which promised handsomely for me: the pilots decided to sound the crossing at the head of 21. This would occur about nine or ten o'clock at night, when the passengers would be still up; it would be Mr. T——'s watch, therefore my chief would have to do the sounding. We had a perfect love of a sounding-boat—long, trim, graceful, and as fleet as a greyhound; her thwarts were cushioned; she carried twelve oarsmen; one of the mates was always sent in her to transmit orders to her crew, for ours was a steamer where no end of "style" was put on.

We tied up at the shore above 21, and got ready. It was a foul night, and the river was so wide there, that a landsman's uneducated eyes could discern no opposite shore through such a gloom. The passengers were alert and interested; everything was satisfactory. As I hurried through the engine-room, picturesquely gotten up in storm toggery, I met Tom, and could not forbear delivering myself of a mean speech—

"Ain't you glad *you* don't have to go out sounding?"

WHEN the Mississippi river is very low, and one's steamboat is "drawing all the water" there is in the channel—or a few inches more, as was often the case in the old times—one must be painfully circumspect in his piloting. We used to have to "sound" a number of particularly bad places almost every trip when the river was at a very low stage.*

Nothing delights a cub pilot so much as an opportunity to go out sounding. There is such an air of adventure about it; often there is danger; it is so gaudy and man-of-war-like to sit up in the stern-sheets and steer a swift yawl; there is such grandeur, too, to the cub, to get a chance to give an order; for often the pilot will simply say, "Let her

* See Mark Twain as a "Pilot of Penzance," No. 10 of this series.

"Now just for that," said Tom, "you can get the sounding-pole yourself. I was going after it, but I'd see you in Halifax, now, before I'd do it."

"Who wants you to get it? I don't. It's in the sounding-boat."

"It ain't, either. It's been new-painted; and it's been up on the lady's-cabin guards two days, drying."

I flew back, and shortly arrived among the crowd of watching and wondering ladies just in time to hear the command—

"Give way, men!"

I looked over, and there was the gallant sounding-boat booming away, the unprincipled Tom presiding at the tiller, and my chief sitting by him with the sounding-pole which I had been sent on a fool's errand to fetch. Then that young girl said to me—

"Oh, how awful to have to go out in that little boat on such a night! Do you think there is any danger?"

I would rather have been stabbed. I went off, full of venom, to help in the pilot-house. By-and-by the boat's lantern disappeared, and after an interval a wee spark glimmered upon the face of the water a mile away. Mr. T—— blew the whistle, in acknowledgment, backed the steamer out, and made for it. We flew along for a while, then slackened steam and went cautiously gliding toward the spark. Presently Mr. T—— exclaimed—

"Hello, the buoy-lantern's out!"

I wished it had been *the boy's light*.

He stopped the engines. A moment or two later he said—

"Why, there it is again!"



IT HURRIED UP RENT AND BILLS (see page 5).

So he came ahead on the engines once more, and rang for the leads. Gradually the water shoaled up, and then began to deepen again! Mr. T—— muttered—

“Well, I don’t understand this. I believe that buoy has drifted off the reef. Seems to be a little too far to the left. No matter, it is safest to run over it, anyhow.”

So, in that solid world of darkness, we went creeping down on the light. Just as our bows were in the act of ploughing over it, Mr. T—— seized the bell-ropes, rang a startling peal, and exclaimed—

“My soul, it’s the sounding-boat!”

A sudden chorus of wild alarms burst out far below—a pause—and then a sound of grinding and crashing forward. Mr. T—— exclaimed—

“There! The paddle-wheel has ground the sounding-boat to lucifer-matches! Run! See who is killed!”

I was on the main deck in the twinkling of an eye. My chief and the third mate and nearly all the men were safe. They had discovered their danger when it was too late to pull out of the way; then, when the great guards overshadowed them a moment later, they were prepared and knew what to do; at my chief’s orders they sprang at the right instant, seized the guard, and were hauled aboard. The next moment the sounding-yawl swept aft to the wheel and was struck and splintered to atoms. Two of the men and the cub, Tom, were missing—a fact which spread like wild-fire over the boat. The passengers came flocking to the forward gangway, ladies and all, anxious-eyed, white-faced, and talking in awed voices of the dreadful thing. And often and again I heard them say, “Poor fellows! poor boy, poor boy!”

By this time the boat’s yawl was manned and away, to search for the missing. Now a faint call was heard off to the left. The yawl had disappeared in the other direction. Half the people rushed to one side to encourage the swimmer with their shouts; the other half rushed the other way to shriek to the yawl to turn about. By the callings, the swimmer was approaching, but some said the sound showed failing strength. The crowd massed themselves against the boiler-deck railings, leaning over and staring into the gloom; and every faint and fainter cry wrung from them such words as, “Ah, poor fellow, poor fellow! is there no way to save him?”

But still the cries held out, and drew nearer, and presently the voice said pluckily—

“I can make it! Stand by with a rope!”

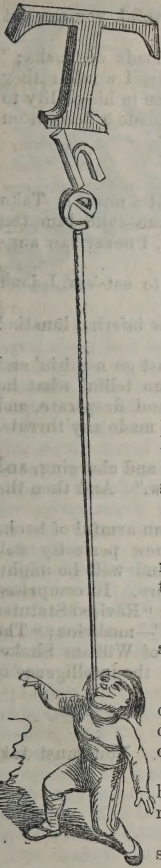
What a rousing cheer they gave him! The chief mate took his stand in the glare of a torch-basket, a coil of rope in his hand, and his men grouped about him. The next moment the swimmer’s face appeared in the circle of light, and in another one the owner of it was hauled aboard, limp and drenched, while cheer on cheer went up.

It was that devil Tom.

The yawl crew searched everywhere, but found no sign of the two men. They probably failed to catch the guard, tumbled back, and were struck by the wheel and killed. Tom had never jumped for the guard at all, but had plunged head-first into the river and dived under the wheel. It was nothing; I could have done it easy enough, and I said so; but everybody went on just the same, making a wonderful to-do over that ass, as if he had done something great. That girl couldn’t seem to have enough of that pitiful “hero” the rest of the trip; but little I cared; I loathed her, any way.

A WEALTHY widow, advertising for an agent to take care of her estate, was overwhelmed with applications. The printer had made it “a .gent,”

THAT "PORTER" WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME.



BENTON HOUSE used to be a good hotel, but that proves nothing—I used to be a good boy, for that matter. Both of us have lost character of late years. The Benton is not a good hotel. The Benton lacks a very great deal of being a good hotel. Perdition is full of better hotels than the Benton.

It was late at night when I got there, and I told the clerk I would like plenty of lights, because I wanted to read an hour or two. When I reached No. 15 with the porter (we came along a dim hall that was clad in ancient carpeting, faded, worn out in many places, and patched with old scraps of oil cloth—a hall that sank under one's feet, and creaked dismally to every foot-step), he struck a light—two inches of fallow, sorrowful, consumptive tallow candle, that burned blue, and spluttered and got discouraged and went out.

The porter lit it again, and I asked if that was all the light the clerk sent. He said, "Oh no, I've got another one here," and he produced another couple of inches of tallow candle.

I said, "Light them both—I'll have to have one to see the other by." He did it, but the result was drearier than darkness itself. He was a cheery, accommodating rascal. He said he would go "somewheres" and steal a lamp. I abetted and encouraged him in his criminal design. I heard the landlord get after him in the hall, ten minutes afterward.

"Where are you going with that lamp?"

"Fifteen wants it, sir."

"Fifteen! why he's got a double lot of candles—does the man want to illuminate the house?—does he want to get up a torch-light procession?—what is he up to, anyhow?"

"He don't like them candles—says he wants a lamp!"

"Why, what in the nation does—why, I never heard of such a thing! What on earth can he want with that lamp?"

"Well, he only wants to read—that's what he says."

"Wants to read, does he?—ain't satisfied with a thousand candles, but has to have a lamp!—I do wonder what the devil that fellow wants that lamp for? Take him another candle, and then if——"

"But he wants the lamp—says he'll burn the abhorred old house down if he don't get a lamp!" (a remark which I never made).

"I'd like to see him at once. Well, you take it along—but I swear it beats *my* time, though—and see if you can't find out what in the very nation he *wants* with that lamp."

And he went off growling to himself and still wondering and wondering over the unaccountable conduct of No. 15. The lamp was a good one, but it revealed some very disagreeable things—a bed in the suburbs of a desert of room—a bed that had hills and valleys in it, and you'd have to accommodate your body to the impression left in it by the man that slept there last, before you could lie comfortably; a carpet that had seen better days; a melancholy washstand in a remote corner, and a dejected pitcher on it sorrowing over a broken nose; a

looking-glass split across the centre, which chopped your head off at the chin and made you look like some dreadful unfinished monster or other; the paper peeling in shreds from the walls.

I sighed and said: "This is charming; and now don't you think you can get me something to read?"

The porter said, "Oh, certainly; the old man's got dead loads of books;" and he was gone before I could tell him what sort of literature I would rather have. And yet his countenance expressed the utmost confidence in his ability to execute the commission with credit to himself. The old man made a descent on him.

"What are you going to do with that pile of books?"

"Fifteen wants 'em, sir."

"Fifteen, is it? He'll want a warming-pan, next—he'll want a nurse! Take him everything there is in the house—take him the bar-keeper—take him the baggage-waggon—take him the chamber-maid! Confound me, I never saw anything like it. What did he say he wants with those books?"

"Wants to read 'em, like enough; it ain't likely he wants to eat 'em, I don't reckon."

"Wants to read 'em—wants to read 'em this time of night, the infernal lunatic! Well, he can't have them."

"But he says he's mor'ly bound to have 'em; he says he'll just go a-rairin' and a-chargin' through this house and raise more—well, there's no tellin' what he won't do if he don't get 'em; because he's drunk and crazy and desperate, and nothing'll soothe him down but them cussed books." (I had not made any threats, and was not in the condition ascribed to me by the porter.)

"Well, go on; but I will be around when he goes to rairin' and charging, and and the first rair he makes I'll make him rair out of the window." And then the old gentleman went off, growling as before.

The genius of that porter was something wonderful. He put an armful of books on the bed and said, "Good-night," as confidently as if he knew perfectly well that those books were exactly my style of reading matter. And well he might. His selection covered the whole range of legitimate literature. It comprised "The Great Consummation," by Rev. Dr. Cummings—theology; "Revised Statutes of the State of Missouri"—law; "The Complete Horse-Doctor"—medicine; "The Toilers of the Sea," by Victor Hugo—romance; "The Works of William Shakespeare"—poetry. I shall never cease to admire the tact and the intelligence of that gifted porter.

THE Mammoth Cave is for sale. Not in sections, however. You must take the hole or none.



"JULY" AND THE ACCEPTED "MAY'S"-SON'S.

APPROPRIATE MUSIC.



NCE there was a fellow travelling around in the country, said Mr. Nickerson, with a moral-religious show—a sort of scriptural panorama—and he hired a wooden-headed old slab to play the piano for him. After the first night's performance the showman says—

“My friend, you seem to know pretty much all the tunes there are, and you worry along first-rate. But then, don't you notice that sometimes last night the piece you happened to be playing was a little rough on the proprietors, so to speak—didn't seem to jibe with the general gait of the picture that was passing at the time, as it were—was a little foreign to the subject, you know—as if you didn't either trump or follow suit, you understand?”

“Well, no,” the fellow said; “he hadn't noticed, but it might be; he had played along just as it came handy.”

So they put it up that the simple old dummy was to keep his eye on the panorama after that, and as soon as a stunning picture was reeled out, he was to fit it to a dot with a piece of music that would help the audience to get the idea of the subject, and warm them up like a camp-meeting revival. That sort of thing would corral their sympathies, the showman said.

There was a big audience that night—mostly middle-aged and old people who belong to the church, and took a strong interest in Bible matters, and the balance were pretty much young bucks and heifers—they always come out strong on panoramas, you know, because it gives them a chance to taste one another's mug in the dark.

Well, the showman began to swell himself up for his lecture, and the old mud-dobber tackled the piano and ran his fingers up and down once or twice to see that she was all right, and the fellows behind the curtain commenced to grind out the panorama. The showman balanced his weight on his right foot, and propped his hands over his hips, and flung his eyes over his shoulder at the scenery, and said—

“Ladies and gentlemen, the painting now before you illustrates the beautiful and touching parable of the Prodigal Son. Observe the happy expression just breaking over the features of the poor suffering youth—so worn and weary with his long march; note also the ecstasy beaming from the uplifted countenance of the aged father, and the joy that sparkles in the eyes of the excited group of youths and maidens, and seems ready to burst into the welcoming chorus from their lips. The lesson, my friends, is as solemn and instructive as the story is tender and beautiful.”

The mud-dobber was all ready, and when the second speech was finished, struck up—

“Oh, we'll all get blind drunk,
When Johnny comes marching home!”

Some of the people giggled, and some groaned a little. The showman couldn't say a word; he looked at the pianist sharp, but he was all lovely and serene—he didn't know there was anything out of gear.

The panorama moved on, and the showman drummed up his patter, and started in fresh.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the fine picture now unfolding itself to your gaze exhibits one of the most notable events in Bible history—our Saviour and his disciples upon the Sea of Galilee. How grand, how awe-inspiring are the reflections which the subject invokes! What sublimity of faith is revealed to us in this lesson from the sacred writings! The Saviour rebukes the angry waves, and walks securely upon the bosom of the deep!"

All around the house they were whispering, "Oh, how lovely, how beautiful!" and the orchestra let himself out again—

"A life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep!"

There was a good deal of honest snickering turned on this time, and considerable groaning, and one or two old deacons got up and went out. The showman grated his teeth, and cursed the piano-man to himself, but the fellow sat there like a knot on a log, and seemed to think he was doing first-rate.

After things got quiet the showman thought he would make one more stagger at it any way, though his confidence was beginning to get mighty shaky. The supes started the panorama grinding along again, and he says—

"Ladies and gentlemen, this exquisite painting represents the raising of Lazarus from the dead. The momentous subject has been handled with marvellous skill by the artist, and such touching sweetness and tenderness of expression has he thrown into it that I have known peculiarly sensitive persons to be even affected to tears by looking at it. Observe the half-confused, half-inquiring look upon the countenance of the awakened Lazarus. Observe, also, the attitude and expression of the Saviour, who takes him gently by the sleeve of his shroud with one hand, while he points with the other toward the distant city."

Before anybody could get off an opinion in the case the innocent old ass at the piano struck up—

"Come, rise up, William Rid-d-ley,
And go along with me!"

It was rough on the audience, you bet. All the solemn old flats got up in a huff to go, and everybody else laughed till the windows rattled.

The showman went down and grabbed the orchestra and shook him up, and says—

"That lets you out, you know, you chowder-headed old clam! Go to the doorkeeper and get your money, and cut your stick—vamosé the ranche! Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances over which I have no control compel me prematurely to dismiss."

VERY POOR.—A gentleman once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child. Wouldn't he thought we were drefful poor?"

FULL OF HAPPINESS.—A little girl, attending a party, was asked by her mother how she enjoyed herself. "Oh," she said, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

A BAD NUT.—An officer having been spoken of as "a poor colonel," a bystander remarked that he "knew nothing about his *kernel*, but he always thought the fellow was a bad nut."

AN ITEM WHICH THE EDITOR HIMSELF COULD NOT UNDERSTAND.



THE EDITOR GETS TANGLED.

OUR esteemed friend, Mr. John William Skae, of Virginia City, walked into the office where we are sub-editor at a late hour last night, with an expression of profound and heartfelt suffering upon his countenance, and sighing heavily, laid the following item reverently upon the desk, and walked slowly out again. He paused a moment at the door, and seemed struggling to command his feelings sufficiently to enable him to speak, and then, nodding his head towards his manuscript, ejaculated in a broken voice, "Friend of mine—oh! how sad!" and burst into tears. We were so moved at his distress that we did not think to call him back and endeavour to comfort him until he was gone, and it was too late. The paper had already gone to press, but knowing that our friend would consider the publication of this item important, and cherishing the hope that to print it would afford a melancholy satisfaction to his sorrowing heart, we stopped the

press at once and inserted it in our columns:—

"DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—Last evening about six o'clock, as Mr. William Schuyler, an old and respectable citizen of South Park, was leaving his residence to go down town, as has been his usual custom for many years, with the exception only of a short interval in the spring of 1850, during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly placing himself directly in its wake and throwing up his hands and shouting, which if he had done so even a single moment sooner, must inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough, to himself as it was, and rendered more melancholy and distressing by reason of the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the sad occurrence, notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be reconnoitering in another direction when incidents occur, not being vivacious and on the look-out, as a general thing, but even the reverse, as her own mother is said to have stated, who is no more, but died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection, upwards of three years ago, aged eighty-six, being a Christian woman and without guile, as it were, or property, in consequence of the fire of 1849, which destroyed every mortal thing she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all take warning by this solemn occurrence, and let us endeavour so to conduct ourselves that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our hearts, and say with earnestness and sincerity that from this day forth we will beware of the intoxicating bowl."

The boss-editor has been in here raising the very mischief, and tearing his hair and kicking the furniture about, and abusing me like a pickpocket. He says

that every time he leaves me in charge of the paper for half an hour, I get imposed upon by the first infant or the first idiot that comes along. And he says that distressing item of Johnny Skae's is nothing but a lot of distressing bosh, and has got no point to it, and no sense in it, and no information in it, and that there was no earthly necessity for stopping the press to publish it. He says every man he meets has insinuated that somebody about the *Californian* office has gone crazy.

Now all this comes of being good-hearted. If I had been as unaccommodating and unsympathetic as some people, I would have told Johnny Skae that I wouldn't receive his communication at such a late hour, and to go to blazes with it; but no, his snuffing distress touched my heart, and I jumped at the chance of doing



IT'S SOMETHING AWFUL JOLLY TO BE "UP A TREE."

something to modify his misery. I never read his item to see whether there was anything wrong about it, but hastily wrote the few lines which preceded it, and



BOYS WILL BE BOYS-TEROUS.

sent it to the printers. And what has my kindness done for me? It has done nothing but bring down upon me a storm of abuse and ornamental blasphemy.



TOM NEARLY BECOMES A PHAN-TOM (see page 10),

Now I will just read that item myself, and see if there is any foundation for all this fuss. And if there is, the author of it shall hear from me.

* * * * *

I have read it, and I am bound to admit that it seems a little mixed at a first glance. However, I will peruse it once more.

* * * * *

I have read it again, and it does really seem a good deal more mixed than ever.

* * * * *

I have read it over five times, but if I can get at the meaning of it, I wish I may get my just deserts. It won't bear analysis. There are things about it which I cannot understand at all. It don't say whatever became of William Schuyler. It just says enough about him to get one interested in his career, and then drops him. Who is William Schuyler, anyhow, and what part of South Park did he live in, and if he started down town at six o'clock, did he ever get there, and if he did, did anything happen to him? Is *he* the individual that met with the "distressing accident"? Considering the elaborate circumstantiality of detail observable in the item, it seems to me that it ought to contain more than it does. On the contrary, it is obscure—and not only obscure, but utterly incomprehensible. Was the breaking of Mr. Schuyler's leg, fifteen years ago, the "distressing accident" that plunged Mr. Skae into unspeakable grief, and caused him to come up here at dead of night and stop our press to acquaint the world with the unfortunate circumstance? Or did the "distressing accident" consist in the destruction of Schuyler's mother-in-law's property in early times? Or did it consist in the death of that person herself three years ago? (albeit it does not appear that she died by accident). In a word, what *did* that "distressing accident" consist in? What did that drivelling ass of a Schuyler stand *in the wake* of a runaway horse for, with his shouting and gesticulating, if he wanted to stop him? And how the mischief could he get run over by a horse that had already passed beyond him? And what are we to take "warning" by? and how is the extraordinary chapter of incomprehensibilities going to be a "lesson" to us? And above all, what has the "intoxicating bowl" got to do with it, anyhow? It is not stated that Schuyler drank, or that his wife drank, or that his mother-in-law drank, or that the horse drank—wherefore, then, the reference to the intoxicating bowl? It does seem to me that, if Mr. Skae had left the intoxicating bowl alone himself, he never would have got into so much trouble about this infernal imaginary distressing accident. I have read this absurd item over and over again, with all its insinuating plausibility, until my head swims; but I can make neither head nor tail of it. There certainly seems to have been an accident of some kind or other, but it is impossible to determine what the nature of it was, or who was the sufferer by it. I do not like to do it, but I feel compelled to request that the next time anything happens to one of Mr. Skae's friends, he will append such explanatory notes to his account of it as will enable me to find out what sort of an accident it was and whom it happened to. I had rather all his friends should die than that I should be driven to the verge of lunacy again in trying to cypher out the meaning of another such production as the above.

"My Boys and girls are growing so fast, I don't know what to do with them!" said a mother to her bachelor brother. "Dear me!" he exclaimed. "What! becoming *fast*, while still so young! Alas for the future of our country!" and he went out, leaving the mother in a sad state of mystification.

THE MAN who stole the spare rib said he did it because he was starving. Pork reacher!

ADVICE FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.



SUGAR-STICK AT
NOTHING.

Good little girls ought not to make mouths at their teachers for every trifling offence. This kind of retaliation should only be resorted to under peculiarly aggravated circumstances.

If you have nothing but a rag doll stuffed with sawdust, while one of your more fortunate little playmates has a costly china one, you should treat her with a show of kindness nevertheless. And you ought not to attempt to make a forcible swap with her unless your conscience would justify you in it, and you know you are able to do it.

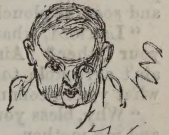
You ought never to take your little brother's sugar-stick away from him by main force; it is better to rope him in with the promise of the first two dollars and a half you find floating down the river on a grindstone. In the artless simplicity natural to his time of life he will regard it as a perfectly fair transaction. In all ages of the world this eminently plausible fiction has lured the obtuse infant to financial ruin and disaster.

If at any time you find it necessary to correct your brother, do not correct him with mud—never on any account throw mud at him, because it will soil his clothes. It is better to scald him a little, for then you attain two desirable results—you secure his immediate attention to the lesson you are inculcating, and at the same time your hot water will have a tendency to remove impurities from his person—and possibly the skin also, in spots.

If your mother tells you to do a thing, it is wrong to reply that you won't. It is better and more becoming to intimate that you will do as she bids you, and then afterwards act quietly in the matter according to the dictates of your better judgment.

You should ever bear in mind that it is to your kind parents that you are indebted for your food and your nice bed and your beautiful clothes, and for the privilege of staying home from school when you let on that you are sick. Therefore you ought to respect their little prejudices and humour their little whims, and put up with their little foibles, until they get to crowding you too much.

Good little girls should always show marked deference for the aged. You ought never to "sass" old people—unless they "sass" you first.



THE DELUDED
BROTHER.

BULLY FOR HER.

THERE were two men in our company at a miserable tavern on the Carson River, who caused me particular discomfort. One was a little Swede, about twenty-five years old, who knew only one song, and he was for ever singing it. By day we were all crowded into one small, stifling bar-room, and so there was no escaping this person's music. Through all the profanity, whisky-guzzling, "old sledge," and quarrelling, his monotonous song meandered with never a variation in its tiresome sameness, and it seemed to me, at last, that I would be content to die, in order to be rid of the torture.

The other man was a stalwart ruffian, called "Arkansas," who carried two revolvers in his belt, and a bowie knife projecting from his boot, and who was always drunk and always suffering for a fight. But he was so feared, that

nobody would accommodate him. He would try all manner of little wary ruses to entrap somebody into an offensive remark, and his face would light up now and then when he fancied he was fairly on the scent of a fight, but invariably his victim would elude his toils, and then he would show a disappointment that was almost pathetic. The landlord, Johnson, was a meek, well-meaning fellow, and Arkansas fastened on him early, as a promising subject; and gave him no rest day or night, for a while. On the fourth morning, Arkansas got drunk, and sat himself down to wait for an opportunity. Presently Johnson came in, just comfortably sociable with whisky, and went on talking when he ought to have marched himself out of danger. The consequence was that Arkansas shortly began to glower upon him dangerously and presently said—

"Lan'lord, will you p-please make that remark over agin, if you please?"

"I was a-sayin to Scotty that my father was up'ards of eighty years old when he died."

"Was that *all* that you said?"

"Yes, that was all."

"Didn't say nothing but that?"

"No—nothing."

Then an uncomfortable silence.

Arkansas played with his glass a moment, lolling on his elbows on the counter. Then he meditatively scratched his left shin with his right boot, while the awkward silence continued. But presently he loafed away toward the stove, looking dissatisfied; roughly shouldered two or three men out of a comfortable position; occupied it himself, gave a sleeping dog a kick that sent him howling under a bench, then spread his long legs and his blanket-coat tails apart and proceeded to warm his back. In a little while he fell to grumbling to himself, and soon he slouched back to the bar and said—

"Lan'lord, what's your idea for rakin' up old personalities and blowin' about your father? Ain't this company agreeable to you? Ain't it? If this company ain't agreeable to you, pr'aps we'd better leave. Is that your idea? Is that what you're coming at?"

"Why, bless your soul, Arkansas, I warn't thinking of such a thing. My father and my mother——"

"Lan'lord, *don't* crowd a man! Don't do it. If nothing'll do you but a disturbance, out with it like a man (*'ic*)—but *don't* rake up old bygones and fling 'em in the teeth of a passel of people that wants to be peaceable if they could git a chance. What's the matter with you this mornin', anyway? I never see a man carry on so."

"Arkansas, I reely didn't mean no harm, and I won't go on with it if it's onpleasant to you. I reckon my lickin's got into my head, and what with the flood, and havin' so many to feed and look out for——"

"So *that's* what's a-ranklin' in your heart, is it? You want us to leave, do you? There's too many on us. You want us to pack up and swim. Is that it? Come?"

"Please be reasonable, Arkansas. Now *you* know that I ain't the man to——"

"Are you a-threatenin' me? Are you? By George, the man don't live that can skeer me! Don't you try to come that game, my chicken—'cuz I can stand a good deal, but I won't stand that. Come out from behind that bar till I clean you! You want to drive us out, do you, you sneakin' underhanded hound! Come out from behind that bar. I'll learn you to bully and badger and browbeat a gentleman that's for ever trying to befriend you and keep you out of trouble!"

"Please, Arkansas, please don't shoot! If there's got to be bloodshed——"

"Do you hear that, gentlemen? Do you hear him talk about bloodshed? So it's blood you want, is it, you ravin' desperado? You'd made up your mind to murder somebody this mornin'—I knowed it perfectly well. I'm the man, am I? It's me you're goin' to murder, is it? But you can't do it 'thout I get one chance first, you thievin', black-hearted, white-livered son of a nigger! Draw your weepion!"

With that, Arkansas began to shoot, and the landlord to clamber over benches, men and every sort of obstacle in a frantic desire to escape. In the midst of the wild hubbub the landlord crashed through a glass door, and as Arkansas charged after him the landlord's wife suddenly appeared in the doorway and confronted the desperado with a pair of scissors! Her fury was magnificent. With head erect and flashing eye she stood a moment and then advanced, with her weapon raised.

The astonished ruffian hesitated, and then fell back a step. She followed. She backed him step by step into the middle of the bar-room, and then, while the wondering crowd closed up and gazed, she gave him such another tongue-lashing as never a cowed and shamefaced braggart got before, perhaps!

As she finished and retired victorious, a roar of applause shook the house, and every man ordered "drinks for the crowd" in one and the same breath.

The lesson was entirely sufficient. The reign of terror was over, and the Arkansas domination broken for good. During the rest of the season of rainy captivity there was one man who sat apart in a state of permanent humiliation, never mixing in any quarrel or uttering a boast, and never resenting the insults the once cringing crew now constantly levelled at him, and that man was "Arkansas."

"NO LEY IN THIS."

ONE of the best men in Washington—or elsewhere—is Riley, correspondent of the San Francisco dailies.

I think Riley is about the most entertaining company I ever saw. We lodged together in many places in Washington during the winter of '67-8, moving comfortably from place to place, and attracting attention by paying our board—a course which cannot fail to make a person conspicuous in Washington. Riley would tell all about his trip to California in the early days, by way of the Isthmus and the San Juan River; and about his baking bread in California to gain a living, and setting up ten-pins, and practising law, and opening oysters, and delivering lectures, and teaching French, and tending bar, and reporting for the newspapers, and keeping dancing-school, and interpreting Chinese in the courts—which latter was lucrative, and Riley was doing handsomely and laying up a little money, when people began to find fault because his translations were too "free," a thing for which Riley considered he ought not to be held responsible, since he did not know a word of the Chinese tongue, and only adopted interpreting as a means of gaining an honest livelihood. Through the machinations of enemies he was removed from the position of official interpreter, and a man put in his place who was familiar with the Chinese language, but did not know any English.

And Riley used to tell about publishing a newspaper up in what is Alaska now, but was only an iceberg then, with a population [composed of bears, walruses, Indians, and other animals; and how the iceberg got adrift at last, and left all his paying subscribers behind, and as soon as the commonwealth floated out of the jurisdiction of Russia, the people rose and threw off their allegiance and ran up the English flag, calculating to hook on and become an English colony

as they drifted along down the British possessions; but a land breeze and a crooked current carried them by, and they ran up the Stars and Stripes and steered for California, missed the connection again and swore allegiance to Mexico, but it wasn't any use; the anchors came home every time, and away they went with the north-east trades, drifting off sideways towards the Sandwich Islands, whereupon they ran up the Cannibal flag, and had a grand human barbecue in honour of it, in which it was noticed that the better a man liked a friend the better he enjoyed him; and as soon as they got fairly within the tropics the weather got so fearfully hot that the iceberg began to melt, and it got so sloppy under foot that it was almost impossible for ladies to get about at all; and at last, just as they came in sight of the islands, the melancholy remnant of the once majestic iceberg canted first to one side and then to the other, and then plunged under for ever, carrying the national archives along with it—and not only the archives and the populace, but some eligible town lots which had increased in value as fast as they diminished in size in the tropics, and which Riley could have sold at thirty cents a pound, and made himself rich, if he could have kept the province afloat ten hours longer and got her into port.

Riley has a ready wit, a quickness and aptness at selecting and applying quotations, and a countenance that is as solemn and as blank as the back side of a tombstone when he is delivering a particularly exasperating joke. One night a negro woman was burned to death in a house next door to us, and Riley said that our landlady would be oppressively emotional at breakfast, because she generally made use of such opportunities as offered, being of a morbidly sentimental turn, and so we should find it best to let her talk along and say nothing back—it was the only way to keep her tears out of the gravy. Riley said there never was a funeral in the neighbourhood but that the gravy was watery for a week.

And, sure enough, at breakfast the landlady was down in the very sloughs of woe—entirely broken-hearted. Everything she looked at reminded her of that poor old negro woman, and so the buckwheat cakes made her sob, the coffee forced a groan, and when the beefsteak came on she fetched a wail that made our hair rise. Then she got to talking about deceased, and kept up a steady drizzle till both of us were soaked through and through. Presently she took a fresh breath and said, with a world of sobs—

“Ah, to think of it, only to think of it!—the poor old faithful creature. For she was so faithful. Would you believe it, she had been a servant in that selfsame house and that selfsame family for twenty-seven years come Christmas, and never a cross word and never a lick! And, oh, to think she should meet such a death at last!—a-sitting over the red-hot stove at three o'clock in the morning and went to sleep and fell on it and was actually *roasted*! Not just frizzled up a bit, but literally roasted to a crisp! Poor faithful creature, how she was cooked! I am but a poor woman, but even if I have to scrimp to do it, I will put a tombstone over that lone sufferer's grave—and, Mr. Riley, if you would have the goodness to think up a little epitaph to put on it which would sort of describe the awful way in which she met her—”

“Put it ‘*Well done, good and faithful servant!*’” said Riley, and never smiled.

THERE was a bad Indian—a Sioux—

Who never would say what he'd dioux;

But one night on the hill

He caught Tom and Bill,

And sliced off the scalp of the tioux.

PROPERTY IN THE UNDERGROUND.



THE MARK-QUIS DE TRAIN.

THE mountains are very high and steep about Carson Eagle and Washoe Valleys—very high and very steep, and so when the snow gets to melting off fast in the spring and the warm surface-earth begins to moisten and soften, the disastrous land-slides commence. The reader cannot know what a land-slide is, unless he has lived in that country and seen the whole side of a mountain taken off some fine morning and deposited down in the valley, leaving a vast, treeless, unsightly scar upon the mountain's front to keep the circumstance fresh in his memory all the years that he may go on living within seventy miles of that place.

General Buncombe was shipped out to Nevada in the invoice of Territorial officers, to be United States Attorney. He considered himself a lawyer of parts, and he very much wanted an opportunity to manifest it—partly for the pure gratification of it and partly because his salary was Territorially meagre (which is a strong expression). Now the older citizens of a new territory look down upon the rest of the world with a calm, benevolent compassion, as long as it keeps out of the way—when it gets in the way

they snub it. Sometimes this latter takes the shape of a practical joke.

One morning Dick Hyde rode furiously up to General Buncombe's door in Carson city and rushed into his presence without stopping to tie his horse. He seemed much excited. He told the General that he wanted him to conduct a suit for him and would pay him five hundred dollars if he achieved a victory. And then, with violent gestures and a world of profanity, he poured out his griefs. He said it was pretty well known for some years he had been farming (or ranching as the more customary term is) in Washoe District, and making a successful thing of it, and furthermore it was known that his ranch was situated just in the edge of the valley, and that Tom Morgan owned a ranch immediately above it on the mountain-side.

And now the trouble was, that one of those hated and dreaded land-slides had come and slid Morgan's ranch, fences, cabins, cattle, barns, and everything down on top of *his* ranch, and exactly covered up every single vestige of his property, to a depth of about thirty-eight feet. Morgan was in possession and refused to vacate the premises—said he was occupying his own cabin and not interfering with anybody else's—and said the cabin was standing on the same dirt and same ranch it had always stood on, and he would like to see anybody make him vacate.

"And when I reminded him," said Hyde, weeping, "that it was on top of my ranch and that he was trespassing, he had the infernal meanness to ask me why didn't I *stay* on my ranch and hold possession when I see him a-coming! Why

didn't I *stay* on it, the blathering lunatic? by George, when I heard that racket and looked up that hill it was just like the whole world was a-ripping and a-tearing down that mountain-side—splinters and cord-wood, thunder and lightning, hail and snow, odds and ends of haystacks, and awful clouds of dust!—trees going end over end in the air, rocks as big as a house jumping 'bout a thousand feet high and busting into ten million pieces, cattle turned inside out and a-coming head on with their tails hanging out between their teeth!—and in the midst of all that wrack and destruction sot that cussed Morgan on his gate-post, a-wondering why I didn't *stay and hold possession*! Laws bless me, I just took one glimpse, General, and lit out'n the county in three jumps exactly.

"But what grinds me is that that Morgan hangs on there and won't move off'n that ranch—says it's his'n and he's going to keep it—likes it better'n he did when it was higher up the hill. Mad! Well, I've been so mad for two days I couldn't find my way to town—been wandering around in the brush in a starving condition—got anything here to drink, General? But I'm here *now*, and I'm a-going to law. You hear me!"

Never in all the world, perhaps, were a man's feelings so outraged as were the General's. He said he had never heard of such high-handed conduct in all his



SCHUYLER'S WIFE'S MOTHER.

FROM AN EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS CONTEMPORARY (see page 15). 1

life as this Morgan's. And he said there was no use in going to law—Morgan had no shadow of right to remain where he was—nobody in the wide world would uphold him in it, and no lawyer would take his case and no judge listen to it. Hyde said that right there was where he was mistaken—everybody in town sustained Morgan; Hal Brayton, a very smart lawyer, had taken his case; the courts being in vacation, it was to be tried before a referee, and ex-Governor Roop had already been appointed to that office, and would open his court in a large public hall near the hotel at two that afternoon.

The General was amazed. He said he had suspected before that the people of that Territory were fools, and now he knew it. But he said rest easy, rest easy and collect the witnesses, for the victory was just as certain as if the conflict were already over. Hyde wiped away his tears and left.

At two in the afternoon referee Roop's Court opened, and Roop appeared throned among his sheriffs, the witnesses, and spectators, and wearing upon his face a solemnity so awe-inspiring that some of his fellow-conspirators had misgivings that maybe he had not comprehended, after all, that this was merely a joke. An unearthly stillness prevailed, for at the slightest noise the judge uttered sternly the command—

“Order in the Court!”



“I USED TO BE A GOOD BOY, BUT—” (see page 11),

And the sheriff's promptly echoed it. Presently the General elbowed his way through the crowd of spectators, with his arms full of law-books, and on his ears fell an order from the judge which was the first respectful recognition of his high official dignity that had ever saluted them, and it trickled pleasantly through his whole system—

“Way for the United States Attorney!”

The witnesses were called—legislators, high government officers, ranchmen, miners, Indians, Chinamen, negroes. Three-fourths of them were called by the defendant Morgan, but no matter, their testimony invariably went in favour of the plaintiff Hyde. Each new witness only added new testimony to the absurdity of a man's claiming to own another man's property because his farm had slid down on the top of it.

Then the Morgan lawyers made their speeches, and seemed to make singularly weak ones—they did really nothing to help the Morgan cause.

And now the General, with exultation in his face, got up and made an impassioned effort; he pounded the table, he banged the law-books, he shouted, and roared, and howled, he quoted from everything and everybody, poetry, sarcasm, statistics, history, pathos, bathos, blasphemy, and wound up with a grand war-whoop for free-speech, freedom of the press, free schools, the Glorious Bird of America, and the principles of eternal justice! [Applause.]

When the General sat down, he did it with the conviction that if there was anything in good strong testimony, a great speech, and believing and admiring countenances all around, Mr. Morgan's case was killed. Ex-Governor Roop leant his head upon his hand for some minutes, thinking, and the still audience waited for his decision. Then he got up and stood erect, with bended head, and thought again. Then he walked the floor with long, deliberate strides, his chin in his hand, and still the audience waited. At last he returned to his throne, seated himself, and began, impressively—

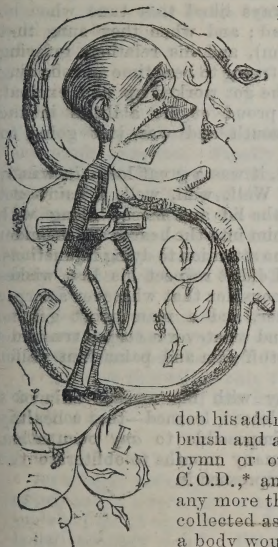
“Gentlemen, I feel the great responsibility that rests upon me this day. This is no ordinary case. On the contrary, it is plain that it is the most solemn and awful that ever man was called upon to decide. Gentlemen, I have listened attentively to the evidence, and have perceived that the weight of it, the overwhelming weight of it, is in favour of the plaintiff Hyde. I have listened also to the remarks of counsel, with high interest—and especially will I commend the masterly and irrefutable logic of the distinguished gentleman who represents the plaintiff. But, gentlemen, let us beware how we allow mere human testimony, human ingenuity in argument, and human ideas of equity to influence us at a moment so solemn as this. Gentlemen, it ill becomes us, worms as we are, to meddle with the decrees of Heaven. If Heaven has chosen to favour the defendant Morgan in this marked and wonderful manner; and if Heaven, dissatisfied with the position of the Morgan ranch upon the mountain-side, has chosen to remove it to a position more eligible and more advantageous for its owner, it ill becomes us, insects as we are, to question the legality of the act or inquire into the reasons that prompted it. Gentlemen, it is the verdict of this court, that the plaintiff, Richard Hyde, has been deprived of his ranch by the Clerk of the Weather! And from this decision there is no appeal.”

Buncombe seized his cargo of law-books and plunged out of the court-room frantic with indignation. He pronounced Roop to be a miraculous fool, an inspired idiot. In all good faith he returned at night and remonstrated with Roop upon his extravagant decision, and implored him to walk the floor and think for half an hour, and see if he could not figure out some sort of modification of the verdict. Roop yielded at last and got up to walk. He walked two hours and a half, and at last his face lit up happily and he told Buncombe it had

occurred to him that the ranch underneath the new Morgan ranch still belonged to Hyde, that his title to the ground was just as good as it had ever been, and therefore he was of opinion that Hyde had a right to dig it out from under there and—

The General never waited to hear the end of it. He was always an impatient and irascible man, that way. At the end of two months the fact that he had been played upon with a joke had managed to bore itself, like another Mont Cenis Tunnel, through the solid adamant of his understanding.

THE CHEERFUL DEFUNCT.



EE that corpse (said the undertaker, patting the folded hands of the deceased approvingly), he was a brick—every way you took him he was a brick. He was so real accommodating, and so modest-like and simple in his last moments. Friends wanted metallic burial case—nothing else would do. *I* couldn't get it. There warn't going to be time—anybody could see that.

Corpse said never mind, shake him up some kind of a box he could stretch out in comfortable, *he* warn't particular 'bout the general style of it. Said he went more on room than style, anyway, in a last final container.

Friends wanted a silver door-plate on the coffin, signifying who he was and whar' he was from. Now *you* know a fellow couldn't roust out such a gaily thing as that in a little pokery country town like this. What did corpse say?

Corpse said, whitewash his old canoe and dob his address and general destination in to it with a blacking-brush and a stencil-plate, long with a verse from some likely hymn or other, and pint him for the tomb, and mark him C.O.D.,* and just let him skip along. *He* warn't distressed any more than you be—on the contrary, just as calm and collected as a hearse-horse; said that whar' he was going to a body would find it considerable better to attract attention

by a picturesque moral character than a natty burial case with a swell door-plate on it.

Splendid man he was. I'd druther do for a corpse like that 'n any I've tackled in seven year. There's some satisfaction in buryin' a man like that. You feel that what you're doing is appreciated. Lord bless you, so's he got planted before he sp'iled, he was perfectly satisfied; said his relations meant well, perfectly well, but all them preparations was bound to delay the thing more or less, and he didn't wish to be kept layin' around. You never see such a clear head as what he had—and so calm and so cool. Just a hunk of brains—that is what *he* was. Perfectly awful. It was a ripping distance from one end of that man's head to t'other. Often and over again *he's* had brain fever a-raging in one place,

* "Collect on Delivery," a direction to the parcels delivery company in America.

and the rest of the pile didn't know anything about it—didn't affect it any more than an Injun insurrection in Arizona affects the Atlantic States.

Well, the relations they wanted a big funeral, but corpse said he was down on flummery—didn't want any procession—fill the hearse full of mourners, and get out a stern line and tow *him* behind. He *was* the most down on style of any remains I ever struck. A beautiful simple-minded creature—it was what he was, you can depend on that. He was just set on having things the way he wanted them, and he took a solid comfort in laying his little plans. He had me measure him and take a whole raft of directions; then he had the minister stand up behind a long box with a table-cloth over it and read his funeral sermon, saying "Angcore, angcore!" at the good places, and making him scratch out every bit of brag about him, and all the hifalutin; and then he made them trot out the choir so's he could help them pick out the tunes for the occasion, and he got them to sing "Pop Goes the Weasel," because he'd always liked that tune when he was down-hearted, and solemn music made him sad; and when they sung that with tears in their eyes (because they all loved him), and his relations grieving around, he just laid there as happy as a bug, and trying to beat time and showing all over how much he enjoyed it; and presently he got worked up and excited, and tried to join in, for mind you he was pretty proud of his abilities in the singing line; but the first time he opened his mouth and was just going to spread himself his breath took a walk.

I never see a man snuffed out so sudden. Ah, it was a great loss—it was a powerful loss to this poor little one-horse town. Well, well, well, I hain't got time to be palavering along here—got to nail on the lid and mosey along with him; and if you'll just give me a lift we'll skeet him into the hearse and meander along. Relations bound to have it so—don't pay no attention to dying injunctions, minute a corpse's gone; but, if I had *my* way, if I didn't respect his last wishes and tow him behind the hearse *I'll* be cuss'd. I consider that whatever a corpse wants done for his comfort is a little enough matter, and a man hain't got no right to deceive him or take advantage of him; and whatever a corpse trusts me to do I'm a-going to *do*, you know, even if it's to stuff him and paint him yaller and keep him for a keepsake—you hear *me*!

He cracked his whip and went lumbering away with his ancient ruin of a hearse, and I continued my walk with a valuable lesson learned—that a healthy and wholesome cheerfulness is not necessarily impossible to *any* occupation. The lesson is likely to be lasting, for it will take many months to obliterate the memory of the remarks and circumstances that impressed it.

"THE CAMELS ARE COMING" IT—STRONG.

In Syria, once, at the head-waters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye all over, with as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figuring on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything as good as an overcoat before, in his life. Then he smacked his lips once or twice, and reached after the other sleeve. Next he tried the velvet collar, and smiled a smile of such contentment that it was plain to see that he regarded that as the daintiest thing about an overcoat. The tails

went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig-paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspondence dropped out, and he took a chance in that—manuscript letters written for the home papers. But he was treading on dangerous ground, now. He began to come across solid wisdom in those documents that was rather weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth; it was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage and hopefully, till at last he began to stumble on statements that not even a camel could swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to stand out, and his forelegs to spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as stiff as a carpenter's work-bench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of the mildest and gentlest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public.

A BIG BORE.

JIM TOWNSEND had paid assessments on a mine called the "Daley" till he was well-nigh penniless. Finally an assessment was levied to run a tunnel two hundred and fifty feet on the Daley, and Townsend went up on the hill to look into matters. He found the Daley cropping out of the apex of an exceedingly sharp-pointed peak, and a couple of men up there "facing" the proposed tunnel. Townsend made a calculation. Then he said to the men—

"So you have taken a contract to run a tunnel into this hill two hundred and fifty feet to strike this ledge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do you know that you have got one of the most expensive and arduous undertakings before you that was ever conceived by man?"

"Why, no—how is that?"

"Because this hill is only twenty-five feet through from side to side; and so you have got to build two hundred and twenty-five feet of your tunnel on trestle-work!"

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure in North Carolina the prosecuting officer asked a reluctant witness, "What was in the barrel you had?" "I don't know; I didn't open it." "But it was marked, wasn't it? You could tell by the mark, couldn't you? *What was it marked?*" "That's just the difficulty," answered the witness. "On one end it was marked 'whisky,' and on the other end it was marked 'Col. Somers,' so I can't say whether it was whisky or the colonel 'at was in the barrel, bein' as I'm on my oath."

"N-no," he said, "I didn't mind having that Newfoundland dog run between my legs. But when that contemptible son of a swamp angel whistled to the dog as he was half way through and made him turn round suddenly to go back, it raised the infernal regions with me and I was mad."

A PETRIFIED human form was found in Pennsylvania the other day, one thousand feet under ground. Sometimes it is found necessary to bury book agents as deep as that, but as a general thing seven hundred feet is deep enough.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Why does a cat swallow a mouse head foremost? is one of the mellifluent questions of the hour. In order to save its tail for a toothpick.

AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.



AURELIA MARIA.

THE facts in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José; she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria," which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story.

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterised by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness, his face was pitted like a nutmeg-grater and his comeliness gone for ever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a celebrating cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling as she did, that he could not last for ever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career, and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who

hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still, her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it. Caruthers fell ill with erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward and insisted that the match should be broken off; but after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair for ever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with truly womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. "Now, what should she do?" she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question; it is one which involves the lifelong happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show; give him ninety days, without grace, and if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, any way, Aurelia, because if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but his extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

THE German authorities are becoming alarmed at the large emigration from that country to America, and are considering methods to discourage the exodus. Did it never occur to them to lower the price of beer and bologna sausage?

A TERRIBLE NIGHT AT A THÉÂTRE.

ONCE, when a bashful cub, I took a plain, unsentimental country girl to a comedy one night. I had known her a day; she seemed divine; I wore my new boots. At the end of the first half-hour she said, "Why do you fidget with your feet so?" I said, "Did I?" Then I put my attention there and kept still. At the end of another half-hour she said, "Why do you say, 'Yes, oh yes!'" and 'Ha! ha! oh, certainly! very true!' to everything I say, when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed and explained that I had been a little absent-minded.

At the end of another half-hour she said, "Please why do you grin so steadily at vacancy, and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting. An hour passed, and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes, and said, "Why do you cry all the time?" I explained that very funny comedies always made me cry. At last human nature surrendered, and I secretly slipped my boots off. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on any more.

It was a rainy night; there were no omnibuses going our way, and as I walked home, burning up with shame, with the girl on one arm and my boots under the other, I was an object worthy of compassion, especially in those moments of martyrdom when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from street lamps.

Finally this child of the forest said, "Where are your boots?" and being taken unprepared, I put a finishing touch to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark, "The higher classes do not wear them to the theatre."



SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

THE END.

TORMENTED TOURIST.

BOTHERING THE GUIDES.



THE C'YAR.

PEOPLE go from Belfast to visit the Giant's Causeway. It is on the north coast, and about eight miles from the nearest railway station, which is Port Rush; and Port Rush is some sixty miles from Belfast.

The country, an almost unbroken mass of verdure, is pleasantly diversified with hill, valley, and plain.

In the morning I rode to the Giant's Causeway. The road skirted the coast for a great part of the way, giving us a grand view of the sea.

When part way up the avenue, and I was about to call attention to the quiet beauty of the scene, a man with one leg suddenly appeared at the side of the carriage, and said,—

“Please, sir, help a poor man who has lost his limbs, and can't find work to earn his bread.”

We didn't give him any money; but we looked at him with tender sympathy. We had no sooner got rid of him than four boys appeared, two on each side of the carriage. Each had a packet of views in his hand, and guile in his eye. They all said,—

“Please buy twenty-five views of the Causeway for one shilling. Only one shilling, sir. None better, sir. Only one shilling, sir. Twenty-five for a shilling, sir. All of the Causeway, sir.”

“That will do now,” said Major A., one of our party. “I will take some of those pictures: that is what I came for. I don't care to see the Causeway: I only came to get the pictures. Just tell me now, are those views lithogrims?”

“Yes, sir!” shouted the boys in chorus.

“Ah, now, that is too bad!” said the major with considerable feeling. “I wanted angloprismatics. I shall never buy a lithogrim as long as I have my reason. Go on, driver.”

And the carriage rolled on, leaving the four boys staring distrustfully at each other.

I shall not attempt to give a description of the Giant's Causeway. Both you and I have seen it pictured in our geographies when we were children, and have read everybody's sensations and views of it, from Jones to Jenkins.

The Causeway itself consists, briefly speaking, of column blocks of dusky stone.

The visitor is aware, before he reaches the Causeway and its adjuncts, that they consist of basaltic rock, and that science has decided that they were formed by fusion under heat, and cracked, in cooling, into the singularly regular shapes we see. (I sometimes think that scientific men were formed by fusion under heat, and have subsequently cooled.)

Tradition varies as to the cause which led to the building of this footway; but it unites in attributing it to the enterprise of giants. One explanation is to the effect that it was built by a company (limited?) of Irish giantry, that a famous Scotch giant might come over and prove that he was as good a man as he claimed to be. Of course he was whipped, as all the courage and skill was then, as now, strictly confined to Ireland. Another solution is in the shape of a famous Irish giant falling in love with the daughter of a Scotch leviathan, through an advertisement which she inserted in "The Matrimonial News;" and this roadway was built to bring her over to the Emerald Isle. Her husband thought she was motherless; but, on discovering that she was not, he caused the rocky bed to sink into the sea. This last seems so sensible and human-like, that it has become a favourite with me; and, while I should hesitate to throw any disrespect upon science, still I must hold to this tradition.

And now to explain how the major and I saw the sights. As the road ascended the cliffs, which formed the background to the sea, at this point we saw a hotel on the left, and a half-dozen men standing at the entrance to the hotel-grounds, who, the driver intimated, were guides.

The sight made me shiver. I have encountered so many of these dreadful people, that I had determined to eschew their society. But when one of them bustled up to the carriage, and fastened his old grey eye gravely and seriously upon my countenance, I felt such a sensation of humiliation and reproach, that it seemed as if I could never wipe out with an age of tears the wrong I had done him. He was a small man, with large hands and feet; and the backs of his hands and his face were mottled with brown spots. His nose turned up so sharp as to be uncomfortable to look at; and his hair was cut straight around his head. Solomon in his prime was a decided idiot alongside of this man.

But the major was not affected as I was. Years of sight-seeing and connection with these people had given him a heart of lignumvite, and a countenance which no combination of circumstances could apparently move. Nature had designed him for a traveller, and she could risk her reputation on him at any time.

The guide came up to the carriage with a volume in his hand.

"Hello, De Aubrey!" shouted the major with cordiality. "I am glad to see you, and looking so well too!" And then, not noticing the look of surprise on the man's face, but glancing down at his book, "At it again, I see. I can tell you, my boy, study is a good thing; but too much of it is good for nothing. I can see how you are wearing away under it. Now, I daresay you are forty feet in the most abstruse mathematics this very moment."

The guide, who had been staring from the major to me in unconcealed perplexity, managed to gasp,—

"You are under a mistake, sir. I am the guide to the Causeway."

"What's that?" said the major, putting up his eye-glass, and staring hard at the guide. "Aren't you a De Aubrey of the De Aubreys at Wexford?"

"No, sir. My name is McDooley, an' I'm a guide here. This book"—

"Exactly!" said the major, restoring his glass in some perplexity. "But you

look so much like the De Aubreys!—the same bold profile and towering frame; only your occiput is different. Your occiput is more like—like the Montmorcencys', I think." And the major dropped into a profound study over the fatal mistake of the occiput; while the owner thereof stood a moment, trying to catch my eye, and, failing, tendered the book to the major, and began,—

"I would like to call your attention, sir, to the recommendations in this book,—all from people I have had the honour of showing over the wonders of the coast."

The major took the book, turned on his eye-glass again, and commencing on the first page, was in a moment lost in a perusal of its exciting contents. For full ten minutes he continued submerged in the volume, reading page after page with burning interest, while the guide stood on the ground and fidgeted about, and the driver turned around on the box, and stared at the unconscious reader with all his might.

At the end of the ten minutes Mr. McDooley could stand it no longer.

"Would you, sir, allow me to show you a few of the leading recommends?" he finally inquired.

"No, thank you," drawled the major: "I will come to them, I daresay, if I keep on."

"I know, sir," persisted the guide; "but the tide is coming in, sir; and, if you want to see the rocks to the best advantage, you will have to hurry, sir."

Upon this the major returned the book, and signified his willingness to go ahead, on condition that the volume should be loaned him again. He said he didn't favour light fictions; but he was forced to confess that he had got deeply interested in Mr. McFugal's work, and was anxious to learn how it would turn out.

At this Mr. McDooley scratched his head, and said, "Yes, sir;" and then stared at the driver, as if he thought that worthy had purposely brought a most incomprehensible fish into his net.

The carriage drew up at a long, low-browed, white-washed building, where Mr. McDooley invited us to alight, and see the woman who kept the boats.

I may as well mention here, that it is customary for foreigners to take a boat, and view the Causeway and the various formations from the water. But I noticed that the Irish themselves, visitors to the place, do all their sight-seeing on land. The two caves can be entered only from the water; but, beyond being holes in the rocks, they are not remarkable. I could have seen all I did, and with much more comfort, from the land. You might cut this out and pin it in your hat.

Some forty men and boys trooped along with us, either just a little ahead or a little behind us. It made me nervous. I whispered to the major, "We shall have to fee all these people." And he whispered back encouragingly, "It will be much cheaper to shoot them." Then aloud to the guide—

"What the deuce, Mr. McFoodle, has got into the populace? Do they think we are a torchlight procession?"

"McDooley, sir, is my name," explained the guide. "The boys are just going to the break of the hill to see the boat off, sir."

The hotel and the good woman's house are about the only buildings at the Causeway.

We wormed our way down the bank slowly and painfully, slipping, sliding, and straining ourselves, and covering our boots and clothes with mud. At the foot we had to leap from boulder to boulder, or climb over the large ones, to reach the boat. Four men were manning it; and it took the four of them to keep it still while we sprang from the rocks into it. Nature has not been improved upon nor interfered with since she took the job in hand. There was not the slightest vestige of a pier.

After being settled in the boat with the guide and the four rowers, we pushed

out through an opening where the huge swells of the sea sought to 'capsize us, turned sharp to the left, and followed the coast in a direction opposite to the Causeway. Ten minutes of rowing brought us to the first cave, whose dark abyss we stared into, and then moved away to the other. The next and the largest cave permitted the boat passing in, and to some distance from the mouth; but as the breakers, which were dashing against its mouth, were about seven hundred feet high, I concluded not to run the risk. The rowers had, without doubt, large families depending upon them for support.

The guide was rather anxious for us to make an excursion inside; which the major seeing, thoughtfully suggested that *he* might go in, and we would wait outside with the boat. The guide tried to laugh as if it were a joke; but it was plain to be seen that he eyed the major with considerable uneasiness. He was pretty well posted in the geological terms used to express ideas in connection with the formations of this neighbourhood; although it did not appear at all probable that he understood the signification of one-sixteenth of the phrases he used. The major was quick to perceive this, and also the pride the guide felt in airing his knowledge. As we moved along toward the Causeway, the guide held forth on the various strata of rock, and composition of the same. He said—

"We have also a layer of sulphur. If you will be so good as to look at the base of the rock at the left of the organ, you will perceive a thin yellow streak. That is a deposit of sulphur. Many opinions have been expressed by the scientific

gentlemen that I've taken over this place; but they can't satisfactorily account for its origin. But it is there, an' that's plain enough."

"Do you mean to say that that is a layer of sulphur?" suddenly demanded the major.

"Why, yes, sir!" gasped the guide.

"Sulphur of Majilton, or the carbonated Girardian sulphur?" again demanded the major, with some sternness.

"I—don't—know," said the guide, with evident hesitation. "Some say one, and some say the other."

"Oh, indeed! Well, Mr. McGugle——"

"McDooley," mildly suggested the guide.

"Ah, yes! Well, Mr. McJooley——"

The guide groaned.

"I would like to have you explain how either the sulphur of Majilton, or even sulphur in the form of carboni Vokesum can rest beneath a basaltic formation."



THE LAST ARRIVAL AT THE TABLE D'HOTE.

Mr. McDooley rubbed his head, and looked around uneasily.

"Do you mean to say," continued the major, "that a fibrous rock can contain, for even a year's time, a molecular substance?"

"N—no!" stammered the guide.

"Of course not; and yet you present that absurd proposition to me. Now, Mr. McFoodle, just answer me one simple question: What is the percentage of animalcula in a resinous rock, when amalgamated under a temperature of one hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit?"

"I don't—don't remember," stammered the unhappy Mr. McDooley.

"Well, Mr. McJoogie, let me give you a bit of advice," said the major, with some asperity; "when you undertake to escort another professor of psychology over the coast, just rub up your knowledge of chronology, and don't attempt to impose upon him the absurd ratiocinations of a set of addle-pated lachrymarians." And the major wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and looked around upon the amazed crew with offended dignity; while the unfortunate Mr. McDooley sank back abashed, and never again opened his mouth on the subject of geology during the trip.

We had seen the Giant's Chapel and the Giant's Eye, when the boat stopped. One of the men passed me a little shaky box of spar, and another passed a similar one to the major. It was done with an air suggestive of—

"We have got you out here away from all help, and you either buy these boxes, or go to the bottom."

In some alarm, I was about to inquire the price; when the major, after a glance at the boxes, and then at the guide, broke in with—

"And what is this? Ballast?"

"No, sir," said the guide humbly: "it is spar, that the men wish to sell you for you to take home."

"Well, Mr. McHooghly, permit me to explain to the crew, through you, that we came here on a pleasure-trip, and not to buy up paving stones."

The boxes were taken back, and the boat started on, landing us in a few minutes on the Causeway, and so adroitly, that both of us were caught on the legs by an incoming wave.



THE JAUNTING CAR.



IN PEN-SIVE MOOD.

The guide whispered to me that the boatmen would expect a fee.

"What for?" I asked. "Doesn't the woman who owns the boats pay them?"

"No, sir: they depend on what visitors may give them."

He thought a sixpence or so to each of them would do. One of them came up just then, and the major handed him three shillings. He ducked his head, and asked for another shilling to make even money.

"Were you ever a corsair?" demanded the major.

"No, sir," said the man, looking dubiously at him.

"Well," said the major, handing him another shilling, "the next vacancy that occurs, I will recommend you."

We had hardly got on the Causeway when a shadow of a boy assailed us with a handful of photographs. At every turn he kept close to us, grinding out his programme. Finally the major turned on him.

"Look here, boy: here is a half-crown for you. And now you get off from this Causeway, and out of this country as quick as you can, or I'll look you over; and, if I find a piece of flesh on you, I will stick a knife in it."

The boy clutched the money and scampered off.

"I am glad he is gone," said the major with a sigh, "or he'd be falling into some of these crevices and losing his life."

We made a careful survey of the surface of the Causeway; and although the items were similar in feature, yet the whole was very interesting. There was the Giant's Well, where the removal of a section of a column left room for a couple of pailfuls of clear cold water; also the Wishing Seat, where several pillars, projecting above their fellows, made a rude attempt at a chair. The guide said, if we sat there and made a wish, it would be fulfilled inside of a twelvemonth. I took his advice, and wished that I might have a pair of side-whiskers. The major gave his wish aloud, to the effect that the guide might give his time to the intelligent study of geology; which made Mr. McDooley wince. When we got down from the seat, we found two dowagers peddling a crab and some very shrivelled apples. They were kind-hearted people. One of them was smoking a pipe, and I was smoking a cigar—a circumstance that made a most favourable impression upon her.

"Arrah!" shouted she, "the gintlemin shmokin' a segare, an' the ole woman a pipe! An' that's the way the money goes."

"Pop goes the weasel," gravely suggested the major.

"An' you're a foine gintlemin!" said the old lady, admiringly. "It's the likes of such as you that wouldn't see an ole woman strugglin' for the bread that kapes her body an' soul together, when buyin' a nice foine apple would help her."

"Two pritty gintlemin like thim," added the other dowager, with considerable feeling, "have money for a good purpis. Sure a foimer crab than this, man," holding it up tenderly by its left leg, "niver walked the say."

"And the chapeness oov it!" chimed in the apple merchant, sympathetically. "Sure nayther oov thim gintlemin is wantin' in knowledge oov a good article."

"Musha, Mistress Finn," said her companion, who appeared to be a woman of considerable penetration, "a bat at broad noon could see their intelligence, an' how they are min oov the world, an' scholars oov high degree."

The major, who had been looking gravely at both of them during their appreciative observations, now spoke—

"By my soul, ladies, but you quite overcome my friend and myself by the ease of your speech; and as for the freshness and vivacity of your persons, sure the wares in your basket bear eloquent witness; for the apples have shrivelled up in envy of your cheeks, and the crab has gone madly bilious over your suppleness. And I can say in full confidence, that it is not an Ulster crab that is easily put down."

This beautiful tribute to their grace of speech and persons actually doubled up the dowagers for an instant, and before they could rally, the major tossed each of them a sixpence and, catching me by the arm, hurried away from the shower of "blissings" which was propelled after us.

Leaving the Causeway, we came upon the Wishing Spring, where an able-bodied man mixed its magic waters with liquid hydrophobia for tired and unsuspecting travellers.

The major stopped for a drink. Being an Irishman himself, he said it would not look well for him to turn his back on poteen in any shape.

While the major benumbed himself with the stuff, the guide took me a short distance back of a pile of rocks and earth, ostensibly for the purpose of getting a close look at several pillars standing in the bank, whose claimed altitude I had disputed, but actually to sell me a bit of mineral which he had in his pocket. He said he thought ten shillings would not be any too much for it. I almost said, "Well, I hope to be hanged!" but checked myself in time, and with forced composure assured him that I would not give ten cents for all the minerals he could hold in his cheek. I was much amused by his reply—

"Well, sir, I couldn't hold many there." Then he tried to sell me a fossil; but the major coming up, he dropped the subject as if it had been a bar of hot iron. We took the car from the spring, and were jolted up to the house, and there settled the bill. When he asked the guide what his charge was, he smiled pleasantly, and said it was from two shillings and sixpence to five shillings, according to the extent of the trip; but he left it entirely to the kindness of the visitor. They all do it, I am sorry to say.

When we left, the major took the guide to one side, and confidentially whispered to him—

"When you see the owner of the Causeway, Mr. McHooghley, please present him my compliments, and tell him that, in my estimation, the best thing he can do with the place is to seed it down with square-ribbed Timothy; and in the meantime, if I come across a second-hand pier that can be bought cheap, I will immediately write and let him know. Good-bye, my malarious kohinoor! Heaven bless you!"

And with that we rode away, the major smiling sweetly upon everybody in reach.

From Port Rush I went to see the lakes and the round tower; the latter interested me more than any other object. Round-towers are peculiar to Ireland alone. There is as much divergence of opinion as to their age as to their purpose. A claim has been put in to the effect that they were built before the beginning of the Christian era; but I give no encouragement to those people. I think they ought to be arrested. I have tried to crowd in a theory that they are ancient wells, thrown up to the surface by some volcanic movement, and roofed in the sharp, conical form by an affrighted people, with a view to turning them over, and driving them into the earth again. This is the most sensible idea on the subject that I have yet heard. All that I need to make a sure thing of it is to find somebody who will explain why they didn't do it. As that is the easiest end of the argument, there ought to be no trouble in finding *him*.

The owner of this island is a proud man—a round-tower, church, priory, stone coffin, oratory, graveyard, and pasturage for forty cows, in one lump. A boy with red tops to his boots is in the slough of despond alongside of this chap.

When I got back to the boat, I found the crew smoking a pipe, and my companion, a Pennsylvanian, on the beach, trying to get on a pair of tight boots over a pair of wet stockings. He had got one boot on, and had nearly conquered the other; but he had ruined that beach. In getting on the boots, he had gone over a strip of ground about eighty feet in length and thirty feet in width, and had torn up the earth over every inch of it. When I came up he was as red in the face as a beet, and was yelling, and stamping his foot, in a perfect ecstasy of rage.

However, we soon fixed it, and put off for a continuation of the trip. The wind still held fair; and I took the helm, while the Pennsylvanian took a seat in the bow, and became immediately wrapped up in reflection.

We passed a high ridge, and came out into an open and exposed part. Half-way across this the wind struck us with some considerable force, and the rain

came down in torrents. I still hung to the helm and an umbrella, and kept to the upper side of the sloop. The crew hung to the sail with all his might, and the Pennsylvanian buried a face which had assumed the colour of unbolted flour beneath the friendly cover of his umbrella.

The crew wanted me to keep out to sea; but I concluded, if I was to be wrecked, I would prefer being wrecked on land; and, which was of more importance, the umbrella was borrowed, and I did not want to lose it. So I ran the bark for the first land; and we came upon the shore with a precision that was gratifying to me as a pilot, but with a force that very nearly dislocated the spine of the crew.

We got out of the boat as soon as possible; but it was not a hospitable shore. There were no trees, but a small thorn growing out of the bank, and no shelter of any kind from the keen wind and driving rain. There we stood for three-quarters of an hour, keeping the tops of our heads perfectly dry with the umbrellas. If anybody could have observed us, he would have undoubtedly wondered where all the water came from which was running down our legs.

It was a pleasure party; and we were tourists who had nothing to do but to travel round and enjoy ourselves, and live at hotels.

Several times I spoke to the Pennsylvanian about it; but he didn't seem to enter into the spirit of the remark.

The rain stopped, and we once more tried the boat; but we didn't put up the sail. The Pennsylvanian said he would pull his arms out of their sockets first.

Our next point of interest was the Island of Innismacsaint. There is a church ruin upon it; but it was a peculiar cross that I wanted to see. The boatman viewed the stone with considerable reverence.

"Is there anything remarkable about that?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. Every Easter morn, at the crowing of the cock, the cross jumps out oov the airth, and turns aroond thrice."

"Will you be good enough to repeat that remarkable statement?" asked the Pennsylvanian with breathless interest.

The crew complied.

"Did you ever see it perform that little exercise?"

The crew said he had not.

"Or anybody who has seen it?"

The crew shook his head.

"I wouldn't stand so close to it, if I were you," said the Pennsylvanian, kindly: "it may jump out of the ground, and kick you into the lake."

"Oh! it don't come out only at Easter," said the man, innocently.

"You can't always tell," said Penn. "This is just like Easter weather, and the cross may have mislaid its almanac."

The crew shook his head. The gentleman's excessive faith rather staggered him.

We got back to Enniskillen at dark.



A "CORNER" IN THE CITY.

The next day was butter-market, and scores of country-people were in town.

In every nation that I know anything about, there is a class of people who will fight the price of a dealer inch by inch. I don't know that the Irish have more of this element than any other country; but they are certainly well cursed with it, and get full credit for what they have, if not more. Knowing this, I have

enjoyed seeing one of these Irish men or women wrangle with his or her own countrymen. At a store in Tuam, an old woman said to the dealer, of whom she had asked the price of tea—

“Musha, Mr. Hogan, ye have a heart of stone.”

“Do you think I could be giving ye the tea after paying my money for it?” he demanded with some indignation.

“We’ll let ye alone for the giving, Mister Hogan. Sure, any sack would do that come here for free male,” retorted the old hag with a chuckle.

“Any one to hear ye talk, Mistress Quinn,” said the exasperated grocer, “would think that good tea was clover, that might be had for the plucking.”

“An’ I’m not sure that it’s not clover,” was the bold retort. This was the opportunity to leave, and I left.

I was in time at our hotel to hear the legend of the Bells of Shandon. How the wealthy and pious Italian felt inconsolable over the loss of his transported bells. He sold his property at auction, neglected to shave and to change his linen, and wandered forth upon the world in quest of the beloved chimes. Years after, in passing up the Shannon on a vessel, promenading the deck, and brooding over his great loss, the bells in the steeple of Limerick Cathedral sounded forth in the evening chimes. They were the very bells which this wanderer had sacrificed home and pleasure to see. At their first sound he threw up his arms, and fell dead of broken heart upon the deck. This was the waiter’s story; and, when he ceased, he lifted the napkin, and brushed a tear from his eye. A stiff-looking gentleman, whom I judged to be a lawyer, was sitting opposite me, but apparently took no interest in the narrative until its conclusion. Then he started up, and said—

“Do I understand you to say that the party from Italy fell dead?”

“Yes, sir,” said the waiter, with a sigh.

“Was—was there an inquest?”

“A—wha—that is—I mean—I’m sure I don’t know, sir,” spluttered the narrator, in bewilderment.

“Then, sir,” said the stiff gentleman, with some severity, “how are you able to state with any confidence that the deceased met his death from a broken heart, in the absence of any evidence that a thorough investigation into the causes of his untimely death had been conducted before proper authorities?”

The waiter bolted at once.

There are a number of manufactures in Limerick; but the most important is the making of lace. I judge this merely from the fact that the visitor is waylaid every few yards on the street by a bare-footed woman, and importuned to buy a lace handkerchief which she extends in her hand.

I met them outside the door of the hotel, and even in the hall. One of them followed me into the coffee-room. This was too much. I seized a carving-knife, and, brandishing it above my head as I had seen people do in Sunday-school books, I shouted—

“Woman! one step nearer with that rag, and I’ll plunge this blade into your detestable body!”

She sighed and turned away, saying, “An such a purty nose as he has!”

“Woman,” said I, in a softened voice—for suffering almost melts me—“here’s a shilling.”

At the station, on my departure, there were half-a-dozen of them, each armed



THE GUIDE.



THE MAJOR.

with a lace handkerchief, and each determined to sell it. I can't imagine anything that will tend to awaken a man's interest in the manufacture of lace as much as, in getting out of a train in a hurry to secure a glass of ale, to run against a lace-seller who is bound to dispose of a handkerchief.

I saw a man do that as I waited for my train. He was a very heavy man. The woman put up her hand at first to show him the handkerchief; but, learning his momentum as if by inspiration, she at once threw up both hands to save herself; but it was too late. He caught one of her hands on his face; the nails thereof ploughed across his nose and forehead: the other caught him in the pit of the stomach.

In that shape they both went off the platform, and down on the rails. The porters jumped after them at once, but the woman got on her feet ahead of them, and, rubbing her head, moved away in blank astonishment. The old gentleman was helped upon the platform, but with great difficulty, as he thought he had been struck by an express-train, and could hardly realise that both of his legs had not been taken off. When he did get fairly up, and learned what had really happened, and that it was too late to get the ale, a mighty revulsion of feeling suddenly set in, and he looked around for that woman with a cold-blooded ferocity that was dreadful to contemplate.

A STRAY YANKEE IN LONDON.



A HORN-MENTAL FIGURE.

LONDON lanes and streets are more intricate than the monthly statement of the United States Treasury. Owing to London being a combination of many parishes, boroughs, and towns, the names which they individually applied to their streets are, in many instances, duplicated; and the conservative tendency of the English has led them to retain them. Consequently, we have several High Streets, and several of many other names, scattered over the city, and causing the stranger to carry on like a pirate. The confusion is further enhanced by streets with several names to each, and by the process of numbering the houses, which is the most hilarious abandonment of system ever witnessed.

A street will begin with one name, drop suddenly into another, flop abruptly into a third, and turn completely over into a fourth, and so on.

But in the numbering of its houses, Londoners have achieved the greatest success. You will frequently find the first and last number on a street directly opposite each other. This apparent impossibility is easily performed by numbering first on one side of the street, and then back on the other side. Let us suppose a case. You want No.

840 in Great Christopher Street. You find one end of that avenue, look up at the number of the first house, and learn (as you are sure to do nine hundred and ninety-nine times in every thousand searches for the highest number) that it is the first number,—No. 1. “Thunder and lightning!” you exclaim, and at once put up the street at a lively gait, looking neither to the right nor left, but keeping straight ahead, and thinking only of the fact that you have to pass four hundred and twenty houses before reaching your number.

By the time you have gone nearly that distance you are suddenly confronted by a wall of building ahead, and flatter yourself that the journey is at an end. You look up to the nearest door, with the expectation that you are 700 and something; and are amazed to see that you are barely half that, with but a few houses ahead of you. You hurry on with bated breath, searching every door with hysterical eagerness, only to find the expectation of some unravelling of the hideous riddle a baseless fabric. You reach the last house on that side: it is 420. You look across to the opposite door: it is 421. To the next: it is 422. You call a policeman, and tell him your trouble. He explains that the number, judging from surroundings, must be at the lower end of the street; and after saying: “Great Christopher!” you recede.

Moving about, you come across announcements of rent, leading off in this mild and humble manner: “These commanding premises,” “This most noble mansion,” “This majestic corner,” “These lovely floors,” &c.

In the East End, some of the alleys were so narrow, that four people could not walk through them abreast; and, when their smallness was considered, it was really wonderful the amount of stench they contained.

Petticoat Lane became especially known to me as the place where the stranger lost his pocket-handkerchief at one end, and found it hanging up for sale at the other. I thought I should like to see my handkerchief thus exposed for sale, and intensely wondered who would buy it. I didn't think I could afford to.

The front-door to every house has its letter-box. Nearly all of the doors are closed by spring-locks; and, in consequence, catching the skirts of your coat in the door in passing out is a most embarrassing proceeding, especially if the street is very public, and the housekeeper very deaf.

I speak from experience.

I would respectfully call the attention of the American people to the fact that the knob is in the middle of the front-door. It is a stationary knob, and is valueless as a means of entrance, but is a comforting article to hold on to when immersed in thought. A man rarely attempts a second time to use it for any other purpose.

Each front-door has a knocker, generally of iron, and quite frequently large enough to carry a boy into a circus, or buy five packs of squibs. In addition to the knocker are two or more bells, the number depending upon the number of tenants in the building. In low neighbourhoods there are four-storey buildings, occupied by undertakers, workers in metal, and other people, which have seven bells to the door. Those who can afford it have their names on a little brass plate to their bells, and their customers have no trouble.

Where opulence does not reign, the customer has an opportunity of trying all the bells, and bringing a variety of people downstairs before he hits on the right man, or has the wrong one hit him.

I dropped into Crosby Hall because it is a restaurant, and dropped into a chop and a plate of cold cauliflower, speculating on the oak carvings, where the famous King Richard III. used to scratch his back when he wore a plaster, without doubt, and on the grand stained windows, through which he swore at the weather. It is a singular fancy converting an historical place into a restaurant; but a good

restaurant and a relic are both sustained by the plan, and the heart and stomach are both strengthened.

I had been considerably depressed by contemplating our lodging-house fireplace. The fire is in a grate, of course. The English won't use stoves, because they like to *see* the flame, it is so cheerful and cosy. Once in a while I like to *feel* it; but I carefully refrain from saying so. I have seen an Englishman sit shivering for an hour in front of a fireplace, his face lighted up with a smile. He liked to see the fire, it was so cheerful and cosy.

I wonder if he liked to see as much the hollow sheet-iron guard in the front; also the pair of ponderous tongs, the long poker, and the long-handled shovel. The last three articles stand up at the sides of the place. I am very particular in mentioning this fact, as it has made a deep impression upon me. A stove is bad enough to manage, especially when you have got on a pair of tights; but I think a long-legged tongs, with poker and shovel to match, are calculated to drive a man farther into insanity than a stove.

I am quite confident I never approach the fireplace without knocking down all of these articles. Perhaps it is the poker first, and that trips up the shovel; and, in trying to save them, I become entangled in the tongs, and down they come on the sheet-iron surface of the hollow fender, making a crash that is exasperating beyond all power of description.

The entertainment is beginning to pall on the taste.

A BARBAROUS CUT.

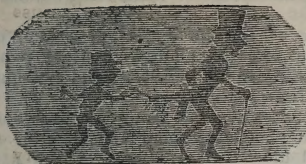


PEOPLE say that the Americans are a nervous, active people, and the English are slow and methodical. The former lounge in the barber's chair for a quarter-hour at a time, and make the operation of shaving a positive rest and refreshment. An American recently, visiting London, asked an English friend for a good barber-shop. The Englishman took him to where was a conspicuous and comforting announcement,—“A good shave for a penny.” The American went in, took the hard, stiff chair, and passed through the operation in a sort of inexplicable stupor. When he had got through, and had partly collected his thoughts, he ventured to ask Senor Torquemada what he meant by going through such an infernal performance. “Well, you see,” said the barber with exasperating complacency, knowing his customer, “the English people are so fast in their ways, that they never could wait to be shaved scientifically, but must sit down and have it over in a minute, and be gone again to business.”

“Oh!” exclaimed the bewildered American as he put his hat on wrong, and stumbled out into the street.

A DANBURY shoemaker started for Bridgeport, Saturday, and, missing the train, consoled himself by the reflection that it was a special Providence. Sunday morning he fell off his back porch with a pan of ashes in his hands, and broke down a young pear-tree with his head. He talks of Bridgeport just the same, but he doesn't say anything about special Providences.

THE LONDON BOY.



A LONDON FOG.

I never get tired of studying the London boy. There is so much of him!—not individually, but collectively. Individually he is slim, with generally a white, unhealthy face, spindling legs, and rather narrow back of the head. He wears trousers tight to his shrinking shanks, and a cap that makes him look like an orphan boarding with a maiden aunt, who, early in life, met with a disappointment. He is a poor boy, without doubt, always on the street, and always in the way.

I never saw such a boy in any other city. He is not quarrelsome, not saucy, not addicted to smoking; and I never heard one of them swear, even under the most favourable circumstances. To tell the truth, I never heard them say much of anything.

He is a helpless youth, addicted to shop windows, rubbing against buildings, and toppling over obstructions. He has a dreadful tendency to be always backing up against something, and always missing it, to the detriment of his bones.

Only they do not fall with sufficient force to break a bone. I have seen one of them slide from the side of a lamp-post, turn a part somersault, recover himself, hit up against the post again, slip off the curb, and gradually get down on his back in the gutter, taking in all some dozen seconds to do it; while an American boy would go down, and stave a hole in the back of his head, and make a doctor's bill of eighteen dollars, in less than a second.

But the English are so conservative!

HOW BROTHER JONATHAN GOT INTO PARLIAMENT.

A FEW days ago I (the *Danbury Newsmen*) made application to a member of the House of Commons for permission to witness a session.

I received a prompt answer, requesting me to be in waiting in St. Stephen's lobby at five o'clock that afternoon, where the writer would meet me, and "put me through." He didn't use that phrase exactly; but that was the substance of his note. Knowing it would not do to trifle with the time of a member of so illustrious a body, I was on hand promptly to the hour, in the central hall, so-called, where two policemen guarded the hallway to the House. I explained my errand to one of the officers, and having been compared with a photograph to make sure I was not the Northampton M.P., with an American accent for disguise, I was told I would have to wait there until the member came out, as the House was already in session.

I found others in waiting, and new faces constantly arriving. Some effected an immediate entrance; others were interviewed briefly by members; and the rest wandered around as I did, and felt of the mouldings.

Sir Charles Dilke, the member to whose courtesy I am indebted for the view of the House in session, would be, when he got around, the first knight I had seen. I am not much used to titled personages, my knowledge of them being obtained entirely through prints.

Common sense teaches us all that a member of the nobility is but a lump of human clay fashioned on models common to our seeing; but we find our mind imbued with a being who shows traces of nobility in his very step and bearing, whom no density of human crowd could hide from our vision.

Am I exaggerating this mental weakness? Let us see. Can you conceive of a bow-legged duke? Or is it possible for you to locate a pimple on the nose of a viscount? And no one, however diseased his imagination, ever pictured a baron with a game leg, or conceived of such a monstrous impossibility as a cross-eyed duchess.

And so I was very soon to see a knight.

I was pencilling my name and address, with other information, on the calf of George the Third's leg, when one of the policemen shouted the name of Sir Charles Dilke. "Now," thought I, "he will come when he hears that." The policeman shouted again. I looked at him very attentively, wondering where he thought Sir Charles was,—on the roof, or in the crypt. Again he screamed. Then his eyes suddenly lighted on me, and an immediate change came upon his face.

"Oh! there you are, are you?" he inquired with some disgust. "Why didn't you answer when I shouted?"

"My name ain't Dilke," I indignantly protested. "My name is——"

But I was cut short by a well-built gentleman of apparently thirty-five years, with a pleasant expression of countenance, who advanced and made himself known, and asked me to follow him.

And I followed him by the policeman, and along the hall. This was Sir Charles, a *bonâ fide* knight; and I examined his appearance with engrossing interest.

He was a well-built man, as I have said, but ordinary appearing. He might have been a rural lawyer or school-teacher; but he was a knight. And all the while he was going ahead, and all the while I was following after, I tried to clothe him with a lance, and shield, and helmet, and fell back from the task exhausted.

In the lobby he bade me good-bye, and went back into the House; and I climbed up the stairs, and came out into the galleries, and took my first look at the House of Commons in session.

The first glance showed me that the entire place was of polished oak, which gave it a sombre appearance. Then I looked down upon the commoners. They sat in pew-seats, arranged like gallery-seats, in tiers one above the other, from the middle aisle to the wall, on each side. In a heavy oaken box with gorgeous roof, at the upper end of the aisle, sat the Speaker, in a fainting condition apparently, from the enormous wig of wool on his head. In front of him, in the aisle, sat three men in gowns and wigs. In front, to the right of him, sat the Conservatives, tier'd up there in gloomy array. Opposite them were the fiery Radicals, similarly tier'd. Each man, when occasion requires, can rest himself by bracing his knees against the back of the seat in front, all but the occupants of the front or lowest seats, who have nothing in front of them.

The atmosphere below us was smoky; and through the hazy canopy appeared the statesmen of educated and aristocratic England, with uncovered heads and crossed legs.

The smoke, the lounging and careless attitudes of the members, wearing their hats, and carrying, in a great many instances, their hands in their pockets

reminded me so forcibly of a Western hotel bar-room, that for an instant I was benumbed, and could merely stare down upon the astounding spectacle, without the faintest attempt to understand it.

A Conservative was speaking upon a Bill for regulating registration of deaths. He had a poor voice, a faulty pronunciation, and spoke so low, that only an occasional word could be understood in the gallery. I watched the reporters, equally distant from him, and having no earthly interest in the subject, and wondered what sort of a report they would make of his speech; but they scribbled on as uninterruptedly as though they heard what he was saying.

The Speaker continued to sink down into the capacious folds of his chair, until he threatened to disappear entirely.

There were other speakers. The light grew dimmer. "Aren't they going to light the gas?" asked my companion. I said nothing. I always do say nothing on such occasions. I think it looks profound.

Now there was a Radical talking. He was a slim man, with hair frosted with age, and a very nervous face and quick voice. The moment he rose, various groanings—like shouts from a deep sewer, or the rumbling of a heavy vehicle over a distant bridge—ascended from the Conservatives. It was a protest against his taking the time; a sort of stoical, wooden opposition, as if the makers of it were doing it by the day. Not the least change of position, not the least show of animation, was visible where this rumbling ascended. The Radicals as stoically preserved their lounging as if the success or failure of their fellow was of no moment to them; and both acted as if the entire debate was a dreary farce, of which they long ago had tired.

THE BAR-MAID.

THE young women who attend the London bars are lady-like; and the people who drink there are, as a general thing, well-behaved. Sometimes the former hear something unpleasant; but they are given time, after the day is over, to retire and have a good cry.

And these young women get from seventy-five to one hundred and thirty dollars a year and their board.

They rarely found hospitals.

A TEN-FOOT ODE IN BEHOOF OF THE MULE.

A WEIRD phenomenon, O mule, art thou!

One pensive ear inclined toward the west,

The other sou'-sou'-east by a little sou'!

The acme explicate of peace and rest.

But who can tell at what untoward hour

Thy slumbering energy will assert its function,

With fervid eloquence and awakening power,

Thy hee-haw and thy heels in wild conjunction?

War, Hayoc, and Destruction envy thee!

Go! kick the stuffing out of time and space!

Assert thyself, thou Child of Destiny,

Till nature stands aghast with frightened face!

A greater marvel art thou than the wonder
Of Zeus from high Olympus launching thunder.

A COLUMN ABOUT THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR.

Not far from Edinburgh is a beautiful edifice called Roslyn Chapel. It was built some four hundred years ago, but has been kept in perfect repair by the



THE FARMER'S MOTTO: "FORK OVER."

Earls of Roslyn, who own it. The ornamentation is of the most extravagant kind, and, as it is done in stone, must have cost money. But what particularly



WE ENTER ABERDEEN BY COACH (see page 22).

struck me about the chapel is a column that transcends all the others in device and execution. It is called "The 'Prentice Pillar;" and there is a tradition in

connection with it, to the effect that the builder of the chapel went to Rome to study up something for a column, to be more gorgeous than all the others. When he got back, he saw, to his great vexation, that the apprentice had, in his absence, built a pillar that "danced all around" anything the old man had secured, *Orientially speaking*. He was so chagrined by the occurrence, that he picked up a hammer, and the apprentice was buried from his late residence two days after. This is the pillar.

That is a remarkable story; but it is true. I know it is true; for it is just like an apprentice, when his boss is absent, to just lay himself out on work, and to lie awake night after night planning how he can best employ the time next day in advancing his employer's interests. I haven't heard such a natural and upright anecdote as that is in a long while. It is so true, so lifelike!

I have been an apprentice myself, and the number of times I have been knocked down by a hammer for slaving and toiling during my employer's absence no one can tell.

I recollect that on one occasion he started into the village for a pound of eight-penny nails. I thought he would be gone about an hour, and had just stepped around the back of a fence to have a game of seven-up with a friend, when he returned.

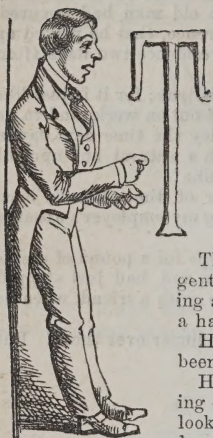
Those were the days of youth and hope. How I love to linger over them! But they are gone, and can never return to us.

He had had his boots double-soled the day before.



A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND "LAP."

A CAB-ALISTIC STUDY.



HERE are three objects of desire to the London visitor. One is the Tower of London; another is St. Paul's Cathedral; and the third is Westminster Abbey.

There are three other objects he has to see, whether he wants to or not. These are the cabmen, the hotel proprietors, and the servants.

As it is absolutely necessary to see these last three before he can see the first three, I shall devote this letter to an honest, if not flattering, account of the first of them.

The first man the traveller meets is a burly and red-faced gentleman, with a big metal plate on his coat (front) containing a number, mounted on the back of a cab, or the front of a hackney carriage.

He will grow familiar with this chap by the time he has been twenty-four hours in London.

He will find the race patrolling every back street, or standing on every important thoroughfare; and he will come to look upon them pretty much as a man looks upon a dog who has suddenly and most unexpectedly snapped at his leg.

The moment you step out of the train into any one of the stations, a railway porter asks you if you will have a cab, and if you have luggage. He calls the former, and, with the assistance of the driver, loads your latter, loads yourself, closes the door, and touches his hat to you; and you are off in a jiffy, feeling grateful for the volunteered relief and attention; while the porter stands on the platform, and curses you in the bottommost recesses of his heart for not giving him a sovereign for a shilling in a mistake.

Such is man when in health.

When you reach the hotel, "Cabby" jumps down with alacrity, and, with the assistance of the hotel porter, disembarks your luggage and yourself, charges you three shillings and sixpence, and is off again with an expression of purity on his countenance that is irresistible. You have a vague impression of reading on a card inside of the hackney, that any distance of two miles or less is to be charged one shilling; and you go into the hotel regretting that you have not time to stand on the kerbstone and give full play to your feelings.

It may be said that this system of extortion is common to all coachmen. Granted. But there are features of the London system which aggravate it far beyond the American process, and make it almost unbearable.

In the first place, this, until you become acquainted with the 'bus routes, is your only means of transfer about the city; and your helplessness is taken advantage of. Secondly, you are an American, with the impress of your nativity so indelibly set upon you, that no hackman fails to take advantage of your ignorance of the ways and customs of the country; and thus the American citizenship, upon which you have constantly, loudly, and almost offensively prided yourself, becomes a hated object to you.

After you have got into the hotel, and cooled down, you find some consolation in the reflection that you were so helpless, that no driver could be blamed for taking advantage of you.

After this, however, you'd like to see 'em, accompanying the deduction with a movement of the fist indicative of the belief that you never will see them do it again.

With the four-wheelers one plucking appears to be enough; and, once away from the stations, you are confident to be carried two miles in any direction for a shilling.

You take a hansom (two-wheeler) for a half-mile drive, and throw the driver a shilling. He looks at it in a perplexed and commiserative manner that is beyond all imitation, and asks—

“What's this for?”

You patiently explain to him. He says eighteen-pence is the fare. You protest that the distance does not warrant that charge. He is stubborn. You can force him, so the card says, to drive to the nearest police-station for adjudication. But you are a stranger. He may drive you to the first police-station, and he may drive you over the Embankment.

You pay him a sixpence more, and curse the government under which he thrives.

As long thereafter as you bear the mark of an American, so long will you be subject to the speculative tendencies of the Hansom cab-driver. The shilling goes to his employer; and the sixpence is laid up by himself for a rainy day.

It rains a great deal here.

The law which regulates the English cab-charges knows more than I about the matter. But still the charge appears to be a small sum, when it is understood that the cabman pays from six to ten shillings a day for the use of the establishment, and must drive that number of fares before he can begin to make anything for himself. They generally “bite” me, and it makes me mad enough to knock their heads off; and yet I am sorry for the poor devils. They have got to fleece somebody, I suppose, to make both ends meet. Still it would be much better if poor people did not have two ends.

But they don't scorch me so badly as they used to do. I have played a march on them by donning a pair of English trousers. They are light-coloured, and cling so tightly to my body and legs that every time I bend over the people in the next house know it. When I engage a cab, I bring my legs conspicuously to the front. When the driver looks into my open and ingenuous countenance, he is tempted to charge a sixpence, but on glancing down at my legs, he takes another thought, and unhesitatingly compromises on a threepence. The money I thus save I give to the South-sea Islanders—when I meet them.

A Boy being asked if they had family prayers at his house, promptly answered, “No; but we have got four bay windows.”

THE PRESS and the Pulpit may say what they please, but a man in dove-coloured continuations and patent-leather boots is not a fit person to adjust a tub for catching rain water.

THE SCHOOL VISITORS were the other day examining scholars for the High School. Mr. Pond, who is a remarkably deep and serious-appearing person, had charge of the grammar branch, and gave a bright-looking boy this sentence to correct: “Between you and I this is good butter.” The boy shortly returned the slip thus marked: “Incerrect; the post is omitted.”

HAD EVE heard any of our costers holler “apples,” there would have been no clothing stores to-day.

WHAT I SAW IN SAWNEEDOM.

BY A YANKEE YANKEE-RITE.



If any one asks you what sort of a country Scotland is, you can reply, without the faintest vestige of emotion, that it is lumpy.

I once walked over most of the lumps with an old gentleman who was nearly eighty years of age. He said he had often, when young, walked forty miles in a day; but he was old now, and could only creep along. I made several attempts to make a suitable reply; but it took so much of my wind to keep up with him, that I had to forego the pleasure. He would have laughed forty treadmills to scorn.

I did get out one question about the fishing in a burn we were passing.

"It's nae great amouंट of fesh ye'll find there," he said. "Fesh be as scarce hereabouts as soop (soap) in a cathedral toon (town)."

Volumes could hardly give a more comprehensive idea of one feature of a cathedral town.

Needless to add that he was nibbling oaten cake.

It was the staple article of food in the early wars of this people; and, after taking a bite, one ceases to wonder at the reckless bravery they displayed. I ate only two square inches of a thin cake, and was immediately seized with a ferocious desire to stab somebody. In fact, I tried to inveigle the boatswain of the "Iona" back of the pilot-house, with a sincere determination to cut him open; and, had he not been otherwise engaged, he would to-day be gathered to his fathers and other relatives.

I have not touched the cake since, nor a Seidlitz powder, whilst within the land o' cakes. I had had my dose of the former when a reminiscence of it in my Edinburgh hotel aroused me about two o'clock a.m. I stepped out of bed at the rate of about a mile and a half to the minute, and rang for a Seidlitz. The boots brought it at once, filled a tumbler half full of water, and added the powder; but there was nothing to stir it with. I said I would look in my clothes for a pencil. But he said he could manage it well enough, and immediately drew forth a venerable pocket-comb, and proceeded to agitate the powder with it in a prompt yet graceful manner, and then passed the glass to me. I thanked him for the infinitude of his resources, but told him I would let the powder settle before I drank it, as the sediments disturbed my stomach. I settled it by heaving it out of the window. I foresaw a heaving was imminent.

Being over in the Old Town next day I noticed a building bearing the date of 1792. It looked so absurd and impudent, thrusting its beardless face under the nose of its venerable companions, that I went in to the owner, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to stick such a young, inexperienced building among the hoary relics of the dim past. He was very much affected. He said he would have it taken down at once, and then went on to say: "This a dull day, sir?" A Scotch almanac is not an elaborate work, being simply, "About

this time look out for rain." But we are over here to see history and ruins, and must move along to

Holyrood Palace, which everybody goes to see. It was once a significant building, and has a history that should, and undoubtedly will, preserve it as long as one stone remains upon another. It contains a picture-gallery of the kings of Scotland for the past two thousand centuries. They were ordinary-looking men, and only needed shaving, and their hair cut, to make them presentable pedestrians for the streets of the nineteenth century. The portraits may be considered accurate, as they were painted after several hundred years of anxious study by the artist. There were several pictures of Robert Bruce, and a mighty hard struggle to spell his name in mongrel English or Latin. They had it *Evgenvis Robertvis Brvssivs*. I don't know what *Evgenvis* was for; but I presume it was where they ploughed around to get a start. From the picture-gallery is a passage leading into the tower, and on the floors above are shown the apartments of Queen Mary and her unfortunate husband Lord Darnley. Darnley's rooms were on the floor below those of his wife. For some time she had neglected him—even to shutting him out from her chambers, when a favourite, an Italian, named Rizzio, was admitted. They had many quarrels, when he would talk back, and she would throw skillets and rolling pins. I never heard anyone say so; but I am married myself.

Mary was a schemer (being a widow before marrying Darnley); and Rizzio was a schemer also, in the interests of France and Spain. The Scotch nobility became alarmed at the influence of the foreigner over their queen, and several of them conspired together to hang him to the city cross. Darnley was glad of the opportunity; and, the night the conspirators came to the palace, he met them in this little room where he slept (and where I am now staring at the walls), and conducted them up a private stairway to the audience-chamber. Off from the audience-chamber opens a little room, said to be the supper-room of the queen. She was there with Rizzio when the conspirators came in and told Rizzio that that was no place for him. The queen sprang to her feet; and the Italian, with characteristic courage, fell on his knees behind her.

They were up to a trick or two in those days that we think we have originated. Rizzio put his arm about Mary's waist, and clung tenaciously to her, whereupon one of the party just bent back his middle finger, and Mr. R. let go at once. I have been led to drop articles I had become attached to by the same very convincing argument.

Darnley then held his wife; and Rizzio was pulled out of the room, and dragged across the audience-chamber, their daggers plying into his shrinking and writhing body at every step. At the door they finished him. It was an awful murder, and we are apt to condemn the perpetrators. But we cannot properly understand and appreciate the cause for it. Perhaps Rizzio owned a hand-organ; Italians do. However, it would have been much better if Darnley



TOMMY IS FOND OF "SOFT TOMMY."

had made the quarrel his own, and brought a civil suit against Rizzio for sixty thousand dollars' damages and costs.

If this was her supper-room she was a slow queen, and had fallen far behind her French Court education. It is an irregular-shaped apartment, and hardly large enough for four people to eat a baked apple within it.

But the visitor is staggered on looking into what was the fair queen's dressing-room. It is an apartment that no two women could lace their shoes in; and how she, with her stiff bodice, lace furbelows, and long train, ever turned around after getting into the room, and got out again, is a matter on which history is ominously silent. As near as I can remember, the room is about nine feet long and four feet wide, and lighted by a single, narrow, deep-recessed window. The polished steel plate with which she arranged her back hair is here; so are many of her toilet articles. She always carried her own comb and brush, and never borrowed from the servants at the hotels where she stopped. A close resemblance between Mary and myself in this particular has struck the notice of a number of people, who have frequently commented upon it.

Mary's writing-desk is still preserved. I wondered, as I looked at it, if the people in those days used to spoil sheets of paper by dating with the old year instead of the new for the first fortnight of the latter, and swear at their luck, as I have heard respectable merchants do.

In the palace are innumerable figures, standing horizontally and perpendicularly, with an expression to their bodies as if they were feeling their way over thin ice—a very common characteristic of all ancient sculptures. They look as if even the bagpipe would not rouse them; this is the strongest expression I can use. Pipe-music, as a Scotch friend observed, sounds bonny coming over a hill, if you are going over the next hill at the same time.

At a fair outside, I saw three purchasers of cradles; they were females, and about sixty years old. Each one took up her purchase, and made off with it. I saw no young woman buy a cradle. That struck me as being so extraordinary, that I spoke to a policeman about it. All he said was to wink; which appeared to be so sensible, that I winked too; and there the matter rests.

MY FISH.

I ENTERED ABERDEEN BY COACH. (*See picture, page 16.*)

ABERDEEN is largely interested in fisheries,—a fact that is impressed upon the visitor very soon after his arrival. But, to see the fisheries in their full extent, he must go down to the water. In the season, the fish neighbourhood is a busy and loud-smelling place. I take great interest in such matters. We always are the most concerned about that which we understand the least. Besides, I like to see fish caught in quantities,—a pleasure I was denied when I was a fisherman; and, again, I am interested in knowing how enormous quantities of fish are handled without smothering the neighbours. When I was a boy I was passionately fond of fishing, and have frequently sat for hours at a time on a damp bank waiting for a bite. About sundown I could be seen approaching home with a very depressed and sick-looking fish on the end of two yards of string.

I rarely had more than one fish; but I managed to become so imbued with the odour of that single fish as to give the impression that I had caught a ton of them. My parents could never look upon this phenomenon as being other than a malicious deception on my part; and a little brother, with a better nose than heart,

used to declare, that, if he had to sleep with me, he would run away, and be a corsair.

A good corsair gets about ten dollars a day and his board, I understand.

It was not a pleasant undertaking, working my way down to the fish-district of Aberdeen. I found a man in the midst of several hundred barrels, busily engaged in branding them. Although he had many irons in the fire, yet he found time to converse with me.

The fish which Aberdeen chiefly deals in are herrings. When brought face to face with the fresh herring, I was very much surprised to find that he differs astonishingly from the boxed herring. I can't say that civilisation has done much for herrings or mackerel or codfish. It has preserved their good qualities at the sacrifice of their personal appearance. Anybody who has looked a salt mackerel square in the eye will bear me out in this view.

The brander of barrels had about him some dozen or so of women, who were adding brine to the barrels. The inspector had just been there examining, and put his mark on the barrels of fish. He had found every barrel to be in good condition, and this also tended to lift up the spirits of my friend. He had thirty boats of his own; and the most of them had got in the day before, and unloaded their cargoes. He took me to a large pen, where twenty women were opening the fish, taking out their mainsprings, and preparing them for the brine.

Each woman stood before a board, and held in her right hand a knife; with her left hand she picked up a herring, inserted the point of the knife into its stomach, drew out something which she flung aside, and threw the fish into the box before her. I hardly want to say that she opened and disposed of a fish in less than a second, and to say that there was a fish in the air all the while would be a gross injustice to her acquirements. There was an unbroken procession of them, leading from the right hand to the box. There was no slip of the knife, no picking up a fish wrong end first, no interruption at all. I was charmed beyond expression, and stood rooted to the spot, drinking in the wonderful beauty of the scene, and holding my nose.

The fish I used to carry home on the end of two yards of string was generally about two inches and a half long. The reflection that weighed heavily upon me all the way home was the fact that that fish had to be cleaned before I could dispose of it, and that I had to clean it. This finally inspired me with a dislike to my prey, and led me to wonder why fish were provided with insides and scales. On reaching home, and disposing of a cold supper, I hunted up a clean board, got the largest knife to be found in the house, and began the task in the kitchen by the light of a paraffin-lamp.

First I went to work at the scales, holding on to the tail until that gave out, and then catching hold of the body until the tension caused the fish to burst open and spill over me. Sometimes the fish would slip into the sink, but more frequently on to the floor. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour I had removed some fifteen scales, ten of which were up my sleeve, and the others on my nose, being transferred from my hand to that feature while engaged in rubbing my eye, which invariably itches on such an occasion.

About this time my mother would make her appearance, and just in time to see the paraffin lamp narrowly escape going over on to the floor. With the help of a pair of tongs I was induced to transfer my operations to the backyard, and continue them in the starlight. Here I would struggle with that contrary and exasperating fish for a full hour, at the end of which time I had screwed off its head and wrenched away its tail, and made its body look something like Lazarus' shirt. The next morning, an hour would be lost in prevailing upon the lady-help to smuggle my fish into the frying-pan; and it eventually came to the

table an inch long, and looking so insignificant, that my father quite frequently took it down by accident, and didn't find out the error until the spare scales got in his windpipe, and threatened to strangle him.

No wonder I was charmed with the speed with which these women dressed these herrings; although it made me sad to feel that the herrings were not alive, and consequently could not realise and appreciate the artistic way in which they were being handled.

RAILING AT OUR RAILWAYS.

THE stations (says the American traveller) are marvels of compactness, convenience (Willesden Junction, to wit!), and attractiveness (Waterloo!). They are built of either brick or stone, are commodious, and have an abundance of platform-room; and the platforms are faced up with ponderous stone, and surfaced with either concrete or flags. There are no uneven planks to catch your toes, or scale off and thrust slivers into your broken soles.

At all the stations there are settees outside for the accommodation of those who prefer to wait there. Some people are convinced that a train will come sooner if they are outside looking for it; and this conviction is never weakened on discovering that they have been looking in the wrong direction.

The luggage system is abominable, to speak mildly. No checks are used. The baggage is simply labelled to its destination, and the passenger is expected to look after it himself. When he changes roads, or arrives at his place, he must hurry to the luggage-van and pick out his property. To a man with eight trunks there is nothing particularly attractive in the scenery he passes through.

And quite frequently the traveller has some difficulty in selecting his trunk, unless it is small and shabby; in which case he can take the first fat one that comes to light, put it on a cab, and make off. This he should execute when the general attention is arrested elsewhere, or else another specimen of arrest may ensue.

The first-class compartments are not so largely patronised as Americans imagine, or as they would be were they in vogue in America, where "appearance" is almost everything. They have a saying here, that "none but princes, Americans, and fools ride first-class." I don't know anything about princes and



A GRINDING MONOPOLY (see page 21).

fools; but I can see a delicate appreciation of the American character in the proverb that appears almost supernatural.

In sleeping-cars there is no difficulty in getting a berth. They are almost exclusively patronised by Americans. An Englishman has a horror of being pitched into eternity in his under-clothes. The lowest speed of the English express-train is forty miles an hour, the highest sixty miles.

It is positive wickedness for a man to fool around in front of one of those trains in his best suit of clothes, unless he has a spite against his tailor, and, by a unique accident, he is the one individual who has not paid his bills.

The sworn tormentor of the rail is Bradshaw's Guide. Except to the destination of the exorbitant employer of profane phraseology I do not know to whither it is a guide.

Then there are a number much smaller than Bradshaw's, which can be bought for a penny each, and even less than that where a party takes a barrel of them; but it is rarely a traveller needs that quantity. Besides these, the companies themselves issue a guide every month or so—a voluminous work, giving the time and stations on their main and branch lines. These guides are the very essence of all that is maddening; and there is nothing, unless it is a contrary woman, which will drive a man so delirious. They are making people morose and discontented, dividing families, and crowding the lunatic asylums. It is no wonder there is so much drinking here. A single page of Bradshaw's would break up a nest of hornets, and drive full two-thirds of them into drunkards' graves.

LINGERING IN LYNN.

LYNN looks, with its two and three storied houses, as if it had been beaten into the earth with a gigantic mallet.

Many of the houses have their second stories protruding over the walk. That was a very economical way of building two hundred years ago, as there was no cost for air, and the builder got more room on the second floor than he could get from his deed on the first. During a rain-storm the protuberances are nice to stand under, and watch somebody go by with your umbrella. The countrymen, though, are not habituated to umbrellas. Every Londoner carries an umbrella, and would as soon think of going out without the back of his head as without an umbrella. It is his constant companion at every step—on the promenade, at



THE SUITOR-IN-PLAID. (N.B.—The *Played-out Suitor* is in the extreme background.)

church, the play, at the shop, everywhere. He doesn't carry it because he has a special fondness for it, or because there is any particular virtue in its possession; but he carries it because it is a habit; and he could no more break himself of it than he could break from any other habit, unless he should diet himself, and consent to be placed under a physician's care; which he rarely does. He paws over shop-goods with it; sticks it into tarts; and, for all I know to the contrary, pokes it into the ribs of his dead friends to see what they died of.

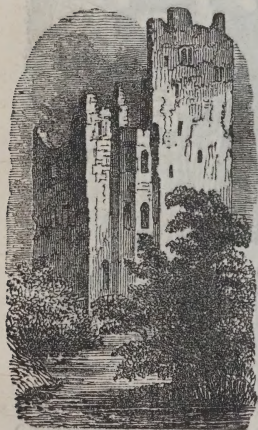
The Lynn man, and the rural man in general, seldom carries an umbrella; but he is partial to a stick. From the nobleman down to what is expressively called a "clodhopper," all carry sticks. At a farmer's house I recently visited I saw no less than twelve substantial sticks hanging up in his hall. They were used by himself, and, in looking over them, I was struck by a remark he made. It was—

"I must be having a new stick soon."

In my tour, I have encountered two or three others who experienced the same *carricular* heat on the *prop-er* study of mankind. Walking-sticks were the standard article of sale at Port Augustus, Scotland.

The Scotch and English passengers made eager purchases. Some of them had a stick already; but they each got another one. One man had three sticks and an umbrella; but he bought one of the Port Augustus sticks. He told me that none of us could tell what might happen; our lives hung by a thread, as it were; and we couldn't have too many sticks. They were more easily obtained as far as freedom of pick goes than in Glasgow, where an English friend called at a shop to purchase one. He saw one near the door that suited him, and, learning its price, concluded to take it. Naturally enough, he wanted to look at some others, to see if he might not be better suited; but the dealer, an old man, did not offer to show him any more. Then he said, "Can't I look at some other sticks?" And the dealer said, "If the stick in your hand pleases you, why should you look at others?" That closed the interview.

YE OLDE, OLDE CASTLE.



A CASTLE IN CASTILLE.

THE castle was used as a place of fortification in the feudal days, when the only law in operation appeared to be that of might, and when the stronger of two neighbouring barons could, and frequently did, wrest away the other's property. To the tenants it made but little difference, I suspect, to whom they paid their rents. Half-way up the staircase is an opening in the ceiling, through which the besieged, when the enemy gained the stairway, poured hot oil and molten lead on the besiegers. When a man got a quart of molten lead down his back he relaxed his hold on the stones, left at once, and rarely called again for the hot oil. It is a trifling incident; but it shows that the people of those days were not wholly grasping and avaricious, as history would have us believe.

In some instances, as in that of Warwick Castle particularly, they were modernised and improved upon, and are to-day in business, and doing well. But in most cases they were deserted for more comfortable dwellings; and, being too strongly built to be taken apart with economy, their walls

were left. As for the wood-work, it was wrenched out for fuel; and as for the window-glass, where one could boast such a luxury, it was undoubtedly stoned out by the neighbouring boys on Saturday afternoons. As to why the wood-work was not carefully removed, and used in parts of the new structure, I would mention that it was mostly of oak, and most respectfully refer you for full information to some carpenter who has taken down an old oaken building, and undertaken to re-use the material. Anybody who has attempted to drive a cast-iron nail into a venerable oak board will be pleased to give you any information you may desire, if he is alive.

The interior principally boasted tables which no man with a tender back ever tried to hoist out of the way when his spectacles dropped underneath, and two highly-carved and remarkably straight-backed chairs. They were handsome enough; but no mortal could sit in one of them and feel pleasant toward his neighbours. I do not wonder now that our ancestors were so prone to blood, and suffered death so satisfactorily. Any man who sat in one of those chairs for thirty years must have found death at the stake or block a positive luxury.

The walls were not plastered inside. Perhaps their ugliness was not concealed at all, but was just as we now find it. In such a case there must have been trouble. Imagine young Lord de Rowbeer, whose father recently came over with the Conqueror, dancing a set with a bewitching partner. In the excitement of the dance he is struck against by Baron Ovonner, also recently from Normandy, and sent spinning against the nutmeg-grater wall. You will have no trouble in imagining him getting on his feet in a way to conceal the damage to his breeches, and with the blood trickling down his face, his sword drawn, and shaking with passion, inviting the baron to step out into the back yard and get "nailed" between the eyes. With equal ease we can imagine the baron, later in the night, awakened from a sound, virtuous sleep by a lump of concrete falling from the wall of his bed-chamber and striking him on the nose. We will not pause to listen to his remarks.

SKIP IF YOU CHEWS.

I KNOW of no place, unless it is San Francisco, which makes more of a display of its cigar and tobacco stores than London. We can understand it in the former place, where everybody smokes, and many chew; but here in London, where you may pass a hundred men on the street with not one smoking, the shop display is a phenomenon. The pipe is the favourite; but that is generally smoked indoors. I presume the reason Londoners do not smoke more frequently on the street is out of regard for the atmosphere, which already contains about all the smoke it can stand!

Chewing-tobacco, excepting the plug, cannot be obtained in all England. One tobacconist in London tried to smuggle some of it here; but, our American chewing-tobacco being an adulterated article, his whole stock was confiscated. He confidently told me there were other ways of amusing himself less costly and injurious than smuggling fine-cut tobacco into England for the edification of travelling Americans.

There was a man named Phillips staying at my hotel. He came from Pennsylvania, and was an inveterate tobacco-chewer. Before he left home an Englishman told him he could get tobacco and everything else in London. He didn't bring any tobacco with him, because of this information from an English source. He told me that sea-sickness was a box at the opera in comparison to the agony he endured. Had it not been for the prospect of getting "Solace"

in London, he would have jumped overboard, and had the company sued by his wife's father.

When he got here and found no tobacco his grief was terrible. It was like the boy's ball which fell into a ditch : it knew no bounds. He haunted the tobacco-stores. He paraded the streets like a spectre out of health. He chewed bits of cigars, smoking-tobacco, and all the ravellings out of every pocket in which he had ever carried tobacco. He would talk by the hour of the tobacco he had seen thrown away because of its being damaged, and distinctly remembered having thrown away a paper of tobacco himself twenty-two years ago last March. With equal clearness he remembered every occasion he had emptied his pockets of the tobacco-dust accumulated therein, "and," he shrieked in a burst of remorse, "flung it away as if it had been so much worthless sand." The point on which he dwelt with the most pain was the fact, that, for a period of six months, he voluntarily went without tobacco some twelve years ago. He invariably shivered and turned white when reverting to it.

When the American minister returned to London from his journey home for a bride, Phillips went at once to his house in the almost hopeless hope of getting a chew—"just one little chew," he said to me.

But the American minister didn't use the weed ; and the poor devil came back almost wild with disappointment. The next day he returned to America, solemnly promising, that, if Heaven spared his life, he would find that Englishman, and kill him. And he will keep his word.

THE SOLE ATTRACTION.

FRIED sole is not a bad dish, after all ; but any one who had been all his life nourished on currycombs would hardly find variety enough in fried sole.

It is the favourite dish at the restaurants, and has delicacy enough, for that matter ; but it is simply a paper of pins thinly disguised. And when you hear a waiter with a sore throat scream down the recesses of an elevator, "One fried sole, quick !" the start you receive tends to prejudice you against the fish.

ARTEMUS WARD IN CANADA.

I'm at present existin' under a monikal form of Gov'ment. In other words I'm travellin' among the crowned heds of Canady. They ain't pretty bad people. On the contr'y, they air exceedin' good people.

Troo, they air deprived of many blessins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of any American Egil to onchain, and they hain't got a Fourth of July to their backs.

Altho' this is a monikal form of Gov'ment, I am onable to perceeve much moniky. I tried to get a piece in Toronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. Victoria, who is Queen of England, and has all the luxuries of the markets, incloodin' game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's mightier. She, however, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a prints or lord, who's called a Gov'ner Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politicians, and I expect they don't differ from our politicians, some of 'em bein' gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Gov'n'r of Canady is Lord Lorne. I saw him review some volunteers at Quebec. He was accompanied by some other lords and dukes and generals, and those fellows all went under arches and citadels and things. It is said no foe could ever git into Quebec, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd want to get in there for.

Quebeck has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there. Jim Wolfe commanded the latters, and Jo Montcalm the formers. Both were lively boys, and fit nobly. But Wolfe was too many measles for Montcalm, and the French was slew'd. Wolfe and Montcalm was both killed. In arter years a common monymnt was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebeck to these noble fellows. That was well done.

Durin' the Revolutionary War Ben E. Dick Arnold made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quebeck, which it was one of the largest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. Arnold's funeral had come off immedi'ty on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onct some tall fitin' and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slew'd on that there occasion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a hansum thing by cartin' the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin' 'em "Probe bony public Co." But the private co. makes the most by the operation.

MR. ROSCOE CONKLING, the ex-senator has a somewhat exhalted opinion of himself, whereon Twain sarcastically remarks: "We do not believe the story that Roscoe Conkling wrote to his tailor, 'I want a new suit of clothes. Haven't time to be measured. Go to art gallery and measure statue of Oppollo, Belvidere, and make a suit by that measurement.' We don't believe that Roscoe would admit that the statue would come anywhere near his form in perfection."

"COOK"-ED ACCOUNT OF THE TRAVELLING COCKNEY.

It was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short;
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters,
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame;
For the aspirate was missing
Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted,
He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked: "'Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome!"
And declared upon his honour,—
Though, of course, 'twas very queer,—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the hart of making beer!

When I named the Colosseum,
 He observed, "Tis very fair ;
 I mean, ye know, it *would* be,
 If they'd put it in repair ;
 But what progress or *himprovement*
 Can those curst *Hitalians* 'ope
 While they're *hunder* the dominion
 Of that blooming muff, the Pope ?"

When I left the man-in-gaiters,
 He was grumbling o'er his gin,
 At the charges of the hostess
 Of that famous Flemish inn ;
 And he looked a very Briton
 (So, methinks, I see him still),
 As he pocketed the candle
 That was mentioned in the bill !

DOCTOR X, is as bad a hunter as he is a physician, but this does not prevent him regularly as the hunting season comes round from spending a fortnight in the fields with his dog and gun. "And that's the only period of the year when he doesn't kill anything," said one of his colleagues, kindly.

It took an entire grand jury to find a true bill against a rogue who passed a false one.

THIRDLX.—A preacher who used notes had the misfortune to deliver a discourse—or, rather, as the sequel will show, a portion of a discourse—in a breezy spot, of which rash act the consequence was that "thirdly" was missing. The embarrassed pastor repeated several times: "Thirdly, my brethren—thirdly." This lasted several minutes, till at last an excited old lady rose from her seat and exclaimed, "Thirdly went out of the window."

HER lips were like the leaves, he said,

By autumn's crimson tinted ;

"Some people autumn leaves preserve

By pressing them," she hinted.

The meaning of the gentle hint——

The lover did discern,

And so he clasped her round the neck,

And glued his lips to her'n.

A PARAGRAPH FROM "WEEDA."

THE chief weeds with which the farmer has to contend are thistles and poppies. There is nothing remarkable about thistles, unless you are barefooted ; but the idea of a poppy being a weed is striking enough. How choice Americans are of them in gardens, and what an addition to a plot are a half-dozen of these brilliantly-flowering plants ! Try, then, to conjure up thousands of them in one enclosure. They are called "red weed" in England. They flourish principally in the grain fields, where their deep red contrasts magnificently with the dark green of the wheat and barley and oats. Surely Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto these ; nor smelt like them, I hope.

Rearing their scarlet heads among the dark-green grain, they present a picture that must touch every heart, although differently. I have seen two men stand at a fence on opposite sides of a field, and gaze for a half-hour at the wonderful blending of colour. The one was speechless, his eyes glistening with the most exquisite delight : he was a tourist. The other was speechless also ; but his eyes did not glisten : he was the owner of the field.

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale :
 Bless me ! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the Rail !

Men of different " stations "
 In the eye of Fame
 Here are very quickly
 Coming to the same.
 High and lowly people,
 Birds of every feather,
 On a common level
 Travelling together !

Gentleman in shorts,
 Looming very tall ;
 Gentleman at large,
 Talking very small ;
 Gentleman in tights,
 With a loose-ish mien ;
 Gentleman in grey,
 Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,
 Asking for the news ;
 Gentleman in black,
 In a fit of blues,
 Gentleman in claret,
 Sober as a vicar ;
 Gentleman in drab,
 Dreadfully in liquor !

Stranger on the right,
 Looking very sunny,
 Obviously reading
 Something rather funny.
 Now his mouth is undone.
 Why his grins ? They mean :—
 In his hand the LONDON
 LIBRARY is seen !

Stranger on the left,
 Closing up his peepers ;
 Now he snores amain,
 Like the Seven Sleepers ;
 At his feet a volume
 Gives the explanation,
 How the man grew stupid
 From " Association."

Ancient maiden lady
 Anxiously remarks,
 That there must be peril
 'Mong so many sparks ;
 Roguish-looking fellow,
 Turning to the stranger,
 Says it's his opinion
 . *She* is out of danger !

Woman with her baby,
 Sitting vis-à-vis ;
 Baby keeps a squalling,
 Woman looks at me ;
 Asks about the distance,
 Says it's tiresome talking,
 Noises of the cars
 Are so very shocking !

Market-woman, careful
 Of the precious casket,
 Knowing eggs is eggs,
 Tightly holds her basket ;
 Feeling that a smash,
 If it came, would surely
 Send her eggs to pot
 Rather prematurely !

Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale :
 Bless me ! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the Rail !

"WHAT's an audiphone?" asked an ignoramus of an acquaintance; who replied: "It is a contrivance for making a deaf person to hear by placing a sort of telegraphic communication on the teeth." "Humph!" was the response. "Enables deaf folks to hear through their teeth, hey? Then I s'pose it'll enable blind folks to see through their eye teeth, hey?"

"SAY," said the ichthyosaurus to the pterodactyl, "when I was down among the pliocene people the other day, I heard a new story." "Steam ahead," rejoined the pterodactyl, as he took his seat on the branch of a giant fern. "Well," continued the ichthyosaurus, "there was once a megatherium who had a number of fine Devonian pines in front of his yard, of which he was very proud, and he particularly cautioned young megatherium, to whom he had given a little hatchet, not to cut them. One day, while walking in his garden, he noticed that one of the trees had been cut." "Oh, cut that story, too," snarled the pterodactyl; "I heard that when I went to school with the primitive polyps." Then they separated, and the pterodactyl said he'd see him again, when he had something new.

THE BOY asked: "Why do you blow down the muzzle of your gun?" And the man replied: "To see if—" and just then he discovered that it was. The boy attended his funeral.

DON'T judge a man by the silk umbrella which he carries. He may have just left a cotton one in its place.



THE HANDY CAD.

THE END.

NIGGER NONSENSE.

A FOUR-PRONG TOOTHACHE.



MAKING "LIGHT" OF HIS PAIN.

WHEN Uncle Remus put in an appearance one morning recently, his friends knew he had been in trouble. He had a red cotton handkerchief tied under his chin, and the genial humour that usually makes his black face its dwelling-place had given way to an expression of grim melancholy. The young men about the newspaper office were inclined to chaff him, but his look of sullen resignation remained unchanged.

"What revival did you attend last night?" inquired one.

"What was the colour of the mule that did the hammering?" asked another.

"I always told the old man that a suburban chicken-coop would fall on him," remarked some one.

"A strange pig has been squealing in his ear," suggested some one else.

But Uncle Remus remained impassive. He seemed to have lost all interest in what was going on around him, and he sighed heavily as he seated himself on the edge of the waste-box in front of the office. Finally some one asked, in a sympathetic tone—

"What is the matter, old man? You look like you'd been through the mill."

"Now you'er knockin' at de back-do' sho'. Ef I ain't bin throo de mill sence day 'fo' yistiddy, den dey ain't no mills in de lan'. Ef wunner deze yer scurshun trains had runned over me I couldn't er bin wuss off. I bin trompin' 'roun' in de low-groun's now gwine on seventy-fi' year, but I ain't see no sich times ez dat

w'at I done speriuunst now. Boss, is enny er you all ever rastled wid de toof-ache?"

"Oh, hundreds of times! The toothache isn't anything."

"Den you des played 'roun' de aidges. You ain't had de kine w'at kotch me on de underjaw. You mout a had a gum-bile, but you ain't bin boddered wid de toofache. I wuz settin' up talkin' wid my ole 'oman, kinder puzzlin' 'roun' fer ter see whar de nex' meal's vittles wuz a gwineter cum fum, an' I feel a little ache sorter crawlin' long on my jaw-bone, kinder feelin' his way. But de ache don't stay long. He sorter hankered 'roun' like, en den crope back whar he come fum. Bimeby I feel 'im comin' agin, an' dis time hit look like he come up closer—kinder skummishin' 'roun' fer ter see how the lan' lay. Den he went off. Present'y I feel 'im comin', an' dis time hit look like he 'kyar'd de News unto Mary,' fer hit feel like der wuz anudder wan wid 'im. Dey crep' up, and crep' 'roun', an' den dey crope off. Bimeby dey come back, an' dis time dey come like dey wuzen't fear'd er de s'roundin's, fer dey trot right up unto de toof, sorter 'zamine it like, an' den trot all roun' it, like deze yer circuous hosses. I sot dar mighty ca'm, but I spected dat sump'n wuz gwine ter happ'n."

"And it happened, did it?" asked some one in the group surrounding the old man.

"Boss, don't yer fergit it," responded Uncle Remus, fervidly. "W'en dem aches galloped back dey galloped fer ter stay, an' dey wuz so mixed up dat I couldn't tell one fum de same. All night long dey racked an' dey galloped, an' w'en dey got tired er rackin' an' gallopin' dey all cloze in on de ole toof an' thumped it an' gouged at it twel it 'peared unto me dat dey had got de jaw-bone loosened up, an' wuz tryin' fer ter fetch it up throo de top er my head an' out at der back er my neck. An' dey got wuss nex' day. Mars John, he seed I wuz 'stracted, an' he tole me fer ter go roun' yere an' git sump'n put on it, an' de drug man he 'lowed dat I better have 'er draw'd, an' his wuds wuzen't mor'n cole 'fo' wunner deze watchyoumaycollums—wunner deze dentis' mens—had retched fer it wid a pa'r er tongs w'at don't turn loose w'en dey ketches a holt. Leas'-ways dey didn't wid me. You oughter seed dat toof, boss. Hit wuz wunner deze yer fo'-prong fellers. Ef she'd grow'd wrong eend out'ard, I'd a bin a bad nigger long arter I jin'd de chu'ch."



JUST THE ONE TO CATCH AND PEEL THE SEA-SERPENT: A "PEELER."

MATILDA, a coloured servant, on being told to pack and leave, blubbered dreadfully, and refused to be comforted. The lady of the house tried to comfort her, telling her not to give way so, that she might call in on Sunday and see the family. "Tain't dat ar. I jess can't help bellerin'. I always bellers when I quits a place. I has worked for some of de lowest-down, meanest folks on Galveston Island, but when I comes to leab I allers bellers—and de meaner dey is, the louder I bellers."

OLD MR. RABBIT FISHES AND HUNTS.

BRER (Brother) RABBIT en Brer Fox wuz like some chilluns; bofe en um wuz allers atter wunner anudder. An' one time hit turn out dat Brer Rabbit bin makin' so free wid Mr. Man's greens dat Mr. Man, he tuck'n sot a trap fer Brer Rabbit, en de Rabbit he so greedy dat he tuck'n walk right spang in it 'fo' he know hisse'f. Well, 'twa'n't long 'fo' yer come Mr. Man, broozin' 'roun', en he ain't no sooner see ole Brer Rabbit dan he smack his han's tergedder en holler out:

"Youer nice feller, you is! Yer you bin gobblin' up my greens, en now you tryin' ter walk off my trap. Youer mighty nice chap—dat's w'at you is! But now dat I got you, I'll des 'bout settle wid you fer de ole en de new."

En wid dat, Mr. Man, he go off, he did, down in de bushes atter han'ful er switches. Ole Brer Rabbit he ain't sayin' nuthin', but he feelin' mighty lonesome, en he sot dar lookin' like eve'y minnit wuz gwineter be de nex'. En w'iles Mr. Man wuz off prepar'n his bresh-broom, who should come p'radin' 'long but Brer Fox. De Fox made a great 'miration, he did, 'bout de fix w'at he fine Mr. Rabbit in, but de Rabbit he make like he fit ter kill hisse'f laffin', en he up'n tell de Fox, he did, dat Miss Meadows's fokes want 'im ter go down ter der house in 'tennunce on a weddin', en he 'low w'ich he couldn't, en dey 'low how he could, en den bimeby dey take'n tie 'im dar w'iles dey go atter de preacher, so he be dar w'en dey come back. En mo'n dat, Brer Rabbit up'n tell Brer Fox dat his chilluns's mighty low wid de fever, en he bleedzd ter go atter same pills fer'm, an he ax Brer Fox fer ter take his place en go down ter Miss Meadows's en have nice time wid de pooty gals. Brer Fox, he in fer dem kinder pranks, en twa'n't no time 'for' Brer Rabbit had ole Brer Fox harness up der in his place, en den he make like he got ter make 'as'e en git de pill fer dem sick chilluns. Brer Rabbit wa'n't mo'n out er sight 'fo' yer come Mr. Man wid a han'ful er birches, but w'en he see Brer Fox tied up dar, he look like he 'stonished.

"Heyo!" sez Mr. Man, sezee, "you done change colour, en you done got bigger, en yo' tail done grow out. W'at kin'er w'atzynome is you, ennyhow?" sezee.

Brer Fox, he stay still, en Mr. Man, he talk on:

"Hit's mighty big luck," sezee, "ef w'en I ketch de chap w'at nibble my greens, likewise I ketch de feller w'at gnyaw my goose," sezee, en wid dat he let inter Brer Fox wid de rods, en de way he play rap-jacket wuz a caution ter de naberhood. Brer Fox, he juk en he jump, en he squeal en he squall, but Mr. Man, he shower down on 'im, he did, like fightin' a red was'-nes'.

Bimeby, de switches, dey got frazzle out, en Mr. Man, he put out atter mo', en w'en he done got far-ly outer yearin', Brer Rabbit, he show'd up, he did, kaze he des bin hidin' out in de bushes lis'nin' at de racket, en he 'low hit mighty funny dat Miss Meadows ain't come 'long, keze he done bin down ter de doctor house, en dat's fudder dan de preacher, yit. Brer Rabbit make like he hurr'in' on home, but Brer Fox, he open up, he did, en he say:

"I thank you fer ter tu'n me loose, Brer Rabbit, en I'll be 'blike," sezee, "keze you done tie me up so tight dat it make my head swim, en I don't speck I'd las' fer ter git ter Miss Meadows's," sezee.

Brer Rabbit, he sot down sorter keerless like, en begin fer ter scratch one year like a man studyin' 'bout sump'n.

"Dat's so, Brer Fox," sezee, "you duz look sorter stove up. Look like sump'n be onkoamin' yo' ha'rs," sezee,

Brer Fox ain't sayin' nothin', but Brer Rabbit, he keep on talkin':

"Dey ain't no bad feelin's 'twix' us, is dey, Brer Fox? Kaze ef dey is, I ain't got no time fer ter be tarryin' 'round yer."

Brer Fox say w'ich he don't have no onfrenneless, en wid dat Brer Rabbit cut de Fox loose des in time fer ter hear Mr. Man w'isserlin up his dogs, en one went one way en de udder went nudder.

Mr. Fox feel so bad 'bout dis, en he git so mad 'bout de Rabbit, dat he dunno w'at ter do, en he look mighty down-hearted. Bimeby, one day wiles he wuz gwine 'long de road, ole Brer Wolf come up wid 'im. W'en dey done howdyin' en axin' atter one nudder's fambly kunnexshon, Brer Wolf, he 'low, he did, dat der wuz sump'n wrong wid Brer Fox, en Brer Fox, he 'low'd der wern't, en he went on ter laff en make great ter-do kaze Brer Wolf look like he spishun sump'n. But de Wolf, he got mighty long head, en he sorter broach 'bout Brer Rabbit's kyar'ns on, kaze de way dat Brer Rabbit 'ceive de Fox done got ter be de talk er de naberhood. Den Brer Fox en Mr. Wolf dey sorter palavered on, dey did, twel bimeby Brer Wolf he up'n say dat he done got plan fix fer ter trap Brer Rabbit. Den Brer Fox say how? Den de Wolf up'n tell 'im dat de way fer ter git de drap on Brer Rabbit wuz ter git 'im in Brer Fox house. Fox dun know Brer Rabbit uv ole, en he know dat game kint be done wi'out a razzle, but Brer Wolf, he talk mighty 'swadin'.

"How you gwine git 'im dar?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Fool 'im dar," sez de Wolf, sezee.

"Who gwine do de foolin'?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"I'll do de foolin'," sez Mr. Wolf, sezee, "ef you'll do de gamin'," sezee.

"How you gwine do it?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"You run 'long home, en git on de bed, en make like you dead, en don't you say nuthin' twell Brer Rabbit come en put his han's onter you," sez Mr. Wolf, sezee, "en ef we don't git 'im fer supper, Joe's dead en Sal's a widder," sezee.

Dis look like mighty nice game, en Brer Fox 'greed. So den he amble off home, en Wolf, he march off ter Brer Rabbit house. W'en hé got dar, hit look like nobody at home, but de Wolf he walk up en knock on de do'—blam! blam! Nobody come. Den he lam aloose en knock 'gin—blim! blim!

"Who dar?" sez de Rabbit, sezee.

"Fr'en," sez Brer Wolf.

"Too many fr'en's spiles de dinner," sez Mr. Rabbit, sezee; "w'ich un's dis?" sezee.



BY "LEAF" OF THE "PAGE."



TABBY OR NOT TABBY.

"I fetch bad news, Brer Rabbit," sez de Wolf, sezee.

"Bad news is soon tole," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

By dis time Brer Rabbit done come ter de do', wid his head tied up in a red hankcher.

"Brer Fox died dis mawnin'," sez Mr. Wolf, sezee.

"Whar yo' mo'nin' gown, Brer Wolf?" sez de Rabbit, sezee.

"Gwine atter it now," sez Brer Wolf, sezee. "I des call by fer ter bring de news. I went down ter Brer Fox house little bit 'go, en dar I foun' im stiff," sezee.

Den dis Wolf lope off. Brer Rabbit sot down en scratch his head, he did, en bimeby he say ter hisse'f dat he b'leeve he sorter drap 'roun' by de Fox's house fer ter see how de lan' lay. No sooner said'n done. Up he jump, en out he went. W'en Brer Rabbit got close ter Mr. Fox house, all look lonesome. Den he went up nigher. Nobody stirrin'. Den he look in, en dar lay Brer Fox stretch out on de bed des ez big ez life. Der Brer Rabbit makelike he talkin' to hisse'f.

"Nobody 'roun' fer ter look atter Brer Fox! I hope Brer Fox ain't dead, but I speek he is," sezee. "Even down ter Brer Wolf all gone en lef' 'im. Hit's de busy season wid me, but I'll set up wid 'im. He seem like he dead, yet he mayn't be," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. "W'en a man go ter see dead fokes, dead fokes allers raises up der behime leg en hollers, *wahoo!*" sezee.

Sho' nuff, Brer Fox lif' up his foot en holler *wahoo!* en Brer Rabbit he tear out de house like de dogs wuz atter 'im. Brer Fox he lit out atter 'im, he did, en he push Brer Rabbit so close dat it wuz 'bout all he could de fer ter git in a holler tree. Hole too little fer Brer Fox fer ter git in, en he hatter lay down en res' en gedder his mine tergedder.

While he wuz layin' dar, Mr. Buzzard come floppin' long, en seein' Brer Fox stretch out on de groun', he lit en view de premisses. Den Mr. Buzzard sorter shake his wing, en put his head on one side, en say to hisse'f like, sezee :



BRUDDER RABBIT.

"Brer Fox dead, en I so sorry," sezee.

"No I ain't dead, nudder," sez Brer Fox, sezee. "I got ole man Rabbit pent up in yer," sezee, "en I'm a gwineter git 'im dis time ef it take twel Chris'mus," sezee.

Den, atter some mo' palaver, Brer Fox make a bargain dat Mr. Buzzard wuz ter watch de hole, en keep Brer Rabbit dar wiles Brer Fox went atter his axe. Den Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en Mr. Buzzard, he tuck up his stan' at de hole. Bimeby, w'en all git still, Brer Rabbit sorter scramble down close ter de hole, he did, en holler out—

"Brer Fox! Oh! Brer Fox!"

Brer Fox done gone, en nobody say nuthin'. Den Brer Rabbit squall out like he wuz mad; sezee:

"You needn't talk less you wanten," sezee; "I knows youer dar, en I ain't keerin'," sezee. "I des wanten tell you dat I wish mighty bad Brer Tukkey Buzzard wuz here," sezee.

Den de Buzzard try ter talk like Brer Fox:

"Wa't you want wid Mr. Buzzard?" sezee.

"Oh, nuthin' in 'tickler, 'cep' dere's de fattes' gray squir'l in yer dat ever I see," sezee, "en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard wuz 'roun' he'd be mighty glad fer ter git 'im," sezee.

"How Mr. Buzzard gwine ter git im?" sez de Buzzard, sezee.

"Well, dar's a little hole 'roun' on de udder side er de tree," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard wuz here so he could take up his stan' dar." sezee, "I'd drive dat squir'l out," sezee.

"Drive 'im out, den," sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee, "en I'll see dat Brer Tukkey Buzzard gits 'im," sezee.

Den de Rabbit kick up a racket, like he wer' drivin' sumpin' out, en Mr. Buzzard he rush 'roun' fer ter ketch de squir'l, en de Rabbit, he dash out, he did, en he des fly fer home.

Well, Mr. Buzzard, he feel mighty lonesome, he did, but he done prommust Brer Fox dat he'd stay, en he 'termin' fer ter sorter hang 'roun' en jine in de joke. En he ain't hatter wait long, nudder, kase bimeby yer come de Fox gallopin' throo de woods wid his axe on his shoulder.

"How you speck Brer Rabbit gettin' on, Brer Buzzard?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Oh, he in dar," sez Brer Buzzard, sezee. "He mighty still, dough. I speck he takin' a nap," sezee.

"Den I'm des in time fer ter wake 'im up," sez Brer Fox, sezee. En wid dat he fling off his coat en grab de axe. Den he draw back en come down on de tree—pow! En eve'y time he come down wid de axe—pow!—Mr. Buzzard, he step high, he did, en holler out:

"Oh, he in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho."

En eve'y time a chip ud fly off, Mr. Buzzard, he'd jump, en dodge, en hole his head sideways, he would, en holler:

"He in dar, Brer Fox. I done heerd 'im. He in dar, sho."

En de Fox, he lammed away at dat holler tree, he did, like a man maulin' rails, twel bimeby, atter he done got de tree mos' cut thoo, he stop fer ter ketch his bref, en he seed Mr. Buzzard laffin' behime his back, he did, en right den en dar, widout gwine enny fudder, de Fox, he smelt a rat. But Mr. Buzzard, he keep on hollerin':

"He in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho. I done seed him."

Den de Fox, he make like he peepin' up de holler, en he say, sezee:

"Run yer, Brer Buzzard, an look ef dis ain't Brer Rabbit's foot hanging down yer."

En Mr. Buzzard, he come steppin' up, he did, same ez ef he wer' treddin' on cheshnut-burrs, en he stick his head in de hole; en no sooner did he done dat dan Brer Fox grab 'im. Mr. Buzzard flap his wings, en scramble 'roun' right smartually, he did, but 'twant no use. Brer Fox had de 'vantage er de grip, he did, en he hilt 'im right down ter de groun'. Den Mr. Buzzard squall out, sezee:

"Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox. Tu'n me loose," sezee; "Brer Rabbit'll git out. Youer gettin' close at 'im," sezee, "en leb'm mo' licks'll fetch 'im," sezee.

"I'm nigher ter you, Brer Buzzard," sez Brer Fox, sezee; "dan I'll be ter Brer Rabbit dis day," sezee. "Wa't you fool me fer?" sezee.

"Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox," sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee. "My ole 'oman waitin' fer me. Brer Rabbit in dar," sezee.

"Dar's a bunch er his fur on dat black-be'y bush," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "en dat ain't de way he come," sezee.

Den Mr. Buzzard up'n tell Brer Fox how 'twuz, en he low'd, Mr. Buzzard did, dat Brer Rabbit wuz de lowdownest w'atsizname w'at he ever run up wid. Den Brer Fox say, sezee:

"Dat's needer here ner dar, Brer Buzzard," sezee. "I lef' you yer fer ter watch dish yer hole, en I lef' Brer Rabbit in dar. I comes back en I fines you at de hole en Brer Rabbit ain't in dar," sezee. "I'm gwineter make you pay fer't. I done bin tampered wid twel plum' down ter de sap-suckerall 'll set on a log en sassy me. I'm gwineter fling you in a bresh-heap en burn you up," sezee.

"Ef you fling me on der fier, Brer Fox, I'll fly 'way," sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee. "Well, den, I'll settle yo' hash right now," sez Brer Fox, sezee, en wid dat he grab Mr. Buzzard by de tail, he did, en make fer ter dash 'im 'gin de groun', but des 'bout dat time de tail fidders come out, en Mr. Buzzard sail off like wunner dese yer berloons; en ez he riz, he holler back:

"You gimmee good start, Brer Fox," sezee, en Brer Fox sot dar en watch 'im fly outer sight.

Atter dis Mr. Fox 'low, he did, dat he better not be so rash, en he sorter let Brer Rabbit 'lone. Dey wuz all time seein' one nudder, en 'bunnunce er times Brer Fox could er nab Brer Rabbit, but eve'y time he got de chance, his mine 'ud sorter rezume 'bout de Buzzard, en he let Brer Rabbit 'lone. Bimeby dey 'gun ter git kinder familius wid wunner nudder like dey useter, en it got so Brer Fox'd call on Brer Rabbit, en dey'd set up en smoke der pipes, dey would, like no ha'sh feelin's 'd ever rested 'twixt um.

Las', one day Brer Fox come 'long all rig out, en ax Brer Rabbit fer ter go huntin' wid 'im, but Brer Rabbit, he sorter feel lazy, en he tell Brer Fox dat he got some udder fish fer ter fry. Brer Fox feel mighty sorry, he did, but he say he b'leeve he try his han' enny how, en off he put. He wuz gone all day, en he had a monstus streak er luck, Brer Fox did, en he bagged a sight er game. Bimeby, to'rds de shank er de evenin', Brer Rabbit sorter stretch hisse'f, he did, en 'low hit's mos' time fer de Fox fer ter git 'long home. Den de Rabbit, he went'n mounted a stump fer ter see ef he could year Mr. Fox comin'. He ain't bin dar long, twel sho' nuff, yer come Brer Fox thoo de woods, singing like a nigger at a frolic. De Rabbit, he lipt down off'n de stump, he did, en lay down in de road en make like he dead. Fox he come 'long, he did, en see dat Rabbit layin' dar. He tu'n 'im over, he did, en 'zamine 'im, en say, sezee—

"Dish yer rabbit dead. He look like he bin dead long time. He dead, but he mighty fat. He de fatter's rabbit w'at I ever see, but he bin dead too long. I fear der take 'im home," sezee.

Brer Rabbit ain't sayin' nuthin'. Mr. Fox, he sorter lick his chops, but he went on en lef' Brer Rabbit layin' in de road. Dreckly he wuz outer sight, de Rabbit, he jump up, he did, en run roun' thoo de woods en git befo de Fox agin. De Fox, he come up, en dar lay de Rabbit, periently cole en stiff. De Fox, he look at Brer Rabbit, en he sorter study. Atter while he onslung his game-bag, en say ter hisse'f, sezee—

"Deze yere rabbits gwine ter was'e. I'll des 'bout leave my game yer, en I'll go back en git dat udder rabbit, en I'll make fokes b'leeve dat I'm ole man Hunter fum Huntsville," sezee.

En wid dat he drapt his game en loped back up de road atter de udder rabbit, en w'en he got outer sight, ole Brer Rabbit, he snatch up de Fox game en put out fer home. Nex' time he see Brer Fox, he holler out—

NIGGER NONSENSE.

"What you kill de udder day, Brer Fox?" sezee.

Den Brer Fox, he sorter koam his flank wid his tongue, en holler back—

"I kotch a han'ful er hard sense, Brer Rabbit," sezee.

Den ole Brer Rabbit, he laff, he did, en up en 'spon', sezee—

"Ef I'd a know'd you wuz atter dat, Brer Fox, I'd a loant you some er mine," sezee.

Anudder day, w'en Brer Rabbit, en Brer Fox, en a whole lot un un wuz clearin' up a new groun' fer ter plant a roas'n'year patch, de sun 'gun ter git sorter hot, en Brer Rabbit he got tired; but he didn't let on, kaze he 'fear'd de balance un um'd call 'im lazy, en he keep on totin' off trash en pilin' up bresh, twel bimeby he holler out dat he gott'er brier in his han', en den he tak'n sliip off, en hunt fer cool place fer ter res'. After w'ile he come 'crosst a well wid two bucket hangin' in it, ober a wheel atween and betwix', you know.

"Dat look cool," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "en cool I speck she is. I'll des 'bout git in dar en take a nap," en wid dat in he jump, he did, en he ain't no sooner fix hissef dan de bucket 'gun ter go down!

Dey ain't bin no wusser skeer'd beas' sence de worril begin dan dish yer same Brer Rabbit. He far'ly had a ager. He know whar he cum fum, but he dunner whar he gwine. Dreckly he feel de bucket hit de water, en dar she sot, but Brer Rabbit he keep mighty still, kaze he dunner wa't minnit gwineter be de nex'. He des lay dar en shuck en shiver.

Brer Fox allers got one eye on Brer Rabbit, en w'en he sliip off fum de new groun', de Fox he sneak atter 'im. He know Brer Rabbit wuz atter some projek



A BLACK CAT "O (N) NINE" TILES.

er nudder, en he tuck'n crope off, he did, en watch 'im. Mr. Fox see Brer Rabbit come to de well en stop, en den he see 'im jump in de bucket, en den, lo en beholes, he see 'im go down outer sight. De Fox wuz de mos' 'stonish Fox dat you ever laid eyes on. He sot off dar in de bushes en study en study, but he don't make no head ner tails ter dis kinder bizness. Den he say ter hisse'f, sezee:

"Well, ef dis don't bang my times," sezee, "den Joe's dead en Sal's a widder. Right down dar in dat well Brer Rabbit keep his money hid, en ef 'tain't dat den he done gone en 'skiver'd a gole-mine, en ef 'tain't dat, den I'm a gwineter see w'at's in dar," sezee.

Brer Fox crope up little nigher, he did, en lissen, but he don't year no fuss, en he keep on gittin' nigher, en yit he don't year nuthin'. Bimeby he git up close en peep down, but he don't see nuthin' en he don't year nuthin'. All dis time Brer Rabbit mighty nigh skeer'd outen his skin, en he feared fer ter move kase de bucket might keel over en spill him out in de water. W'ile he sayin' his pra'rs over like a train er kyars runnin', ole Fox holler out:

"Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who you wizzitin' down dar?" sezee.

"Who? Me? Oh, I'm des a fishin', Brer Fox," sez de Rabbit, sezee. "I des say ter myse'f dat I'd sorter sprize you all wid a mess er fishes fer dinner, en so here I is, en dar's de fishes. I'm a fishin' fer suckers, Brer Fox," sez Mr. Rabbit, sezee.

"Is dey many un um down dar, Brer Rabbit?" sez de Fox, sezee.

"Lot's un um, Brer Fox; scooze en scooze un um. De water is natally live wid um. Come down en he'p me haul um in, Brer Fox," sez de Rabbit, sezee.

"How I gwineter git down, Brer Rabbit?"



ROOM FOR ONE "MOOR" UNFORTUNATE.

"Jump inter de bucket, Mr. Fox. Hit'll fetch you down all safe en soun'."

De Rabbit talk so happy en talk so sweet dat dat Fox he jump in de bucket, he did, en, ez he went down, co'se his weight pull Brer Rabbit up. W'en dey pass one nudder on de half-way groun', Brer Rabbit he sing out :

"Good-by, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
Fer dis is de way de worril goes ;
Some goes up en some goes down.
You'll git to de bottom all safe en soun'."

W'en Brer Rabbit got out, he gallop off en tole de fokes w'at de well b'long ter dat Brer Fox wuz down in dar muddyin' up de drinkin' water, en den he gallop back to de well, en holler down to Brer Fox :

"Yer come a man wid a great big gun—
W'en he haul you up, you jump en run."

In des 'bout half n'our, honey, bofe un um wuz back in de new groun' wukkin des like dey never heer'd er no well, ceppin' dat eve'y now'n den Brer Rabbit'd bust out in er laff, en ole Brer Fox, he'd git a spell er de dry grins.

WE'LL ALL GIT ALONG.

We sing ob de big wheat crop,
Of oats an' barley an' rye,
Of de fields of corn dat kiver de land,
An' de hay stacked up to de sky.

CHORUS—Tune up yer fiddles,
Play de banjo strong ;
Brush de whitewash lively,
Fur we'll all git along.

We sing of de cotton blossoms,
An' de heaps of sugar-cane ;
Of de pork an' ham an' taters
Dat's comin' to see us agin.

Dar's plenty fur all to eat,
Wid sumthin' to send away,
An' so we won't worry 'bout gettin' along
When winter comes howlin' dis way.

NOT ALLOWED AT THE PARTY.

YESTERDAY, as we were passing a street beyond the Atlanta Medical College, and on which a number of negroes reside, we heard an old negro calling out to his wife—

"Manda! Is you got dem chiekens corraled in de smoke house like I told yer?"

"No! an' I like to know what's de matter with you, dat you so 'tickler about dem chickens all at once," she replied.

"Nebber you mind! I knows what de matter, and dats 'nuff till dem chickens is housed. When I hears dat dem niggers ober dar in the next yard is gwine to have a supper party to-night, I wants to be shore my chickens doesn't tend it, you hear me?"

The chickens were at once locked up.

A SHAVER AFTER SHAVINGS.

"MOSES COMSTOCK SMITH, what do ye here?" asked the court of a gaunt African next walked out.

"I spects Ize bin taken up, sah."

"Quite right, Moses—quite correct. Last night as the bells were slowly and sadly tolling off one o'clock you were crouched in an alley off Prospect Street. Were you there to behold the eclipse?"

"Yes, sah, dat's what I was dar fur. Ize a great han' on 'clipses, sah."

"A policeman saw you and wanted to speak with you, but you pounded away through the mud and the gloom like a gazelle."

"Yes, sah, Ize a great han' to gazelle away when I doan't like de looks o' folks."

"But the officer headed you off, brought you to bay, and under your arm he found a big coffee sack."

"Yes, sah. I was gwine fur shavin's, sah."

"Did you expect to find shavings in a hen-coop?"

"Well, no, sah."

"The officer found that you were prying boards off a hen-roost when he first saw you."

"But I was gwine for shavin's just the same."

"Well, you'll be going for the Work House in a very few minutes. The sentence is for thirty days."

"What is it fur, Judge?"

"For hunting shavings at one o'clock in the morning."

"Werry well, sah, kin I get a plate o' oyster supe before I go?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Werry well, den, I'll take a small drink o' water an' make dat do till I get up dar. Ize bin 'spectin' dis all winter, an' Ize kinder glad it's ober wid. Good-bye, boss."

THE POINTS OF LAW.

"You see, boss, dar's a nigger libin' up my way who orter be taken car' of," said an old darkey to the Captain at the Central Station yesterday.

"What's he been doing now?"

"Waal, sah, las' fall I lent him an ax, an' when I wanted it back he braced right up an' tole me dat possesshun was nine p'int's o' law, an' refused to gib it up."

"Yes."

"Waal, the odder day I sent the ole woman ober an' she borrowed his buck-saw, an' when Julius cum for it I tole him jist like he answered me, an' stood on my dignity."

"Well?"

"I had nine points o' law, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"And how many points am de law composed of?"

"I don't know, exactly."

"Well, dat's what bodders me, fur dat nigger saw dem nine p'int's, shet up dis lef' eye fur me, pitched de ole woman ober a bar'l an' walked off wid his saw an' my snow shovel to boot! If I had nine p'int's he mus' hev had ober twenty, an' even den he didn't half let himself out!"

THE FOX AND THE RABBIT AGAIN.

ONE EVENING recently, the lady whom Uncle Remus calls "Miss Sally" missed her little seven-year-old. Making search for him through the house and through the yard, she heard the sound of voices in the old man's cabin, and looking through the window, saw the child sitting by Uncle Remus. His head rested against the old man's arm, and he was gazing with an expression of the most intense interest into the rough, weather-beaten face that beamed so kindly upon him. This is what "Miss Sally" heard:—

Bimeby, one day, arter Ole Brudder Fox bin doin' all dat he could fer ter ketch Brer Rabbit, en Brer Rabbit bin doin' all he could fer ter keep 'im fum it, Brer Fox say to hisse'f dat he'd put up a game on Brer Rabbit, en he ain't mo'n god de wuds out'n his mouf twel Brer Rabbit come a-lopin' up de big road, lookin des ez plump, en ez fat, en ez sassy ez a race hoss in a barley-patch.

"Hol' on dar, Brer Rabbit," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"All right, Brer Fox, but you better holler fum whar you stan'. I'm monstus full er fleas dis mawnin'," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"I seed Brer B'ar yistiddy," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "en he sorter rake me over de coals kaze you en me ain't make frens en live naberly, en I tole 'im dat I'd see you."

Den Brer Rabbit scratch one near year wid his off hine-foot sorter jub'usly, en den he ups en sez, sezee—

"All a settin', Brer Fox. Spose'n you drap roun' ter-morrow en take dinner wid me. We ain't got no great doin's at our house, but I speck de ole 'oman en de chilluns kin sorter scramble roun' en git up sump'n fer ter stay yo' stummuck."

Nex' day, Mr. Rabbit an' Miss Rabbit up soon, 'fo' day, en raided on a gyarden got en dey fix up a smashin' dinner. Bimeby one er de little Rabbits, playin' out in de back-yard, come runnin' in hollerin', "Oh, ma! I seed Mr. Fox a-comin'!"

En den Brer Rabbit he tuck de chilluns by der years en make um set down, en den him en Miss Rabbit sorter dally roun' waitin' for Brer Fox. En dey keep on waitin', but no Brer Fox ain't come. Atter 'while Brer Rabbit goes to de do', easy like, en peep out, en dar, stickin' out fum behime de cornder, wuz de tip-eeen' er Brer Fox tail. Den Brer Rabbit shot de do' en sot down, en put his paws behime his years en begin fer ter sing—

"De placé wharbouts you spill de grease,
Right dar youer boun' ter slide,
An' whar you fine a bunch er ha'r,
You'll sholy fine de hide."

Nex' day, Brer Fox sont word by Mr. Mink, en skuze hisse'l kase he wuz too sick fer ter come, en he ax Brer Rabbit fer ter come en take dinner wid him, en Brer Rabbit say he wuz 'gree'ble.

Bimeby, w'en de shadders wuz at der shortes', Brer Rabbit he sorter brush up en santer down ter Brer Fox's house, en w'en he got dar, he yer somebody groanin', en he look in de do' en dar he see Brer Fox settin' up in a rockin' cheer all



A BLACK MAN WAITING FOR A "FAIR."



A COLOURED BALL.

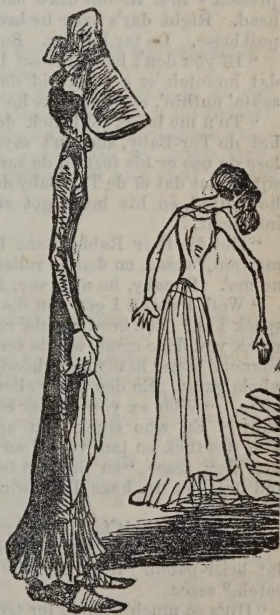
wrop up wid flennil, en he look mighty weak. Brer Rabbit look all 'roun', he did, but he ain't see no dinner. De dish-pan wuz settin' on de table, en close by wuz a kyarvin' knife.

"Look like you gwineter have chicken fer dinner, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Yes, Brer Rabbit, deyer nice, en fresh, en tender," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

Den Brer Rabbit sorter pull his mustarsh, en say: "You ain't got no calamus root, is you, Brer Fox? I done got so now dat I can't eat no chicken 'ceppin she's seasoned up wid calamus root."

En wid dat Brer Rabbit lipt out er de do' and dodge 'mong de bushes, en sot dar watchin' fer Brer Fox; en he ain't watch long, nudder, kaze Brer Fox flung off de flannil en crope out er de house en got whar he could cloze in on Brer Rabbit, en bimeby Brer Rabbit holler out: "Oh, Brer Fox! I'll des put yo' calamus root out yer on dish yer stump. Better come git it while hit's fresh," and wid dat Brer Rabbit gallop off home. En Brer Fox ain't never kotch 'im yet, but he come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you bawn—Brer Fox did. One day atter Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentine, en fix up a contrapshun w'at he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby en he sot'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de



MISS MEADOWS (see page 3).

bushes fer ter see what de news wuz gwineter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Babbit come prancin' 'long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Mawnin'!" sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—"nice wedder dis mawnin'," sezee.

Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en der Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"How you come on, den? Is you deaf?" says Brer Rabbit, sezee. "Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder," sezee.

Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is," says Brer Rabbit, sezee, "en I'm gwineter kyure you, dat's w'at I'm a gwineter do," sezee.

Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"I'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'speectubble fokes ef hit's de las' ack," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. "Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I'm gwineter bus' you wide open," sezee.

Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en blip he tuck 'er side er de head. Right dar's whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Ef you don't lemme loose, I'll knock you agin," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder han', en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. She des hilt on, en den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa'ntered fort', lookin' innercent.

"Howdy, Brer Rabbit," sez Brer Fox, sezee. "You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin'," sezee, en den he rolled on de groun', en laft en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo'. Bimeby, he up'n say, sezee—

"Well, I speck I got you dis time, Brer Rabbit," sezee; "maybe I ain't, but I speck I is. You been runnin' roun' here sassin' atter me a mighty long time, but I speck you done come ter de een' er de row. You bin cuttin' up yo' capers en bouncin' 'roun' in dis naberhood ontwel you come ter b'leeve yo'se'f de boss er de whole gang. En den youer allers some's whar you got no bizness," sez Brer Fox, sezee. "Who ax you fer ter come en strike up a 'quaintence wid dish yer Tar-Baby? En who stuck you up dar whar you iz? Nobody in de roun' worril. You des tuck en jam yo'se'f on dat Tar-Baby widout waitin' fer enny invite," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "en dar you is, en dar you'll stay twel I fixes up a bresh-pile and fires her up, kaze I'm gwineter bobbycue (roast) you dis day, sho," sez Brer Fox, sezee.

Den Brer Rabbit talk mighty 'umble.

"I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox," sezee, "so you don't fling me in dat brier-patch. Roas' me, Brer Fox," sezee, "but don't fling me in dat brier-patch," sezee.

"Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "dat I speck I'll hatter hang you," sezee.

"Hang me des ez high as you please, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "but don't fling me in that brier-patch," sezee.

"I ain't got no string," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "en now I speck I'll hatter drown you," sezee.

"Drown me des ez deep ez you please, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "but do don't fling me in dat brier-patch," sezee.

"Dey ain't no water nigh," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "en now I speck I'll hatter skin you," sezee.

"Skin me, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs," sezee, "but do please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat brier-patch," sezee.

Co'se Brer Fox wanter hurt Brer Rabbit bad ez he kin, so he cotch 'im by de behime legs en slung 'im right in de middle er de brier-patch. Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar Brer Rabbit struck de bushes, en Brer Fox sorter hang 'roun' fer ter see w'at wuz gwineter happen. Bimeby he hear somebody call 'im, en way up de hill he see Brer Rabbit settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log koamin' de pitch outen his har wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know dat he bin swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit wuz bleedzed fer ter fling back some er his sass, en he holler out—

"Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier-patch!" en wid dat he skip out des ez lively ez a cricket in de embers.

A CITIZEN who had thoughts of buying a few hens for his table was consulting a coloured man as to what breed he had better purchase.

"Well, sah, dat depends. If you am gwine to have your hen-house on de roof of your residence, wid about fo' men to guard it, white Leghorn hens am de breed to buy, but if you am gwine to have it in de back yard an' run you chances, you'd better buy cast-iron roosters and fill each one with gunpowder an' grape shot! Ize bin in de hen business myself, an' I knows dat nuffin' will ooze away quicker in a dark night dan good fat pullets."

OUR FUTURE.

As soon as the meeting was fairly under way, Brother Gardner announced that Judge Affidavy Martin, late of Alabama, but now travelling in the North as the agent of a patent fish-hook, was present and desired to address the club on "Our Future." It was voted to hear the address, and after being received in due form and introduced, the judge stood upon the platform and began: "We mus' not look in de past for our fucher. No man kin tell what de nex' hund'erd y'ars will bring fo'th by lookin' ober de fence of ole graveyards. What am our fucher? Who kin tell what dis nashun will amount to if it keeps on in de way it hez begun? If any one had told you twenty years ago dat to-night I would stan' befor' you wid a paper collah on my neck, you would have sst me down as an assassin, yet de march of improvement has accomplished eben ~~no~~ dan dat. Fur de sum of fifty cents you kin have a brass watch chain fixed up so nigh like gold dat you can work it in on a hoss trade for fifty dollars. Ef anybody had told George Washington dat de day would come when shirts would button behind, what would dat great man have said? Dis kentry am a mighty clock. Ebery time de pend'lum swings a child am bo'n. Ebery time de minit hand strikes a jump somebody comes to the front with a new sort o' stomach bitters or an im-

proved rat-trap. Ebery hour ticked off am a mile o' railroad built, a bridge laid down, a hill levelled or a forest cleared. Sich of us as can rem'ber back a



BRUDDER "HAIR," RABBIT'S COUSIN.



A BLOW-OUT.

hun'erd y'ars can re'lise de change mo' dan de young folks. Sich of us as lib a hun'erd y'ars in the fucher will not be surprised to see jugs with free handles, coffee-pots dat shet up like a jack-knife, rat-traps dat illuminate de house, and



THE GENUINE OTHELLO.

rockin' cha'rs dat sail aroun' on wheels." The speaker closed amidst cheers and applause.



A PAYING JOB.

A GENTLEMAN from Savannah had been spending the summer in the mountains of North Georgia, and found it convenient to take along a body-servant. This



"GOING AFTER RICE-BIRDS "
(see page 18).



"I PROPOSE—" (FEVER HEAT)—
"A STROLL ROUND TO SHOW
YOU MY INTENDED." (FROST).

body-servant was a very fine specimen of the average coast negro—sleek, well-conditioned, and consequential—disposed to regard with undisguised contempt



A PALACE-CAR (?) ON THE CHILI RAILWAY.

everything and everybody not indigenous to the rice-growing region—and he paraded around the streets with quite a curious and critical air. Espying Uncle Remus languidly sunning himself on a corner of Atlanta, the Savannah darkey approached.

"Mornin', sah."

"I'm sorter up an' about," responded Uncle Remus, carelessly and calmly. "How is you stannin' it?"

"Tanky you, my helt mos' so-so. He mo' hot dun in de mountain. Seem so lak man mus' git 'need' (beneath) de shade. I enty fer see no rice-bud (rice-bird) in dis pa'ts."

"In dis w'ich?" inquired Uncle Remus, with a sudden affectation of interest.

"In dis pa'ts. In dis country. Da plenty in Sawanny."

"Plenty whar?"

"Da plenty in Sawanny. I enty fer sec no crab an' no oscher (oyster); en swimp, he no stay 'roun'. I lak some rice-bud now."

"Youer talkin' 'bout dese yer sparrers, w'ich dey er all head, en 'lev'm un makes one mouffe, I speek," suggested Uncle Remus. "Well, dey er yer," he continued, "but dis ain't no climate whar de rice-birds flies inter yo' pockets en gits out de money an' makes de change derse'f; an' de isters don't shuck off der shells en run over you on de street, an' no mo' duz de s'imp hull derse'f an' drap in yo' mouf. But dey er yer, dough. De scads 'll fetch um."

"Him po' country fer true," commented the Savannah negro; "he no like Sawanny. Down da, we set 'need' de shade an' eaty de rice-bud, an' de crab, an' de swimp tree time de day; an' de buckra man drinky him wine, an' smoky him seegyar all troo de night. Plenty fer eat an' not much fer wuk."

"Hit's mighty nice, I speek," responded Uncle Remus, gravely. "De nigger dat ain't hope up 'longer high feedin' ain't got no grip. But up yer whar fokes is gotter scramble 'roun' an' make der own livin', de vittles wat's kumerlated widout enny sweatin' mos' allers gener'ly b'longs ter some yuther man by rights. One hoe-cake an' a rasher er middlin' meat las's me fum Sunday ter Sunday, an' I'm in a mighty big streak er luck w'en I gits dat."

The Savannah negro here gave utterance to a loud contemptuous laugh, and began to fumble somewhat ostentatiously with a big brass watch-chain.

"But I speek I struck up wid a payin' job las' Chuseday," continued Uncle Remus, in a hopeful tone.

"Wey you gwan to?"

"Oh, I'm a-waitin' on a culled gemmun fum Savannah—wunner deze yer high livers you bin tellin' 'bout."

"How dat?"

"I loant 'im two dollars," responded Uncle Remus, grimly, "an' I'm a-waitin' on 'im fer de money. Hit's wunner deze yer jobs w'at las's a long time."

The Savannah negro went off after his rice-birds, while Uncle Remus leaned up against the wall and laughed until he was in imminent danger of falling down from sheer exhaustion.

A HARD EGG.

"I HAD my misgiving, boss," the waiter said to the landlord, who was questioning him about his conduct towards the tall gentleman in blue clothes who sat at the third table from the door; "I had my suspicions when he sat down dat he was carrying moah whisky dan was good for 'im, but he was puffedekly quiet an' behave himself well enough an' I didn't pay no attention to it ontwell he picked

up a baked potato and hole it ear'fully over de aig glass wid his left hand and began to tap de end of de potato wid his spoon. He hit it right smart three or four times, an' den he whack it once or twice on de aige of de plate, an' lookin' solemn as an owl all de time, he call me up to him an' say, jest as p'lite and dignified as a president, 'Waitah,' says he, 'I wish you would jest fix dis biled sleep las' night and I am a little narvous dis mornin',' he says. An' I know I hadn't done ought for to laught, boss, but I hope to die ef I could help it." The landlord did not discharge him, under the circumstances.

A COLOURED MAN was busily engaged in sawing some wood for a gentleman. The "man and brother" had a large Masonic breast-pin on his shirt bosom.

"Do you coloured Masons and white Masons affiliate?"

"Don't fillyate wuff a cuss."

"What's the matter?"

"Dunno, boss; but I'se tried it. Dar is a barkeeper in dis town what toted dis heah berry same emblem. I was in distress—hadn't had a dram all dat morning. I cum in, and gabe de distress signal."

"Did he respond?"

"He didn't respond right. He made a motion at the doah wid one hand, and reached under the bar. I made the sign once moah, and he foteded me between de shoulders with de bung-starter, jess as I was gettin' out de doah."

NOT MUCH OF A TAKE-IN.

A CHARLESTON negro who was in Atlanta on the Fourth of July made a mistake. He saw Uncle Remus edging his way through the crowd, and thought he knew him.

"Howdy, Daddy Ben?" the stranger exclaimed. "I tink I nubber see you no mo'. Wey you gwan? He hot fer true, ain't he?"

"Daddy who?" asked Uncle Remus, straightening himself up with dignity. "Which?"

"I know you in Charl'son, an' den in Sewanny. I spec I dun grow way frum 'membrance."

"You knowed me in Charlstun, and den in Savanny?"

"He been long time, ain't he? I see you comin' long, 'n I say 'Deyr Deddy Ben.' I tink I see you no mo', an' I shaky you by de han'. Wey you gwan? Dey no place yer wey we git wine?"

Uncle Remus stared at the strange darkey curiously for a moment, and then he seized him by the arm.

"Come yer, son, whar dey ain't no folks an' lemme drap some Jawjy 'intment in dem years er yone. Youer mighty fur ways fum home, an' you wanter be a-lookin' out fer yo'self. Fus and fo'mus, youer thumpin' de wrong watermillion. You'er w'isslin' up de wrong chube. I ain't tromped roun' de country much. I ain't bin to Charlstun an' needer is I tuck in Savanny; but you couldn't rig up no game on me dat I wouldn't tumble on to it de minit I laid my eyeballs on you. W'en hit come ter dat I'm ole man Tumbler, fum Tumblersville—I is dat. Hit takes one er deze yer full-blooded w'ite men fur ter trap my jedgment. But w'en a nigger comes a-jabberin' 'roun' like he got a mouf full er rice straw, he ain't got no mo' chance 'long side er me dan a sick sparrer wid a squinch-owl. You gotter travel wid a circus 'fo' you gits away wid me. You better go 'long an' git yo' kyarpet-sack and skip de town. Youer de freshest nigger w'at I seen yit."

The Charleston negro passed on (*see page 17*) just as a policeman came up.

"Boss, you see dat smart Ellick?"

"Yes; what's the matter with him?"

"He's one er deze scurshun niggers from Charlstun. I seed you a stannin' over agin de cornder yander, an' ef dat nigger'd a drawd his tree-kyard-trick on me, I wuz a-gwineter holler fer you. Would youer come, boss?"

"Why, certainly, Uncle Remus."

"Dat's w'at I 'lowd. Little more'n he'd a bin aboard er de wrong waggin. Dat's wat he'd 'a' bin."

CORN-SHUCKING SONG.

Oh, de fus news you know de day'll be a-breakin'—

(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)

An' de fier be a-burnin' en' de ash-cake a-bakin',

(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)

An' de hen'll be a-hollerin' en de boss'll be a-wakin'—

(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)

Better git up, nigger, en give yo'se'i a-shakin'—

(Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann!)

Oh, honey! w'en you see dem ripe stars a-fallin'—

Oh, honey! w'en you year de rain-crow a-callin'—

Oh, honey! w'en you year dat red calf a-bawlin'—

Den de daytime's comin', a-creepin' en a-crawlin'.

Fer de stars in der sky is a-huntin' fer de mornin',

En she'll ketch up widdus 'fo' we ever get dis corn in.

Oh, honey! w'en you year dat tin-horn a-tootin'—

Oh, honey! w'en you year de squinch-owl a-hootin'—

Oh, honey! w'en you year dem little pigs a-rootin'—

Right den she's a-comin' a-skipin' en a-scootin'.

Oh, honey! w'en you year dat roan mule whicker—

W'en you see Mister Moon turnin' pale en gettin' sicker—

Den hit's time fer ter handle dat corn a little quicker—

Ef you wanten get a smell er old Marster's jug er lickin'.

Oh, work on, boys! give deze shucks a mighty wringin'—

Fo' de boss come aroun' a-dangin' en a-dingin'—

Git up en move aroun'! set dem big han's ter swingin'—

Git up'n shout loud! let de w'ite folks year you singin'!

Fer de stars in de sky is a-huntin' fer de mornin'—

(Hi O! git 'long! go 'way!)

En she'll ketch up widdus 'fo' we ever get dis corn in—

(Oh, go 'way, Sindy Ann!)

PETE'S AMUSEMENT.—An elderly darkey was inquiring of a policeman if he knew anything of his son Pete. The policeman replied that there was a young darkey in the lock-up for breaking up a prayer-meeting with an axe-handle. "Dat's him!" exclaimed the overjoyed parent; "tole me he was gwine to 'muse hisself."

CHRISTMAS PLAY-SONG.

Hi my rinktum ! Black gal sweet,
 Same like goodies w'at de wite folks eat ;
 Ho my Riley ! don't you take'n tell 'er name,
 En den ef sumpin' happen you won't ketch de blame :
 Hi my rinktum ! better take'n hide yo' plum ;
 Crow he don't holler eve'y time he fine a wum.

Den it's hi my rinktum ! don't git no udder man ;
 En it's ho my Riley ! fetch out Miss Dilsey Ann !

Ho my Riley ! Yaller gal fine ;
 She may be yone, but she oughter be mine !
 Hi my rinktum ! Lemme git by,
 En see w'at she mean by de cut er dat eye !
 Ho my Riley ! better shet dat do'—
 De wite folks 'll b'leeve we er t'arin up de flo'.

Den it's ho my Riley ! come a-siftin' up ter me !
 En it's hi my rinktum ! dis de way ter twis' yo' knee !

Hi my rinktum ! Ain't de eas' gittin' red ?
 De squinch owl shiver like he wanter go ter bed ;
 Ho my Riley ! but de gals en de boys,
 Des now gittin' so dey kin sorter make a noise.
 Hi my rinktum ! let de yaller gal 'lone ;
 Niggers don't hanker arter sody in de pone.

Den it's hi my rinktum ! better try anudder plan ;
 An' it's ho my Riley ! trot out Miss Dilsey Ann !

Ho my Riley ! In de happy Chrismus' time
 De niggers shake der cloze a huntin' fer a dime.
 Hi my rinktum ! En den dey shake der feet,
 En greaze derse'f wid de good ham meat.
 Ho my Riley ! dey eat en dey cram,
 En bimeby ole Miss 'll be a-sendin' out de dram.

Den it's ho my Riley ; you hear dat, Sam !
 En it's hi my rinktum ! be a sendin' out de dram !

A COLOURED MAN out in Illinois has christened his cat "Othello, or the Mewer of Venice."

THE COLOURED SAGE is emitting profound wisdom. "Now, Misser White," says one of them, "look me in de eye while I tole you dat de proper way is to keep your eyes rollin' round de business horizon. Ef you owes a firm, an' dat firm am shaky, doan you pay dat debt, but jes wait till dey fail."

PLANTATION PLAY-SONG.

Hrr's a-gittin' mighty late, w'en de Guinny-hins squall,
 En you better dance now, ef you gwineter dance at all,
 Fer by dis time ter-morrer night you can't hardly crawl,
 Kaze you'll hatter take de hoe ag'in en likewise de maul—
 Don't you hear dat bay colt a-kickin' in his stall?

Stop yo' humpin' up yo' sho'lders—dat'll never do!
 Hop light ladies, oh, Miss Loo!
 Hit takes a heap er scrougin' fer ter get you throo—
 Hop light, ladies,—oh, Miss Loo.

Ef you niggers don't watch, you'll sing anudder chune,
 Fer de sun 'll rise'n ketch you ef you don't be mighty soon;
 En de stars is gittin' paler, en de ole gray coon
 Is a settin' in de grape-vine a-watchin' fer de moon.

W'en a feller comes a-knockin' des holler—*Oh, Skoo*
 Hop light, ladies—oh, Miss Loo!
 Oh, swing dat yaller gal! do, boys, do!
 Hop light, ladies—oh, Miss Loo!

Oh, tu'n me loose! Lemme 'lone! Go way, now!
 W'at you speek I come a-dancing' fer ef I dunno how?
 Deze de ve'y kinder footses w'at kicks up a row;
 Can't you jump inter de middle en make yo' gal a bow?

Look at dat merlatter man a-follerin' up Sue;
 Hop light, ladies—oh, Miss Loo!
 De boys ain't a-gwine w'en you cry *boo hoo*—
 Hop light, ladies—oh, Miss Loo!

BLACK DIAMOND CUT JET.

UNCLE MOSE of Galveston was not noticed near the polls on election day, consequently a coloured striker was sent out to hunt him up. He was sitting by the fire groaning dismally in his cabin.

"Uncle Mose, has yer voted yit?" asked the coloured rounder.

"No, chile, I wouldn't risk ketchin' cold in my lungses foah all de money in the world."

"Here's one dollar to pay for your time."

The old man secured the subsidy, remarking—

"Ef you is comin' de bulldoze on dis old niggah he weakens. Hev you fetched a kerridge for me?"

"Hit's waiting at de doah, Uncle Mose."

"Is yer gwine ter bring me back after I'se voted?"

"Bring you right back, Uncle Mose; hurry up, now."

"Gimme a dram foah I starts."

"Here it is," said the emissary, producing a flask. "Take a pull."

He pulled and asked—

"Gwine to gimme anudder pull when I'se done voted?" and then he pulled again.

"Yes; take anudder pull right now. Don't be afeard ob it. Dar's plenty moah whar it come from."

So the old man pulled again and wanted to know—

"Hev you got anudder dollar bill wid yer?"

"Look heah, old man, you must 'low de campaign committee's made of money. Here's yer udder dollar. Now jump in. De polls is gwine ter close."

"Lor, chile, you makin' out you is a statesman, yah! yah! I'se been foolin' yer. I dun voted de udder ticket only dis mornin', yah! yah! yah!" and the old image settled down in front of the fire and nearly chucked his head off.

THAT DECEITFUL JUG.

UNCLE REMUS was in good humour one evening recently when he dropped casually into the editorial room of the *Constitution*, as has been his custom for the past year or two. He had a bag slung across his shoulder, and in the bag was a jug. The presence of this humble but useful vessel in Uncle Remus's bag was made the occasion for several suggestive jokes at his expense by the members of the staff, but the old man's good humour was proof against all insinuations.

"Dat ar jug's bin ter wah, mon. Hit's wunner deze yer old timers. I got dat jug down dar in Putmon County w'en Mars 'Lisha Perryman wuz a young man, an' now he's done growed up, an' got ole an' died, an' his chilluns is growed up an' dey kin count dere gran'chilluns, an' yit dar's dat jug des ez lively an' ez liebul fer to kick up devilment ez w'at she wuz w'en she come fum de foundry."

"That's the trouble," said one of the young men. "That's the reason we'd like to know what's in it now."

"Now youer gittin' on ma'shy groun'," replied Uncle Remus. "Dat's de p'int. Dat's w'at make me say w'at I duz. I bin knowin' dat jug now gwine on sixty-fi' year, an' de jug w'at's more seetful dan dat jug ain't on de top-side er de worrul. Dar she sets," continued the old man, gazing at it reflectively, "dar she sets dez ez natchul ez er fortygruff, an' yit whar's de man w'at kin tell w'at kinder confab she's a-gwineter carry on w'en dat corn-cob is snatched outen 'er mouf? Dat jug is mighty seetful, you ain't seed no seetful jug like dat. Dar she sets a-bellyin out an' lookin' mighty fat, an' full, an' yit she'd sit dar a-bellyin' out ef dere wuzen't nuthin' but win' under dat stopper. You knows dat she ain't got no aigs in her, ner no bacon, ner no grits, ner no termartusses, an' dat's 'bout all you duz know. Dog my cats ef de seetfulness er dat jug don't git away wid me," continued Uncle Remus, with a chuckle. "I wuz comin' 'cross de bridge des now, an' Brer John Henry seed me wid de bag slung onter my back, an' de jug in it, an' he ups an' sez, sezee—

"'Heyo, Brer Remus, ain't it gittin' late for watermillions?'"

"Hit wuz de seetfulness er dat jug. If Brer John Henry know'd de colour er dat watermillion, I speek he'd snatch me up 'fo' de confu'nce (conference). I 'clar' ter grashus ef dat jug ain't a caution!"

"I suppose it's full of molasses now," remarked one of the young men, sarcastically.

"Hear dat!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, triumphantly—"hear dat! W'at I tell you? I sed dat jug wuz seetful, an' I sticks to it. I bin knowin' dat——"

"What has it got in it?" broke in some one; "molasses, kerosene, or train-oil?"

"Well, I lay she's loaded, boss. I ain't shuk her up sence I drapt in, but I lay she's loaded."

"Yes," said the agricultural editor, "and it's the meanest bug-juice in town—regular sorghum skimmings."

"Dat's needer yer ner dar," responded Uncle Remus. "Po' fokes better be fixin' up for Christmas now w'ile rashuns is cheap. Dat's me. But dough I year Miss Sally w'isslin', an' de peckerwoods a-chatterin', I ain't seein' none er deze yer loafin' niggers fixin' up fer ter 'migrate."

"You say the darkeys are not going to emigrate this year?" inquired the agricultural editor, who is interested in these things.

"Shoo! dat dey ain't!



THE AFRICAN APOLLO.

Niggers bin prom'nadin' by my house all dis summer, holdin' dere heads high up an' de w'ites er dere eyeballs shinin' in de sun. Dey wuz too bigitty fer ter look over de gyardin' palin's. 'Long 'bout den de wedder wuz fetchin' de nat'al sperrits er turkentime outen de pine-trees an' de groun' wuz fa'rly smokin' wid de hotness. Now dat it's gittin' sorter airish in de mornin's, dey don't 'pear like de same niggers. Dey done got so dey'll look over in de yard, an' nex' news you know dey'll be tryin' fer ter scrape up 'quaintance wid de dog. W'en dey passes

now dey looks at de chicken-coop an' at de tater-patch. W'en you see niggers gittin' dat famillions, you kin 'pen' on dere campin' wid you de ballunce er de season. Day 'fo' yistiddy I kotch one un um lookin' over de fence at my shoats, an' I sez, sez I:—

“Duz you wante purchis dem hogs?”
 “Oh, no,” seezee, “I wuz des lookin’ at der p’int’s.”



A BLACK LOOK-OUT.

“Well, dey ain't pintin' yo' way,” sez I, “an, fuddermo’, ef you don't bodder longer dem hogs day ain't gwineter clime outer dat pen an' 'tack you nudder,” sez I.

“An' I boun’,” continued Uncle Remus, driving the corn-cob stopper a little tighter in his deceitful jug and gathering up his bag—“an' I boun' dat my old

muskit'll go off 'tween me an' dat same nigger yit, an' he'll be at de bad een', an' dis seetful jug'll 'fuse ter go ter de funer'l."

"WHAT are you in gaol for?" asked a prison visitor of a negro. "For bor'win money, sah." "Why, they don't put men in gaol for borrowing money!" "Yes, but you see I had to knock the man down free or four times afore he'd lend it to me," exclaimed Afrie's child.

THE FLORIDA WATERMELON.

"Look yer, boy," said Uncle Remus yesterday, stopping near the railroad-crossing, and gazing ferociously at a small coloured youth; "look yer, boy, I'll lay you out flat ef you come flingin' yo' watermillion rimes under my feet—you watch ef I don't. You k'n play yo' pranks on deze yer w'ite fokes, but w'en you come a-cuttin' up yo' capers roun' me you'll lan' right in de middle uv er spell er sickness—now you mine w'at I tell you. An' I ain't gwine fer ter put up wid none er yo' sassness nudder—let 'lone flingin' watermillion rimes whar I kin git mixt up wid um. I done had nuff watermillions yistiddy an' de day befo'."

"How was that, Uncle Remus?" asked a gentleman standing near.

"Hit wuz sorter like dis, boss. Las' Chuseday, Mars John he fetch home two er deze yer Flurridy watermillions, an' him an' Miss Sally sot down fer ter eat um. Mars John an' Miss Sally ain't got nuthin' dat's too good fer me, an' de fus news I know'd Miss Sally wuz a-hollerin' fer Remus. I done smelt de watermillion on de a'r, an' I ain't got no better sense dan fer ter go w'en I years w'ite fokes a hollerin—I larnt dat w'en I wa'n't so high. Leas'ways I galloped up ter de back po'eh, an' dar sot de watermillions des ez natchule ez ef dey'd er bin raised on de ole place in Putmon County. Den Miss Sally, she cut me off er slishe—wunner deze yer ongodly slishes, big ez yo' hat, an' I sot down on de steps, an' wrop myse'f roun' de whole blessid chunk, 'cepin' de rime." Uncle Remus paused and laid his hand upon his stomach as if feeling for something.

"Well, old man, what then?"

"Dat's w'at I'm a-gettin' at, boss," said Uncle Remus, smiling a feeble smile. "I santered roun' 'bout er half nour, an' den I begin fer ter feel sorter squeamish—sorter like I done bin an' swoller'd 'bout fo' poun's off'n de ruff een' uv er scantlin'. Look like ter me dat I wuz gwineter be sick, an' den hit look like I wuzen't. Bimeby a little pain showed 'is head an' sorter m'andered roun' like he wuz a-lookin' fer a good place fer ter ketch holt, an' den a great big pain jump up an' take atter de little one an' chase 'im roun' and roun', an' he mus' er kotch im, kaze bimeby de big pain retch down an' grab dis yer lef' leg—so—an' haul 'im up, an' den he retch down an' grab de udder one an' pull him up, and den de wah begun, sho nuff. Fer mighty nigh fo' hours dey kep' up dat racket, and des ez soon ez a little pain 'ud jump up de big un 'ud light outer it, and gobble it up, an' den de big un 'ud go sailin' roun' huntin' fer mo'. Some fokes is mighty cu'us, dough. Nex' mornin' I hear Miss Sally a-laughin', an' singin', an' a-wisslin' des like dey want no watermillions raise in Flurridy. But somebody better pen dis yer nigger boy up w'en I'm on de town—I kin tell you dat."

A COLOURED BROTHER who was considered too pompous and too voluminous in his prayer-meeting exhortations, was remonstrated with on account of his many inconsistencies. The official who administered the rebuke reminded him of the disgrace he had brought upon the cause by his frequent lapses. But the erring brother responded, "Yes, boss; I owns squar up; I'se done broke every one of de commandments, but I'se nebbber lost my religion."

TROUBLE WITH THE CENSUS MAN.

OLD SI came in rather late yesterday, looking somewhat fatigued. After a minute he said—

“Dis am er moughty kurus persedin’ dese men kerryin’ on ’round hyar wid dese fortfolynos.”

“Do you mean the census takers?”

“I bleeve dat ar de name dey goes by.”

“What have they been doing now?”

“W’y, dey’s been down dar in my naborhood jess stirrin’ up mo’ ’rath dan all de parsons inside de korprasun kin pud down in er month.”

“That is unfortunate. Have they visited you yet?”

“Dat’s what make me so behin’ time ter day. One ob dem cum down to my house dis mo’nin’ an’ tap on de gate; I axed him what’s de matter, an’ he say he done cum ter take my sensus; an’ he hain’t no mo’n got hit out dan I sed ter jess go ’way from dar, ’kase dar wan’t no bizness in dat shanty for enny drummers from de loonytick ’sylums!”

“What did he say?”

“He say dat ef I fools wid de sensus he done gwine ter put de law ter me; an’ den he ’splained de law. Den I seed hit wuz all rite, and I axed him in.”

“How did you get along then?”

“We got ’long purty well ontell he cum ter de colyum whar de chillun ar sot down; den he say ter me what am de cullah ob my chillun? I say, ‘Lookie heah, you jess figger on what de law ’lows an’ don’t cum roun’ hyar axin’ ’sultin’ ques-chins like dat!’ He say dat he got ter put down whether dey is black er melatter—and den ole harrycane broke loose!”

“How was that?”

“De ole ’oman was listenen’, an’ when she heah dat, she opset de table whar de fortfolyo war lyin’, emptied de starch bowl all ober de returns, an’ gin ter holler, ‘Heah, Tiger,’ jess like de forty thieves done broke in de house! De census man he grabbed up his dockyments an’ made for de fence, an’ ’twixt holdin’ de ole ’oman wid one han’ an’ Tige wid de odder, I got mos’ tucker’d out.”

“Where did the census man go?”

“De las’ I seed ob him he was on top ob er tram dryin’ out de returns ob de district on de roof.”

“And how did you get the old lady quieted?”

“She hain’t quiet yit. I jess had to make my ’scape, too, kase she was gwine for me fer lettin’ de man in, and she say dat if de United States wants to know de cullah ob her chillun she ar boun’ to write hit on de eye of ebery munerashuner dey sends prowlin’ ’round her camp groun’! She’s a vig’rous ’oman, too.”

And the old man got up to go to the Supervisor and explain matters.

WHERE DID HE BLOW HIM TO?

UNCLE REMUS met a police officer recently.

“You ain’t hear talk er no dead nigger nowhar dis mawnin’, is you, boss?” asked the old man, earnestly.

“No,” replied the policeman, reflectively. “No, I believe not. Have you heard of any?”

"Pears unter me dat I come mighty nigh gittin' some news 'bout dat size, and dat w'at I'm a-huntin' fer. Bekaze ef dey er foun' a stray nigger layin' 'roun' loose, wid 'is bref gone, den I wanter go home an' git my brekfus, an' put on some clean cloze, an' 'liver myse'f up ter wunner deze yer jestesses er de peace, an' git a far' trial."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have killed a coloured man, do you?"

"I speck I is, boss. I speck I done gone an' done it dis time, sho'. Hit's bin sorter growin' on me, an' it come ter a head dis mawnin', less my name ain't Remus, an' dat's w'at dey bin er callin' me sence I wuz ole er 'nuff fer ter scratch myse'f wid my lef' han'."

"Well, if you've killed a man, you'll have some fun, sure enough. How was it?"

"Hit wuz dis way, boss: I wuz layin' in my bed dis mawnin' sorter ruminatin' 'roun', when de fus news I know'd I year a fus 'mong de chickens, an' den my brissels riz. I done had lots er trubble wid dem chickens, an' w'en I years wan un um squall my ve'y shoes comes ontied. So I des sorter riz up an' retch fer my ole muskit, and den I crope out er de back do', an' w'atter you reckin I seed?"

"I couldn't say."

"I seed de biggest, blackest nigger dat you ever laid eyes on. He shined like de paint on 'im was fresh. He hed done grabbed fo'er my forwardes' pullets. I crope up nigh de do', an' hollered an' axed 'im how he wuz a-gittin' on, an' den he broke, an' ez he broke I jammed de gun in de small er his back and banged aloose. He let a yell like forty yaller cats a-courtin', an' den he broke. You ain't seed no nigger hump hisse'f like dat nigger. He tore down de well shelter and fo' pannils er fence, an' de groun' look like wunner deze yere harrycanes had lit dar and fanned up de yeath."

"Why, I thought you killed him?"

"He bleedzed ter be dead, boss. Ain't I put de gun right on 'im? Seem like I feel 'im give way w'en she went off."

"Was the gun loaded?"

"Dat's w'at my ole 'oman say. She had de powder in dar, sho', but I disremember wedder I put de buckshot in, er wedder I lef' um out. Leas' ways, I'm gwinter call on wunner deze yer jestesses. So long, boss."

"GIVE me some cold rice," said a guest at a hotel to a black waiter. "Dere ain't none, sah." "Why, what's that on the sideboard, in that dish there?" "Dat, sah, am cole b'iled rice. You asked simply for cole rice, sah. Please be exact in your language, sah. Shall I gib you some ob de cole b'iled rice, sah?"

A GENTLEMAN in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights, so dis morning I seize him for de rent of de fence."

SOMETHING LIKE AN ILLNESS.

A JONESBORO negro, while waiting for the train to go out, met up with Uncle Remus. After the usual "time of day" had been passed between the two, the former inquired about an acquaintance.

"How's Jeems Rober'son?" he asked.

"Ain't you year 'bout Jim?" asked Uncle Remus.

"Dat I ain't," responded the other; "I ain't hear talk er Jim sence he cut loose

fum de chain-gang. Dat w'at make I ax. He ain't down wid de biliousness, is he?"

"Not dat I knows un," responded Uncle Remus, gravely. "He ain't sick, an' he ain't bin sick. He des tuck'n say he wuz gwineter ride dat ar roan mule er Mars John's de udder Sunday, an' de mule, she up'n do like she got nudder ingagement. I done bin fool wid dat mule befo', an' I tuck'n tole Jim dat he better not git tangle up wid 'er; but Jim, he up'n 'low dat he wuz a hoss-doctor, an' wid dat he ax me fer a chaw terbarker, en den he got de bridle, en tuck'n kotch de mule en got on her— Well," continued Uncle Remus, looking uneasily around, "I speek you better go git yo' ticket. Dey tells me dish yer train goes a cally-hootin'."

"Hole on dar, Uncle Remus; you ain't tell me 'bout Jim," exclaimed the Jonesboro negro.

"I done tell you all I knows, chile. Jim, he tuck'n light on de mule, an' de mule she up'n hump 'ersef, an den dey wuz a skuffle, an' w'en de dus' blow 'way, dar lay de nigger on de groun', an' de mule she stood eatin' at the troff wid wunner Jim's gallussee wrop 'roun' her behime-leg. Den atterwuds, de ker'ner, he come 'roun' an' he tuck'n gin it out dat Jim died sorter accidental like. Hit's des like I tell you; de nigger wern't sick a minnit. So long! Bimeby you won't ketch yo' train. I got ter be knoeakin' long."

CHURCH EXPERIENCE.

THE DEACON of a coloured church met Uncle Remus recently, and, after some uninteresting remarks about the weather, asked—

"How dis you don't come down ter chu'ch no mo', Brer Remus? We er bin er havin' some mighty 'freshen' times lately."

"Hit's bin a long time sence I bin down dar, Brer Rastus, an' hit'll be longer. I done got my dose."

"You ain't done gone an' uninjed, is you, Brer Remus?"

"Not zackly, Brer Rastus. I des tuck'n draw'd out. De members 'uz a blame sight too mutuel fer ter suit my doctrines."

"How wuz dat, Brer Remus?"

"Well, I tell you Bres Rastus. W'en I went ter dat chu'ch, I went des ez umbill'ez de nex' one. I went dar fer ter sing, an' fer ter pray, an' fur ter wushup, an' I mos' ginerlly allers had a stray shinplarster w'ich de ole 'oman say she want sent out dar ter dem cullud fokes 'cross de water. Hit went on dis way twel bimeby, one day, de fus news I know'd der was a row got up in de amen cornder. Brer Dick, he 'nounced dat dey wern't nuff money in de box; an' Brer Sim said if dey wern't he speek Brer Dick know'd whar it disappeared ter; an' den Brer Dick 'lowd dat he won't stan' no 'probusness, an' wid dat he haul off an' tuck Brer Sim under de jaw—ker blap!—an' den dey clinched an' drapped on de flo' an' fout under de benches an' 'mong de wimmen."

"Bout dat time Sis Tempy, she lipt up in de a'r, and sing out dat she done gone an' tromple on de Ole Boy, an' she kep' on lippin' up an' slingin' out 'er han's twel bimeby—blip!—she tuck Sis Becky in de mouf, an' den Sis Becky riz an' lech a grab at Sis Tempy, an' I 'clar' ter grashus ef didn't 'pear to me like she got a poun' er wool. Atter dat de revivin' sorter het up like. Bof un um had kin 'mong de mo'ners, an' ef you see skufflin' an' scramblin' hit wuz den an' dar. Brer Jeems Henry, he mounted Brer Plato, an' rid 'im over de railin' an' den de

preacher he start down fum de pulpit, an' des ez he wuz skippin' onter de flat-form a hymn-book kotch 'im in de bur er de year, an' I be bless ef it didn't soun' like a bungshell'd busted. Des den, Brer Jesse, he riz up in his seat, sorter keerless like, an' went down inter his britches atter his razer, an' right den I know'd sho' nuff trubble wuz begun. Sis Dilsey, she seed it herse'f an' she tuck'n let off wunner dem hallyluyah hollers, an' den I disremember w'at come ter pass.

"I'm gittin' sorter ole, Brer Rastus, an' it seem like de dus' sorter shet out de pannyrammer. Fuddermo', my lim's got ter akin, mo' speshully w'en I year Brer Sim an' Brer Dick a-snortin' and a-skufflin' under de benches like ez dey wuz sorter makin' der way ter my pew. So I kinder hump myse'f an' scramble out, and de fus man wa't I seed was a p'leeceman, an' he had a nigger 'rested, an' de fergiven name er dat nigger wuz Remus."

"He didn't 'res' you, did he, Brer Remus?"

"Hit's des like I tell you, Brer Rastus, an' I hatter git Mars John fer to go inter my bon's fer me. Hit ain't no use fer ter sing out chu'ch ter me, Brer Rastus. I done bin an' got my dose. W'en I goes ter war, I wanter know w'at I'm a-doin'. I don't wanter git hemmed up 'mong no wimmen and preachers. I want's elbow-room, an' I bleedzd ter have it. Des gimme elbow-room."

"But Brer Remus, you ain't—"

"I mou't drap in, Braer Rastus, an' den agin I moun't, but w'en you duz see me santer in de do', wid my spees on, you k'n des say to de congergashun, sorter familiuous like, 'Yer come ole man Remus wid his hoss-pistol, an' ef dar's any onpleasantness, he's been to the war an' he knows how to shoot,' an', golly! he let off de instrement soon! Dat's me!"

A TICKLISH CUSTOMER.

DAR was a time wunst when de coon an' de possum dey kin' o' 'greed to go on a trabble togeder. An' when Mr. Possum make a remark 'bout dogs, de coon say "Jes' you let 'im run up ter me, an' I lay him out in one twis'," sezee. An' Mr. Possum say: "Ef he come, sah, I'm gwine ter stan' by you!"

But Mr. Dog he come 'long mitey-soon. En he not wait for ter say, "Goo' mornin' brudder," he des sail inter de two un um.

De ve'y fus pas he make Brer Possum fetch a grin fum year ter year, en keel over like he wuz dead.

Den Mr. Dog, he sail inter Brer Coon, en right dar's whar he drap his munnypus, kaze Brer Coon wuz cut out fer dat kinder bizness, en he fa'rly wipe up de face er de earf wid 'im. You better b'leeve dat w'en Mr. Dog got a chance to make hisse'l skase he tuck it, en w'at der wuz lef' un him went skaddlin' thoo de woods like it wuz shot outen a muski'.

En Brer Coon, he sorter lick his close inter shape en rack off, en Brer Possum, he lay dar like he wuz dead, twel bimeby he raise up sorter keerful like, en w'en he finc de coas' cle'r he scramble up en scamper off like sumpin was atter 'im.

Nex' time Brer Possum meet Brer Coon, Brer Coon 'fuse ter 'spon ter his howdy, en dis make Brer Possum feel mighty bad, seein' ez how dey useter make so many 'seurshuns tergedder.

"Wat make you hol' yo' head so high, Brer Coon?" sez Brer Possum, sezee.

"I ain't runnin' wid cowerds deze days," sez Brer Coon. "W'en I wants you I'll son' fer you," sezee.

Den Brer Possum git mighty mad.

"Who's enny cowerd?" sezee.

"You is," sez Brer Coon, "dat's who. I ain't soshatin' wid dem w'at lies down on de groun' en plays dead w'en dars a free fight gwine on," sezee.

Den Brer Possum grin en lafft fit to kill hisse'f.

"Lor', Brer Coon, you don't speck I done dat kaze I wuz 'feared, duz you?" sezee. "W'y I want no mo' 'feared dan you is dis minnit. W'at wuz dey fer ter be skeered un?" sezee. "I know'd you'd git away wid Mr. Dog ef I didn't, en I des lay dar watchin' you shake him, waitin' fer ter put in w'en de time come," sezee.

Brer Coon tu'n up his nose.

"Dat's a mighty likely tale," sezee, "when Mr. Dog ain't mo'n tech you 'fo' you eel over, en lay dar stiff," sezee.

"Dat's des w'at I wuz gwineter tell you 'bout," sez Brer Possum, sezee. "I want no mo' skeer'd dan you is right now, en' I wuz fixin' fer to give Mr. Dog a sample er my jaw," sezee, "but I'm de most ticklish chap w'at you ever laid eyes on, en no sooner did Mr. Dog put his nose down yer 'mong my ribs dan I got ter laffin, en I laft twel I ain't had no use er my lim's," sezee, "en it's a mussy unto Mr. Dog dat I wuz ticklish, kaze a little mo' en I'd e't 'im up," sezee. "I don't mine fightin', Brer Coon, no mo' dan you duz," sezee, "but I declar' ter grashus ef I kin stan' ticklin'. Git me in a row whar dey ain't no ticklin' 'lowed, en I'm your man," sezee.

En down ter dis day Brer Possum's bound ter s'render w'en you tech him in de short ribs, en he'll laff ef he knows he's gwineter be smashed fer it.

WHY THE NEGRO IS BLACK.

ONE night, while his master's little boy was watching old Uncle Remus twisting and waxing some shoe-thread he made what appeared to him to be a very curious discovery. He discovered that the palms of the old negro man's hands were as white as his own, and the fact was such a source of wonder that he at last made it the subject of remark. The response of Uncle Remus led to the earnest recital of a piece of unwritten history that must prove interesting to ethnologists.

"Tooby sho de pa'm er my han's w'ite, honey," he quietly remarked; "en, w'en it come ter dat, dey wuz a time w'en all de w'ite folks 'uz black—blacker dan me, kaze I done bin yer so long dat I bin sorter bleach out."

The little boy laughed. He thought Uncle Remus was making him the victim of one of his jokes; but the youngster was never more mistaken. The old man was serious. Nevertheless he failed to rebuke the ill-timed mirth of the child, appearing to be altogether engrossed in his work. After a while he resumed—

"Yasser. Fokes dunner w'at bin yit, let 'lone w'at gwinter be. Niggers is niggers now, but de time wuz w'en we 'uz all niggers tergedder way back yander. In dem times we uz all un us black; we uz all niggers tergedder, en 'cordin' ter all de 'counts w'at I years fokes 'uz gitting 'long 'bout ez well in dem days ez dey is now. But atter 'w'ile de news cum dat dere wuz a pon' er water some'rs in de naberhood, w'ich ef dey'd git inter dey'd be wash off nice en w'ite, en den one un um, he fine de place en make er splunge inter de pon', en come out w'ite ez a town gal. En den, bless grashus! w'en de fokes seed it, they make a brake fer de pon', en dem w'at wuz de soopless, dey got in fus' en dey cum out w'ite; en dem w'at wuz de nex' soopless, dey got in nex', en dey come out mer-

latters; en dey wuz sech a crowd un um dat dey mighty nigh use de water up, w'ich w'en dem yuthers come 'ong, de morest dey could do wuz ter paddle about der foots en dabble in wid der han's. Dem wuz de niggers, en down ter dis day dey ain't no w'ite 'bout de nigger 'ceppin de pa'ms er der han's en de soles er der foot."

A COUNTRY MINISTER of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wife a lady of some property. Being an ardent servant of Mammon, a former neighbour asked him if he did not do well by the second marriage. "O, yes, indeed," he said with animation. And then, as an expression of reverent awe stole in his face, he added, "And what is very remarkable, the clothes of my wife's first husband just fit me."



THE END.

LAUGHABLE LEGENDS.

A CANNIBAL LEGEND OF FIJI.



ERHAPS you never heard of the Rev. Mr. Blodgett, missionary to the Fiji Islands? Well, he saved his life once merely by practising mesmerism. Blodgett, in his sinful youth, had been a travelling professor of mesmerism. But he had abandoned that business to go into the ministry and to preach to the heathen in Fiji. Well, his church

out there got up a picnic; it appears; and when the people all arrived upon the ground, they learned that the provisions had been forgotten. A meeting of the vestry was called, any after a brief consultation it was decided that the only thing which could be done to meet the emergency was to barbecue the minister. The inducement to this course was all the stronger because his salary was six months in arrears, and the church was entirely out of funds. So they built a huge fire; and seizing Blodgett, they began to strip him and to stick him with forks.

In order to save himself, he immediately mesmerised each member of the vestry; and when they were all fixed, he called up the scholars, class by class, and put them comfortably to sleep. Having them all completely under his influence, he gave an entire class to each one of the vestrymen, and assured them

that the innocent children were the most luscious kind of missionary. Thereupon the hypnotised vestry immediately ate up the somnambulistic Sunday-school and picked the bones clean. Blodgett was a very conscientious man in the performance of his sacerdotal functions, so he read the funeral service over each class as

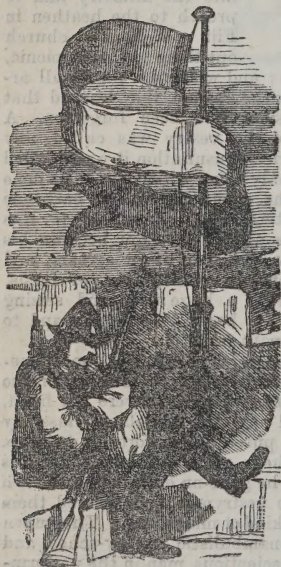
it disappeared—an excessive meal; but they are large-eaters, the Fijians. You might say that their appetites are, in a certain sense, robust.

Well, when the little ones were gone, Blodgett whispered to the magnetised wardens that their fellow-countrymen were also succulent propagators of Christianity; whereupon the unconscious wardens fell upon their colleagues, and in a few moments nearly the whole vestry was in the process of assimilation.

There remained now but the two wardens, and Blodgett, having prevailed upon the younger and more vigorous of the two to eat the other, then seized the slumbering body of his converted but erring brother and stood it on its head in the fire. The Rev. Mr. Blodgett went away alone from that picnic, and he went with a heavy heart. When he got home, they asked where the rest of the folks were, and he said they were enjoying themselves up there in the woods in their own quiet, innocent way, but that he had to come away in order to visit an ailing friend who stood in need of his ministrations. And then he packed his trunk and borrowed a canoe and paddled away to a passing ship, determined to seek some sunnier clime, where the heathen rage less furiously, and where the popular appetite for warm clergyman is not so intensely vivid.

MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.—THE SECRET REVEALED.



TILL night reigned in the grand antique feudal castle of Klugenstein. The year 1222 was drawing to a close. Far away up in the tallest of the castle's towers a single light glimmered. A secret council was being held there. The stern old lord of Klugenstein sat in a chair of state meditating. Presently he said, with a tender accent—

“My daughter!”

A young man of noble presence, clad from head to heel in knightly mail, answered—

“Speak, father!”

“My daughter, the time is come for the revealing of the mystery that hath puzzled all your young life. Know, then, that it had its birth in the matters which I shall now unfold. My brother Ulrich is the great Duke of Brandenburg. Our father, on his death-bed, decreed that if no son were born to Ulrich the succession should pass to my house, provided a son were born to me. And further, in case no son were born to either, but only daughters, then the succession should pass to Ulrich's daughter if she proved stainless; if she did not, my daughter should succeed if she retained a blameless name. And so I and my old wife here prayed fervently for the good boon of a son, but the prayer was vain. You were born to us. I was in despair. I saw the mighty prize slipping from my grasp, the splendid dream

vanishing away. And I had been so hopeful! Five years had Ulrich lived in wedlock, and yet his wife had borne no heir of either sex.

"'But hold,' I said: 'all is not lost.' A saving scheme had shot athwart my brain. You were born at midnight. Only the leech, the nurse, and six waiting-women knew your sex. I hanged them every one before an hour sped. Next morning all the barony went mad with rejoicing over the proclamation that a son was born to Klugenstein, and heir to mighty Brandenburg! And well the secret has been kept. Your mother's own sister nursed your infancy, and from that time forward we feared nothing.

"When you were ten years old a daughter was born to Ulrich. We grieved, but hoped for good results from measles, or physicians, or other natural enemies of infancy, but were always disappointed. She lived, she throve—Heaven's malison upon her! But it is nothing. We are safe. For, ha ha! have we not a son? And is not our son the future Duke? Our well-beloved Conrad, is it not so?—for, woman of eight-and-twenty as you are, my child, none other name than that hath ever fallen to you!

"Now it hath come to pass that age hath laid its hand upon my brother, and he waxes feeble. The cares of state do tax him sore. Therefore he wills that you shall come to him and be already Duke in act, though not yet in name. Your servitors are ready—you journey forth to-night.

"Now listen well. Remember every word I say. There is a law as old as Germany, that if any woman sit for a single instant in the great ducal chair before she hath been absolutely crowned in presence of the people SHE SHALL DIE! So heed my words. Pretend humility. Pronounce your judgments from the Premier's chair, which stands at the foot of the throne. Do this until you are crowned and safe. It is not likely that your sex will ever be discovered, but still it is the part of wisdom to make all things as safe as may be in this treacherously earthly life."

"Oh, my father, is it for this my life hath been a lie? Was it that I might cheat my unoffending cousin of her rights? Spare me, father, spare your child!"

"What, hussy! Is this my reward for the august fortune my brain has wrought for thee? By the bones of my father, this puling sentiment of thine but ill accords with my humour. Betake thee to the Duke instantly! And beware how thou meddlest with my purpose!"

Let this suffice of the conversation. It is enough for us to know that the prayers, the entreaties, and the tears of the gentle-natured girl availed nothing. Neither they nor anything could move the stout old lord of Klugenstein. And so, at last, with a heavy heart, the daughter saw the castle gates close behind her, and found herself riding away in the darkness surrounded by a knightly array of armed vassals and a brave following of servants.

The old baron sat silent for many minutes after his daughter's departure, and then he turned to his sad wife and said—

"Dame, our matters seem speeding fairly. It is full three months since I sent the shrewd and handsome Count Detzin on his devilish mission to my brother's daughter Constance. If he fail we are not wholly safe, but if he do succeed no power can bar our girl from being Duchess e'en though ill-fortune should decree she never should be Duke!"

"My heart is full of bodings, yet all may still be well."

"Tush, woman! Leave the owls to croak. To bed with ye, and dream of Brandenburg and grandeur!"

CHAPTER II.—FESTIVITY AND TEARS.



A QUEER "MUG."

the Duke's only child, the Lady Constance. Her eyes were red and swollen, and full of tears. She was alone. Presently she fell to weeping anew, and said aloud—

"The villain Detzin is gone—has fled the dukedom! I could not believe it at first, but alas! it is too true. And I loved him so. I dared to love him though I knew the Duke my father would never let me wed him. I loved him—but now I hate him! With all my soul I hate him! Oh, what is to become of me? I am lost, lost, lost! I shall go mad!"

CHAPTER III.—THE PLOT THICKENS.

A FEW months drifted by. All men published the praises of the young Conrad's government, and extolled the wisdom of his judgments, the mercifulness of his sentences, and the modesty with which he bore himself in his great office. The old Duke soon gave everything into his hands, and sat apart and listened with proud satisfaction while his heir delivered the decrees of the crown from the seat of the premier. It seemed plain that one so loved and praised and honoured of all men as Conrad was could not be otherwise than happy. But strangely enough, he was not. For he saw with dismay that the Princess Constance had begun to love him! The love of the rest of the world was happy fortune for him, but this was freighted with danger! And he saw, moreover, that the delighted Duke had discovered his daughter's passion likewise, and was already dreaming of a marriage. Every day somewhat of the deep sadness that had been in the princess's face faded away; every day hope and animation beamed brighter from her eyes; and by-and-by even fragrant smiles visited the face that had been so troubled.

Conrad was appalled. He bitterly cursed himself for having yielded to the instinct that had made him seek the companionship of one of his own sex when he was new and a stranger in the palace—when he was sorrowful and yearned

AYS after the occurrences related in the first chapter, the brilliant capital of the Duchy of Brandenburg was resplendent with military pageantry, and noisy with the rejoicings of loyal multitudes, for Conrad, the young heir to the crown, was come. The old Duke's heart was full of happiness, for Conrad's handsome person and graceful bearing had won his love at once. The great halls of the palace were thronged with nobles, who welcomed Conrad bravely; and so bright and happy did all things seem that he felt his fears and sorrows passing away, and giving place to a comforting contentment.

But in a remote apartment of the palace a scene of a different nature was transpiring. By a window stood

for a sympathy such as only women can give or feel. He now began to avoid his cousin. But this only made matters worse, for, naturally enough, the more he avoided her the more she cast herself in his way. He marvelled at this at first, and next it startled him. The girl haunted him; she hunted him; she happened upon him at all times and in all places, in the night as well as in the day. She seemed singularly anxious. There was surely a mystery somewhere.

This could not go on for ever. All the world was talking about it. The Duke was beginning to look perplexed. Poor Conrad was becoming a very ghost through dread and dire distress. One day as he was emerging from a private ante-room attached to the picture-gallery Constance confronted him, and, seizing both his hands in hers, exclaimed—

"Oh, why do you avoid me? What have I done—what have I said, to lose your kind opinion of me—for surely I had it once? Conrad, do not despise me, but pity a tortured heart. I cannot, cannot hold the words unspoken longer, lest they kill me—I LOVE YOU, CONRAD. There, despise me if you must, but they *would* be uttered!"

Conrad was speechless. Constance hesitated a moment, and then, misinterpreting his silence, a wild gladness flamed in her eyes, and she flung her arms about his neck and said—

"You relent! you relent! You *can* love me—you *will* love me! Oh, say you will, my own, my worshipped Conrad!"

Conrad was considerably upset. Pallor overspread his countenance, and he



CONSIDERABLY UPSET.

trembled like an aspen. Presently, in desperation, he thrust the poor girl from him, and cried—

"You know not what you ask! It is for ever and ever impossible!" And then he fled like a criminal, and left the princess stupefied with amazement. A minute afterward she was crying and sobbing there, and Conrad was crying and sobbing in his chamber. Both were in despair. Both saw ruin staring them in the face.

By-and-by Constance rose slowly to her feet and moved away, saying—

"To think that he was despising my love at the very moment that I thought it was melting his cruel heart! I hate him! He spurned me—did this man—he spurned me from him like a dog!"

CHAPTER IV.—THE AWFUL REVELATION.

TIME passed on. A settled sadness rested once more upon the countenance of the good Duke's daughter. She and Conrad were seen together no more now. The Duke grieved at this. But as the weeks wore away Conrad's colour came back to his cheeks, and his old-time vivacity to his eye, and he administered the government with a clear and steadily ripening wisdom.

Presently a strange whisper began to be heard about the palace. It grew louder; it spread farther. The gossips of the city got hold of it. It swept the dukedom. And this is what the whisper said—

"The Lady Constance hath given birth to a child!"

When the lord of Klugenstein heard it he swung his plumed helmet thrice around his head and shouted—

"Long live Duke Conrad!—for lo, his crown is sure from this day forward! Detzin has done his errand well, and the good scoundrel shall be rewarded!"

And he spread the tidings far and wide, and for eight-and forty hours no soul in all the barony but did dance and sing, carouse and illuminate, to celebrate the great event, and all at proud and happy old Klugenstein's expense.

CHAPTER V.—THE FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.



DETTY soon the trial was at hand. All the lords of Brandenburg were assembled in the Hall of Justice in the ducal palace. No space was left unoccupied where there was room for a spectator to stand or sit. Conrad, clad in purple and ermine, sat in the premier's chair, and on either side sat the great judges of the realm. The old Duke had sternly commanded that the trial of his daughter should proceed without favour, and then had taken to his bed broken-hearted. His days were numbered. Poor Conrad had begged, as for his very life, that he might be spared the misery of sitting in judgment upon his cousin's crime, but it did not avail.

The saddest heart in all that great assemblage was in Conrad's breast.

The gladdest was in his father's, for unknown to his daughter "Conrad," the old Baron

Klugenstein was come, and was among the crowd of nobles, triumphant in the swelling fortunes of his house.

After the heralds had made due proclamation and the other preliminaries had followed, the venerable Lord Chief Justice said—"Prisoner, stand forth!"

The unhappy princess rose, and stood unveiled before the vast multitude. The Lord Chief Justice continued—

"Most noble lady, before the great judges of this realm it hath been charged and proven that out of holy wedlock your Grace hath given birth unto a child, and by our ancient law the penalty is death excepting in one sole contingency, whereof his Grace the acting Duke, our good Lord Conrad, will advertise you in his solemn sentence now; wherefore give heed."

Conrad stretched forth the reluctant sceptre, and in the selfsame moment the womanly heart beneath his robe yearned pityingly toward the doomed prisoner, and the tears came into his eyes. He opened his lips to speak, but the Lord Chief Justice said quickly—

"Not there, your Grace, not there! It is not lawful to pronounce judgment upon any of the ducal line **SAVE FROM THE DUCAL THRONE!**"

A shudder went to the heart of poor Conrad, and a tremor shook the iron frame of his old father likewise. **CONRAD HAD NOT BEEN CROWNED**—dared he profane the throne? He hesitated and turned pale with fear. But it must be done. Wondering eyes were already upon him. They would be suspicious eyes if he hesitated longer. He ascended the throne. Presently he stretched forth the sceptre again, and said—

"Prisoner, in the name of our sovereign Lord Ulrich, Duke of Brandenburg, I proceed to the solemn duty that hath devolved upon me. Give heed to my words. By the ancient law of the land, except you produce the partner of your guilt and deliver him up to the executioner, you must surely die. Embrace this opportunity—save yourself while yet you may. Name the father of your child!"

A solemn hush fell upon the great court—a silence so profound that men could hear their own hearts beat. Then the princess slowly turned, with eyes gleaming with hate, and pointing her finger straight at Conrad, said—

"Thou art the man!"

An appalling conviction of his helpless, hopeless peril struck a chill to Conrad's heart like the chill of death itself. What power on earth could save him! To disprove the charge he must reveal that he was a woman, and for an uncrowned woman to sit in the ducal chair was death! At one and the same moment he and his grim old father swooned and fell to the ground.

The remainder of this thrilling and eventful story will not be found in this or any other publication, either now or at any future time.

The truth is, I have got my hero (or heroine) into such a particularly close place that I do not see how I am ever going to get him (or her) out of it again, and therefore I will wash my hands of the whole business, and leave that person to get out the best way that offers—or else stay there. I thought it was going to be easy enough to straighten out that little difficulty, but it looks different now.

A PHOTOGRAPHER presented a revolver at the head of a gentleman who was sitting for his photograph, with the cheering remark, "My reputation as an artist is at stake. If you don't look smiling, I'll blow your brains out." He smiled.

TANNING OLD TANNHAUSER.



SCENE OF SHIVER-ALRIC KNIGHTS.

In the reading-room of an hotel at Eisenach, Germany, Mr. Bartholomew G. Skinner, of Spain, United States of America, sat with his feet upon the edge of a table.

Mr. Skinner had acquired a fortune at Squan. He began as the keeper of a summer hotel, and with money earned in this avocation he had engaged in profitable speculations in land upon a large scale.

He was travelling through Europe for enjoyment. He was a man who had had little education in his boyhood; but he had read much, and thought much; and concerning the practical affairs of life he was fairly well informed. He was a practical man, and he prided himself upon the fact.

Mr. Skinner was reading a book as he sat with his feet nearly as high as his head. It was a Traveller's Guide, and the passage that interested him at that moment described the Horselberg, just beyond Eisenach, and told in a very prosy way the wonderful story of Tannhauser.

Mr. Skinner had never encountered that legend before. He read it through twice, first hurriedly, and then more carefully. Then he rose and went to the window.

He looked out, and there, in full view, was the very mountain alluded to in the story. Mr. Skinner stood for several minutes gazing at it, with his hands behind his back. He appeared to be considering something. Presently he turned about and said to himself—

"If there's anything in that story I'm going to find it out. If Tannhauser could get in, why can't I get in? And if I do get in, I'll bet a dollar I'll play a better hand than he played, see if I don't!"

At seven o'clock p.m., Mr. Skinner was in the room equipped for his undertaking. He had a traveller's satchel containing a few articles swung over his shoulder; he had placed a loaded revolver in his pocket; upon his arm was a light overcoat, and in his hand he carried an umbrella.

Presently the servant who was to guide him, entered, and ordering him to lead the way, Mr. Skinner started.

After a long walk, and some rather stiff climbing, the goal was reached.

"This is the place, is it?" asked Mr. Skinner. "Well, you can go home now," putting a bit of money into the man's hand. "I intend to stay here all night. You needn't wait!"

The man looked at him with mingled amazement and curiosity, but as it was plainly apparent from Mr. Skinner's manner that he was not convulsed by extraordinary emotion of any kind, and was neither contemplating suicide, nor likely to be much affected by supernatural manifestations if any should appear, the man turned slowly about and began to retrace his steps.

It was early twilight, and Mr. Skinner's first act was to take a look around. He admitted to himself that the loneliness of the place was somewhat oppressive; but he was in search of truth, and he had not expected to be quite so comfortable as he would have been at the hotel.

It grew darker, and the air became chilly. Mr. Skinner put on his overcoat; then he threw his umbrella upon the ground, seated himself upon it, and lighted a cigar. Upon the whole it was not disagreeable; there was a flavour of adventure about it which pleased him.

And so he mused and smoked, and smoked and mused, as the hours went slowly by. Once or twice he caught himself nodding; and then he would rise and walk about for a little space to rouse himself.



MR. SKINNER'S VISIONARY FANCIES.

At last, however, his thoughts became confused, and he knew no more until suddenly he was conscious of the faint reverberations of a distant town clock. He counted the strokes mechanically, and there were TWELVE!

He had been asleep quite an hour. He was about to get up and walk again, when he heard a noise close to him, very faint, but distinct and musical. In a moment he saw that the turf about him was lighted by a glow softer and less clear than moonlight; and he perceived that a host of tiny figures capered about amid the grass.

Mr. Skinner knew that they were elves; they belonged to the story of Tannhauser.

An hour ago he did not believe in the existence of such beings. Would anybody believe him when he should relate his experiences?

Mr. Skinner had half a notion at one time to put out his hand suddenly, and seize a couple of them. There was a fortune waiting for the showman who should offer such an attraction to the people. Tom Thumb and his kind would be nowhere compared with such atoms as these. But he thought better of it. They seemed so innocent and happy that he could not bear to injure one of them. And for money, too! He had enough of that without doing a cowardly action for the sake of it.

They came nearer and nearer to him, and he could see that they were numbered by tens of thousands. They danced, and rolled, and kicked, and tumbled; and as they came to his side and turned somersaults upon the ferule of his umbrella, some of them began to throw their caps into the air. One cap finally fell upon his hand. He did not mean to do it, but, somehow, involuntarily, his fingers closed upon it. In the twinkling of an eye the whole army of elves vanished, the glow faded from the grass, and there was silence and deep darkness.

"Queer!" muttered Mr. Skinner to himself; "all gone, every imp of them. Let's see what it is I've got, anyhow."

He struck a match and looked. It was a tiny cap, too small to go upon the end of his finger.

"Well, there's something like proof if I ever tell what I saw! I'll keep it."

He never knew precisely whence came the impulse that moved him to do so absurd a thing as to remove his hat and to place that little thimble of a cap upon his head; but he did so, and no sooner had it touched his crown than there was heard a sound of rushing wind and a confused murmur of voices. He felt himself whirled about by some unseen force, and before he could make a movement of resistance, he found himself lying in what appeared to be a dimly-lighted cavern, flat upon his back, with his umbrella in one hand and his hat in the other.

"Not very pleasant," said Mr. Skinner, as he sat up and looked around; "but it's original and mighty interesting! I'd pay a reasonable price to know what it was that picked me up and flung me in here. I didn't see a thing. I'm in for it now, though, sure as you're born."

Mr. Skinner got upon his feet, and after feeling for his revolver, to ascertain if it was handy for use, he examined the cavern. It had rocky walls, absolutely bare, unless where stalactites here and there hung from the roof. Straight before him it opened through a narrow way into a space beyond of which he could see little, excepting that far, far in the distance he discerned what appeared to be a mere point of very brilliant light.

Hardly had he gotten upright than the walls of the cavern rang suddenly with a chorus of wild, shrieking laughter.

Slightly startled by this fiendish noise, he looked and saw coming toward him

swiftly what looked something like a squall of snow. Before he could think about it, he was enveloped by a crowd of figures of misty whiteness, which swept round and about him with amazing velocity.

It was a moment or two before he could realise precisely what was the matter ; but he soon began to mark the outlines of hideous forms, which grinned at him in a horrible fashion and seemed to menace him.

"Ghosts ! or my name is not Skinner ! Well, I never thought I'd strike anything like this !"

The whirlwind of shadows encircled him with accelerated speed, and as they came closer and closer to him, the demoniacal yells became more fierce and terrible. Mr. Skinner was surprised at his own calmness. Leaning upon his umbrella, he observed the performance with rather a critical air, and after a brief interval of silence he remarked, without being certain that he was addressing any one in particular :

"It's of no use. You can't scare me with any of your whooping and howling. I can stand this sort of thing as long as you can. I'm not one of the hysterical kind."

Still the spectral storm raged wildly about him, and still the cavern echoed the voices that came out of the tempest.

"Oh, well !" said Mr. Skinner, at last, sitting quietly down and crossing one leg over the other, "if it makes you feel better to waltz around that way, just go on ! I can wait ! Only I'm going to explore this den, if I have to stay here a week to do it !"

Suddenly, as he spoke, the ghostly crowd left him and flew shrieking down the passage whence it came. One figure alone stood before Mr. Skinner. It looked somewhat like an old man, with long hair and beard, and with a face of majestic sternness.

Mr. Skinner saw the form so vividly, that he at first thought it to be a real human being ; but when it stood between him and the passage-way, and he perceived that he could see the distant light right through the old man's mantle, he comprehended that he had a genuine ghost to deal with.

"Unhappy man," said the spectre, "why did you dare to penetrate to the Erl-king's chamber ?"

"Well, in the first place, I'm a free and independent American citizen, travelling upon a passport, and I've got a right to go where anybody else goes ; and, in the second place, I was pitched in here, head over heels, without my consent, by some of your people."

"Are you not afraid to stand in the presence of the awful spirits of the dead ?"

"No, I'm not ! Certainly not ! You can't frighten me ! What are you, anyhow ? You're nothing but a little bit of vapour, or carbonic acid gas, or something. Afraid ! I'm not afraid of anything I can poke my umbrella through, like that, and that !" and Mr. Skinner stirred about with his umbrella in the middle of the spectre.

"You are very audacious ; but you will never escape from here," said the ghost, solemnly ; "never, never !"

"I won't ? We'll see about that. I've left my direction with the United States consul, down at the town below here, and if I'm not back again within a specified time he'll be up here and blow your old mountain to flinders ! You don't seem to be acquainted with the party you have to deal with."

"It is strange," said the spectre, with the faintest suggestion of embarrassment in its hollow tones, "we are not used to being regarded with such calmness by mere mortals."

"I know it," answered Mr. Skinner; "I know it. People generally are frightened into fits when they think they see a ghost; but I made up my mind long ago that if I ever met one I was going to investigate him. S'pose we sit down here and have a little talk?"

The spectre did not move; but it struck Mr. Skinner that he detected upon the misty countenance some evidence that the ghost felt that it was hardly holding its own. Mr. Skinner had the advantage, and he knew it.

"I want to ask you now, for example," said Mr. Skinner, sitting and locking his fingers over his knee, "how it feels to be a disembodied spirit? Never hungry, are you?"

The ghost slowly shook its head.

"Costs you nothing for food; don't have to buy any clothes; no aches or pains, or anything of that kind?"

The spectre still nodded negatively.

"I thought not," said Mr. Skinner; "and nothing spent for travelling expenses either. No taxes and no work to do. But, say, what's the fact about your fingers haunting houses and graveyards?"

"Sometimes"

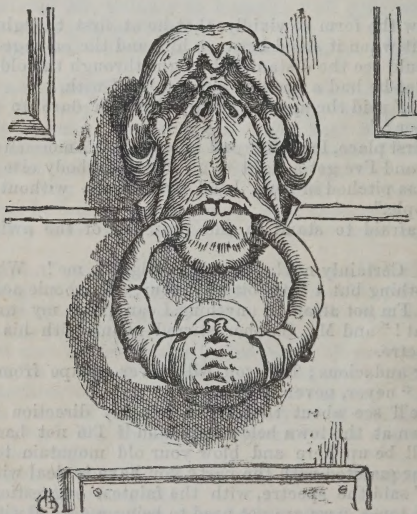
"What's the use of scaring people with that kind of foolishness? Why don't you keep off and behave?"

"You could not understand it if I were to tell you."

"I'd like to have a chance to try, any way. But, no matter, let that pass. I wish you'd tell me, though, what's going on in here. Whose place is it?"

"These are the realms of Venus. You shall see them; I will lead you."

"Will you? That's prime! I'm glad I met you!" and Mr. Skinner attempted to pat his companion on the back, but his hand went through the figure.



A NICE KNOCKER-TURNAL SIGHT.

As the shade of the Erl-king moved forward, with Mr. Skinner following, the character of the cavern underwent a change. At brief intervals the nakedness gave place to verdure or mosaic work of splendid jewels. Mr. Skinner was amazed to find hundreds of square feet of the walls glistening with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, amethysts, and other precious stones, of enormous size, and cut with the most exquisite skill.

His guide would have hurried on, but Mr. Skinner wanted to tarry awhile and enjoy the spectacle. It is not every day, he thought, that a plain man has a chance to study such a scene. This alone, he said to himself, was worth all the trouble he had taken, and all the danger he had encountered. A description of the chamber, in a letter to the *Barnegat Advertiser*, would fill New Jersey with excitement; and before the year was out the Erl-king's goblin would have half a thousand Jerseymen knocking at his door and wanting to come in.

"Ah!" said Mr. Skinner to his guide, "I know now why you do not want visitors. You've got millions and millions of dollars invested there."

"This is nothing; they are baubles," said the ghost.

"What! Oh, well, of course, they're not of much use to you. But I think I could get some practical good out of half a bushel or so. That diamond there, for example, would supply half the women in my State with breast-pins, and make them perfectly happy. Are you handing any of these around—among your friends, I mean?"

The ghost made no sign of affirmation, and Mr. Skinner added, as he gave a final look at the display, "No matter. I don't covet them. Only, I thought it would be nice to take one or two along, to remember you by."

"You will not find it easy to forget me, in the place to which you are going," answered the Erl-king, with what might have passed for a sneer. "See!" and the spectre waved its shadowy hand.

Mr. Skinner turned and looked. Before him, at the foot of a gentle slope, lay a scene of weird and wonderful beauty. He saw a vast garden stretching away in front of him, and to the right and the left, towards boundaries which, somehow, were so indistinctly defined that he could not surely say what were the dimensions of the place, or its proportions.



A GOBLIN



THE VENUS OF "ICY"-NACH,

There was splendour and beauty, but over it all was the hush of death. It was a place that might have been made a home for joy, but it was joyless and horrible. There was life, movement, activity; but only such animation as that which stirs within the realms of dreamland—mysterious, noiseless, and unreal.

As Mr. Skinner looked down upon the scene he realised these things, and, perhaps, for a moment, he had a sense of oppression, as though he were in a nightmare. But he readily freed himself from this feeling, and his curiosity was strongly excited as he noticed several figures, apparently of human beings, passing slowly to and fro, in attitudes of dejection, along the avenues of the garden.

"Who are those people?" he asked of his guide.

"Those are mortal men who have come here as you have come, and whose fate it is to linger here for ever."

"Why don't they quit, and go home?"

"Only two of all who have entered this realm have gone away, and they returned when they were summoned. That is the doom of all; to tarry or to return."

"Who were the two?"

"Tannhauser and Thomas of Ereldoune."

"Are they down there now?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you don't mind, I'll get you to introduce me. I would like to know one of them."

They walked down the declivity and into the garden. Mr. Skinner examined everything carefully.

"Land like that," he said, pointing to a grassy tract which stretched away to the left, "would bring forty dollars an acre in West Jersey. I know a man who gave that price for some not quite so good."

The ghost made no reply.

"I don't see," continued Mr. Skinner, "that you do much with the property. Now, there's a field I know would be first-rate for watermelons or sweet potatoes; a light, sandy soil, but rich and easily ploughed. If I were you I'd put at least an acre in melons and another in tomatoes and beans; but then, of course," said Mr. Skinner, suddenly remembering the unsubstantial nature of his companion, "you don't care as much for such things as I do. It's a pity, though, so much territory going unimproved. It would be far haler for those people there if they had a regular job of spading and hoeing to do every day."

They walked on as he spoke, and as they passed a tree that was filled with fruit Mr. Skinner plucked from the branches something that looked like an apple. When he bit it, he found that it was but a mass of dust.

"A decent cider apple-tree would be a blessing in such a place as this," he said.

"This," said the goblin, pausing near to one of the wanderers in the garden, "is Thomas of Ereldoune."

The man turned as his name was uttered, and Mr. Skinner went up, with some vivacity of manner, seized his hand and shook it.

"Glad to know you, Tommy! I've met nobody since I came in here but my ghostly friend and some others like him, and it's a satisfaction to meet a genuine man."

"Alas!" said Thomas, sadly, "is still another victim added to those who have come here to find endless misery?"

"You don't take exactly the right view of it, Tom," said Mr. Skinner, cheerily. "I am not a victim, T. E.! Not a bit of it."

Mr. Skinner felt a deep pity in his heart for this wretched man. He could not determine clearly whether Thomas of Erceldoune was young or old. He looked as if he might not have lived more than three decades, and yet from this man's soul hope had flown for ever and for ever.

"How long have you been here?" asked Mr. Skinner.

"I do not know. Sometimes I think but a day; at others I seem to have dwelt here for a thousand years. It was in the fifteenth century that I left my earthly home for the last time."

"How did you get here?"

"I came first to gratify my curiosity. Then I was permitted to go back to my home. But I knew that they would summon me; I knew it! And one day while I made merry at a feast with my friends, one came to tell me that a hart and a hind were coming up the highway to my door. No one but myself perceived that my time had come. But I was conscious of the meaning of the visit of those strange messengers, so I arose and followed them away, away, blinded by my tears and my misery, until they led me here."

"Do you know what I would have done if I had been you?" asked Mr. Skinner.

"No."

"Well, instead of quitting home, I would have had venison for supper."

"That is a strange thing to hear in this place!"

"I know, but I mean it! See here, old fellow, cheer up! You're mistaken if you think I am going to stay in here. Indeed I'm not. And if you will come along with me, and stick to me, I'll run you out when I go. I don't know exactly how, but I'll do it if I say so."

But Thomas of Erceldoune did not answer. He hung his head, and turning about, slowly walked away.

"Won't come, eh?" said Skinner.

The retreating figure shook its head slowly and mournfully.

"Young man," called Mr. Skinner, "you may never have another chance like this. It's the wildest nonsense to reject it. You come along with me, and we'll stir up this den of goblins so that they'll be glad to get rid of us at any price. I'll take you under the protection of the American flag, and we'll see whether anybody will dare to hold us! Won't go? Well, it's too bad! too bad!" and Mr. Skinner looked after the unhappy man, and watched him until he disappeared behind the shrubbery.

"No, he will not go," said the goblin. "He knows better than you do the awful power that holds you both in thrall."

"Not both, old gentleman. I see you are still deluding your cloudy noddle with the idea that I am going to stay."

"You will stay," answered the goblin, "and, as it did to Thomas of Erceldoune, so a hundred years will seem to you but a swiftly passing day."

"Ah, my venerable friend," replied Mr. Skinner, "you can't play that upon me. I have a self-winding, everlasting lever watch and a pocket calendar for the current year. There'll be no time rolling by without my knowing it."

"We shall see," answered the ghost, with an air of not feeling quite so certain about it as he had done before.

"And, meanwhile," said Mr. Skinner, "s'pose we push on and complete this exploration. I want to reach the end of the journey."

The Erl-king made no reply, but drifting slowly across the garden, it entered the portal of what seemed to be a vast building of some kind, though so puzzling and uncertain were its outlines, and so indistinct the light that shone about the place, that Mr. Skinner could not by most careful scrutiny determine if it was really a structure, or a wall of the solid rock hewn into symmetrical shape.

He followed his guide through the doorway, along a wide hall which rang beneath his footsteps, and thence through another wide portal into a long chamber of such height as he could not clearly discern. A table stretched from one end of the room to the other, and gathered about it was a great host of figures, whose greyish whiteness could be perceived without difficulty through the dusky atmosphere.

"This," said the goblin, "is the Hall of Heroes. Here are gathered the immortal parts of men whose deeds upon earth have made their fame eternal."

"Soldiers, I reckon," said Mr. Skinner. "Who are they?"

"There," replied the ghost, "sits Arthur, and about him are gathered the glorious Knights of the Round Table. All are there, the true and the false together. There is Charlemagne with his warriors, his crown upon his head, his good sword by his side. Near to him Red Bearded Frederick sits with his six knights. Thrice his beard enwraps the stony table in front of him, and thrice more still must it enfold it."

"Why don't he shave?" asked Mr. Skinner, calmly.

"Here," said the spectre, not deigning to reply, "the three great Tells join with the throng. The legend is that they sleep a mortal sleep within the mountain. But their eyes of sense will never more uncloze. And with them are



OVER THE GARDEN—PALINGS.

the shades of valiant men of all degrees, a company of the mighty and the heroic?"

"What are they at?" asked Mr. Skinner.

"It is a festival. They sit here, shadows of their ancient selves, but with souls that feel the impulse of their former fires, to hold revel and to recount the deeds of the wondrous past."

"A kind of a dinner party," suggested Mr. Skinner. "I'd like to join them. I don't see anything to eat; but I guess I will sit at the table and look on, anyhow." And Mr. Skinner, advancing, took a seat tolerably close to one of the ghosts, and, assuming an easy attitude, observed them.

There was a murmur of voices among them, but of voices such as no tongue ever shaped into words. And ever and anon the warriors, who seemed clad *cap-à-pie* in ghostly armour, moved as if to raise beakers to their lips, and to drain them to the dregs. Nobody appeared to notice Mr. Skinner's presence; but after a while that gentleman began to display signs of uneasiness, and, presently rising, clearing his throat, and looking calmly around, he said—

"Gentlemen, your chairman has not called upon me to respond to any sentiment, possibly because he's not familiar with the modern custom upon festive occasions, or perhaps because, not knowing me, he may have persuaded himself



CONSTANCE AND CONRAD (see page 6).

that I would feel some diffidence in addressing such a company. I do not wish to obtrude my opinions upon you; but, since my entrance to these regions, I have acquired the conviction that it would be an act of philanthropy for an intelligent outsider like myself to make an effort to freshen up your views a little. I intend, therefore, to offer a few remarks, which I trust will be received in the spirit of friendliness which moves me to present them.

"Of course, gentlemen, my notions of things must inevitably differ widely from yours. Now, if I were a ghost I would use my powers to reveal to living men truths that would be of service to them—such as knowledge of the spiritual state, and information, perhaps, as to the location of veins of coal, of the metals, and so forth; or, if these things were forbidden, I would rent myself out for exhibition for the benefit of good objects of various kinds. A genuine ghost, for example, could always find employment when 'Hamlet' or 'Macbeth' is performed at the theatres; and if you can flit about with the rapidity commonly attributed to you, some of you might earn good wages carrying messages for persons to places which the telegraph does not reach."

The Erl-king said that there would be danger in speaking further; but Mr. Skinner added—

"One word more. You hold in wicked bondage down here in the garden a lot of people who have a right to their liberty. Now, what good it does you, or the head person who governs this place, to practise cruelty of that kind, I can't imagine. My opinion is that you ought to let them go, and to give them each a pocketful of the jewellery I saw back here a-piece, for damages done to them. If you don't agree to this I intend as soon as I return to my hotel to get out a writ of *habeas corpus*, if such a thing is to be had in the German Empire; and most likely, if there is any fuss made about it, I will organise a railroad to run along here, and I will have a locomotive whizzing through this mountain in a way that will make you wish you could die again! That is all I have to say. I am obliged to you for your attention; and if any of you ever want to communicate with me don't hunt up a medium, but come direct to me at Squan, New Jersey, in the day-time, and if the light annoys you we'll have a comfortable talk in the cellar."

While Mr. Skinner was speaking the assembly sat in profound silence, and upon some of the faces could be detected a look of bewildered amazement. When he finished, he said politely: "Good morning," and turned to go.

"How do you think it struck them?" asked Mr. Skinner of his companion.

"You are a marvellous man, and a bold one," replied the spectre, almost timidly. "I thought they would rend you in pieces. Strange! Strange! that such things should happen within these realms!"

"I told you I'd give you some new ideas," said Mr. Skinner; "and now, which way are we going?"

"Straight forward."

"And what then?"

"Soon you will be ushered into the splendid court of Aphrodite, the mistress of these realms, and the power whom you and I and all must obey."

"A ghost, is she?"

"A being of transcendent and wondrous loveliness."

The scene upon which the Yankee was shortly ushered transcended in dazzling splendour anything that he had ever witnessed. He saw a vast temple, whose walls were massive slabs of gold and pearl, covered by some cunning hand with grotesque but beautiful designs of elaborate workmanship.

At the end of the room, beneath a canopy bespangled with gems, two golden thrones were placed, and, sitting upon one of these, the visitor saw a woman, so

fair, so noble, so crowned with a matchless and wonderful beauty, that he thought all the loveliness of woman that he had ever looked upon was but as deformity in comparison with it. About her, as she sat, were gathered a court of other women, scarcely less beautiful, and, as the visitor approached them, he heard strains of music of piercing sweetness, which swelled and throbbed through the crystal arches with vibrations which the ear might have heard for ever and for ever without satiety.

As the visitor came nearer, it seemed to him that that glorious company had been expecting him, for, when the Erl-king said to him, "This is Aphrodite, the Queen," she upon the throne smiled graciously upon him, and gave him hearty welcome to her court, while those who surrounded her echoed her words, and appeared eager to do him honour.

"Ah, very well," said Mr. Skinner, to himself; "but how about Tannhauser, and Thomas of Erceldoune, and the other poor wretches in the garden. I have no doubt that they were received in the same manner."

"We have waited for you," said the Queen, most graciously, "and we rejoice that you have come to dwell with us. Happy is the mortal who is permitted to linger in the company of the immortals!" And she extended to him her white hand, that he might kiss it.

Mr. Skinner grasped it, shook it warmly, and said—

"Thank you, madame; you are very kind. I was travelling through the neighbourhood, outside here, and I thought I'd just drop in. But I can't stay. Sorry; but I have an engagement in Berlin on the twenty-second."

"When you have tasted the delights of this realm you will not wish to go. Sit here," said the Queen, pointing to the throne by her side. "It is the place of honour—it is yours. The greatest men of your race have longed to occupy it; some have done so, and counted it the highest pleasure."

"It's handsome, that's certain," replied Mr. Skinner, running his hand over the golden carvings. "Handsome, but I must say that I've seen furniture that would beat it for comfort. Now I wonder that, instead of sitting about on a hard yellow affair like this, you don't order a few stuffed chairs for common use. There's a cabinet-maker, near where I live, would get you up a dozen with springs for almost nothing, and be glad of the chance."

"You," said the Queen, laughingly, "are the only guest who ever thought our temple less than faultless."

"Why, madame, I'm a prosy sort of a man, who always looks at the practical side of things. Now, do you know what I would do if I owned this place?"

"I cannot tell."

"Why, I would rig up some kind of a stove, and keep a coal-fire going, to take off the chill. It must be dreadfully damp underground here."

The Queen and her maids of honour laughed merrily at this, and Mr. Skinner thereupon added—

"The best thing that I find here is a little good-humour. My friend, the Erl-king here, is much too solemn to be an agreeable companion. A week with him would make me melancholy for life."

"You shall always be merry here," replied the Queen, with a sweet smile. "These are the realms of joy, and I will give you a better companion than your guide. Which of these will you choose to be your partner through all the years to come?" And she waved her hand toward the throng which stood around her.

"None of them, madame! I am a married man already. In my home, far across the sea, I have a wife whom I love. She is not so handsome as these, maybe, but her uncomeliness is not actually alarming; and if it comes to house-

keeping and plain cooking, she has no equal from the Hudson River to the Capes, if I do say it myself. While she lives I intend to stick to her."

Mr. Skinner was gratified to perceive that his remarks, uttered with some warmth, did not give offence. A ripple of laughter swept over the crowd.

"You have not much love for the beautiful, I think," said the Queen.

"Oh yes, madame. When it comes to good looks, this place takes the palm, without a doubt. I was aware of that. I have often seen statues of you, out in the world. A little scarce of clothes, if you will pardon me for saying so, but uncommonly handsome; everybody admits that."

"Men praise me, do they?" asked Aphrodite.

"Oh, yes; of course. In the matter of personal appearance, I mean. My guide-book, which I was reading over at the hotel, throws out an insinuation that there is a little too much paganism down here for Europe in the nineteenth century; but in the country that I come from we don't meddle with people's religious opinions."

Her Majesty apparently did not hear him, for she gave a signal, and again the hall was filled with the rapturous music, and the floor covered with beautiful dancers, who whirled about in riotous fury through a dance, which became wilder and wilder as it proceeded. Mr. Skinner observed the performance in silence.

"Is it not beautiful?" asked the Queen.

"Beautiful," replied Mr. Skinner; "but a little too violent for my taste. Your music is fine though. Who attends to that for you?"

"The Pied Piper; his real name is Orpheus."

"Ah! I'm not a very good judge of music, although I know the best from the worst."

"Will you sing for me? Oh, I know you will!" exclaimed the Queen.

Mr. Skinner had a feeling of diffidence for the first time since he entered the mountain.

"Well, madame, I would like to oblige you, but to tell the truth, I—my voice is so poor that—"

"I am sure you will try, will you not?" said Aphrodite.

"Well, if you insist on it, I s'pose I must," replied Mr. Skinner. "Let me see," said he, rubbing his chin and looking thoughtfully up at the ceiling; "I only know one piece, and not much of that. How does it begin?" and Mr. Skinner cleared his throat vehemently, twice. Meanwhile the entire company of dancers and all the lovely maids of honour had gathered in front of him awaiting with



APHRODITE'S MASKER-AID.



A BARROW-KNIGHT.

interest the performance. Mr. Skinner felt himself getting uncomfortably warm. He cleared his throat again, and said—

“I’ll do the best I can; it begins in this way: ‘On Jor—dan’s stor—my—y ba—
—a—anks I stand, And cast——’ Wait a minute. I have not got the right pitch. That’s too high. Let me try again: ‘On Jor—dan’s stor—my—y ba—a—anks I stand, And cast a——’ That won’t do; it’s too——”

Before he could complete the line, a sudden pall of darkness fell upon the splendid scene before him; he felt a mighty rush of wind upon his face, and then he was whirled around and around with the greatest violence. He seemed for an instant to lose consciousness, and when he opened his eyes they looked straight upward at the serene beauty of the blue sky.

He found that he was lying flat upon his back upon the plateau to which he had come yesterday evening. Beside him lay his umbrella and his satchel. Above him the sun was shining brightly, about him the cool breeze rustled the leaves upon the trees, while the music of the birds was wafted to him from the neighbouring forest. He thought that the fair earth and the sunshine and all the things that Nature presented to the eye had never seemed so beautiful.

How did he get there? That was almost the first question that thrust itself upon his bewildered mind. Was it the sacred nature of the words that he had tried to sing that had offended his audience, or was it the atrocious character of his vocalisation. He could not tell. He felt that he would give a moderate sum of money to ascertain.

He looked out over the edge of the plateau, and there, beneath him, was the town.

His perplexity increased as he reflected upon the matter. Then, suddenly, he thought of the talk he had heard about one hundred years in the mountain passing as swiftly as a single night; was it possible that this had happened to him? He looked at his watch. It marked six o’clock. That proved nothing. The scenery about him, and particularly the town, looked the same as they had done when he last saw them. He determined to go down to the hotel and there assure himself that only one night had passed. Upon reflection Mr. Skinner resolved not to speak of the matter to any of the other people about the view, but to keep his own counsel; and to this day he cannot positively say whether he followed Tannhauser into the mountain or merely had a tremendous nightmare upon the outside of that eminence.



A CREW OF CRUSADERS.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S LEGEND.

It was the stage-driver's story, as he stood with his back to the wheelers,
Quietly flecking his whip, and turning his quid of tobacco;
While on the dusty road, and blent with the rays of the moonlight,
We saw the long curl of his lash and the juice of tobacco descending.

"Danger! Sir, I believe you—indeed, I may say on that subject,
You your existence might put to the hazard and turn of a wager.
I have seen danger? Oh, no! not me, sir, indeed, I assure you:
'Twas only the man with the dog that is sitting alone in yon waggon.

It was the Geiger Grade, a mile and a half from the summit:
Black as your hat was the night, and never a star in the heavens.
Thundering down the grade, the gravel and stones we sent flying
Over the precipice side—a thousand feet plumb to the bottom.

Half-way down the grade I felt, sir, a thrilling and creaking,
Then a lurch to one side, as we hung on the bank of the cañon;
Then, looking up the road, I saw, in the distance behind me,
The off hind wheel of the coach just loosed from its axle, and following.

One glance alone I gave, then gathered together my ribbons,
Shouted, and flung them, outspread, on the straining necks of my cattle;
Screamed at the top of my voice, and lashed the air in my phrenzy,
While down the Geiger Grade, on *three* wheels the vehicle thundered.

Speed was our only chance, when again came the ominous rattle:
Crack, and another wheel slipped away, and was lost in the darkness.
Two only now were left; yet such was our fearful momentum,
Upright, erect, and sustained on *two* wheels, the vehicle thundered.

As some huge boulder, unloosed from its rocky shelf on the mountain,
Drives before it the hare and the timorous squirrel, far-leaping,
So down the Geiger Grade rushed the Pioneer coach, and before it
Leaped the wild horses, and shrieked in advance of the danger impending.

But to be brief in my tale. Again, ere we came to the level,
Slipped from its axle a wheel; so that, to be plain in my statement,
A matter of twelve hundred yards or more, as the distance may be,
We travelled upon *one* wheel, until we drove up to the station.

Then, sir, we sank in a heap; but picking myself from the ruins,
I heard a noise up the grade; and looking, I saw in the distance
The three wheels following still, like moons on the horizon whirling,
Till, circling, they gracefully sank on the road at the side of the station.

This is my story, sir; a trifle, indeed, I assure you,
Much more, perchance, might be said; but I hold him, of all men, most lightly,
Who swerves from the truth in his tale—No, thank you—Well, since you *are*
pressing,
Perhaps I don't care if I do: you may give me the same, Jim—no sugar."

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS.



OME time ago we were acquainted with a lady educated above the average class of those who constitute the great army of the superstitious, who never allows a breakfast to be prepared in her house on washday, or anything but bits of superannuated food left over during the preceding week. Her husband has struggled to convince her of the utter absurdity of this practice, and tried to show her that there is nothing in it, but all his efforts have been worse than useless.

A friend of ours, too, who is an Oxford graduate, and hoots at most of the follies of the day, is still so superstitious on one point that he is a slave to his singular whim. He will not pass up the same side of the street on which a creditor of his is coming down. He says he never has good luck if he sees a creditor over his left shoulder, or meets one face to face. Some are superstitious about white horses, owls, and so forth, but this man says he never met a creditor but right away after that he heard of some one being dunned.

Some coroners have a mortal dread of holding a post-mortem examination on a live hornet.

A gentleman, who is bald, will never brush his head with the brush that the aristocratic help has borrowed from his dressing-case. He says the long hairs tickle his scalp, and the duchess is almost sure to lose her situation. It is a bad sign.

W. Sikes, Esq., says that if, in walking out on the leads, he sees a clothes line and saws it across his windpipe, it is a sure sign that some one will get hanged.

General Roberts says that he cares nothing for the usual warnings and signs, but when he has a new uniform on he would go around to Marlbro House by way of Highgate Archway to avoid a woman with a garden hose.

An old journalist we once knew was so suspicious about railways that he wouldn't take a journey over one until he had a talisman from the superintendent that could be shown to the conductor on the way. He said he tried to make a trip once without this precaution and met with a terrible accident. Nobody else was hurt, but he was thrown off the train and over an embankment twenty-seven feet high into a pond eleven feet deep. He thinks the guard had something to do with it.

THE PIRATE'S LEGEND.

"ONCE, when I was a pirate!"—

The speaker was an elderly gentleman in correct evening dress, the room a tasteful one, the company of infinite respectability, the locality at once fashionable and exclusive, the occasion an unexceptionable dinner. To this should be added that the speaker was also the host.

With these conditions self-evident, all that good breeding could do was to receive the statement with a vague smile that might pass for good-humoured incredulity or courteous acceptance of a simple fact. Indeed, I think we all rather tried to convey the impression that our host, when he *was* a pirate—if he ever

really was one—was all that a self-respecting pirate should be, and never violated the canons of good society. This idea was, to some extent, crystallised by the youngest Miss Jones in the exclamation, "Oh, how nice!"

"It was, of course, many years ago, when I was quite a lad."

We all murmured, "Certainly," as if piracy were a natural expression of the exuberance of youth.

"I ought, perhaps, explain the circumstances that led me into this way of life."

Here Legrande, a courteous attaché of the Patagonian legation, interposed in French and an excess of politeness, "that it was not of a necessity," a statement to which his English neighbour hurriedly responded, "*Oui, oui.*"

"There ees a boke," he continued, in a well-bred, rapid whisper, "from Captain Canot—a Frenchman—most eenteresting—he was—oh, a fine man of education—and what you call a 'slavair,' but here he was quietly nudged into respectful silence.

"I ran away from home," continued our host, "though my father always treated me well. I shared equally with my brothers the privileges and limitations of our New England home. Nevertheless I ran away from home and went to sea——"

"To see—what?" asked Legrande.

"*Aller sur mer,*" said his neighbour, hastily.

"Go on with your piracy!" said Miss Jones.

The distinguished foreigners looked at each other and then at Miss Jones. Each made a mental note of the average cold-blooded ferocity of the young American female.

"I shipped on board of a Liverpool 'liner,'" continued our host, "and I deserted the ship at Liverpool, in consequence of my ill-treatment by the second mate—a man selected for his position by reason of his superior physical strength and recognised brutality. I have been since told that he graduated from the State



MR. SKINNER MADE NO BONES OVER THE SKELETONS AND SUCH.

prison. On the second day out I saw him strike a man senseless with a belaying pin, for some trifling breach of discipline. I saw him repeatedly beat and kick sick men.

"I wandered on the quays for a day or two, until I was picked up by a Portuguese sailor, who, interesting himself in my story, offered to procure me a passage to Fayal and Lisbon, where, he assured me, I could find more comfortable and profitable means of returning to my own land. Let me say here, that this man, although I knew him afterwards as the most unscrupulous and heartless of pirates—in fact, the typical buccaneer of the books—was to me always kind, considerate, and, at times, even tender. He was a capital seaman.

"I shipped with him on a brig, ostensibly bound to St. Kitts and a market. We had scarcely left port before I discovered the true character of the vessel. I will not terrify you with useless details. Enough that all that tradition and romance has given you of the pirate's life was ours. Happily, through the kindness of my Portuguese friend, I was kept from being an active participant in scenes of which I was an unwilling witness. But I must always bear my testimony to one fact. Our discipline, our *esprit de corps*, if I may so term it, was perfect. No benevolent society, no moral organisation, was ever so personally self-sacrificing, so honestly loyal to one virtuous purpose, as we were to our one vice. The individual was always merged in the purpose. When our captain



"YE BARON'S RETAINERS WERE BLITHE AND GAY!"

blew out the brains of our quartermaster, one day, for simply interrupting him in a conversation with our second officer, the act, although harsh and perhaps unnecessarily final, was, I think, indorsed by the crew. James, pass the champagne to Mr. Lightbody."

He paused a moment for the usual casual interruption, but even the active Legrande was silent.

"What I am trying to tell you is this: One night, in the Caribbean Sea, we ran into one of the Leeward Islands, that had been in olden time a rendezvous for our ship. We were piloted to our anchorage outside by my Portuguese friend, who knew the locality thoroughly, and on whose dexterity and skill we placed the greatest reliance. If anything more had been necessary to fix this circumstance in my mind, it would have been the fact that two or three days before he had assured me that I should presently have the means of honourable discharge from the pirate's crew, and a return to my native land. A launch was sent from the ship to communicate with our friends on the island, who supplied us with stores, provisions, and general information. The launch was manned by eight



MR. LIGHTBODY TAKES WINE WITH A HEAVY BODY.

men, and officered by the first mate—a grim, Puritanical, practical New Englander, if I may use such a term to describe a pirate, of great courage, experience, and physical strength. My Portuguese friend, acting as pilot, prevailed upon them to allow me to accompany the party as coxswain. I was naturally anxious, you can readily comprehend, to see——"

"Certainly," "Of course," "Why shouldn't you?" went round the table.

"Two trustworthy men were sent ashore with instructions. We, meanwhile, lay off the low, palm-fringed beach, our crew lying on their oars, or giving way just enough to keep the boat's head to the breakers. The mate and myself sat in the stern sheets, looking shoreward for the signal. The night was intensely black. Perhaps for this reason never before had I seen the phosphorescence of a tropical sea so strongly marked. From the great open beyond, luminous crests and plumes of pale fire lifted themselves, ghost-like, at our bows, sank, swept by us with long, shimmering, undulating trails, broke on the beach in silvery crescents, or shattered their brightness on the black rocks of the promontory. The whole vast sea shone and twinkled like another firmament, against which the figures of our men, sitting with their faces toward us, were outlined darkly. The grim, set features of our first mate, sitting beside me, were faintly illuminated. There was no sound but the whisper of passing waves against our lap-streak, and the low, murmuring conversation of the men. I had my face toward the shore. As I looked over the glimmering expanse, I suddenly heard the whispered name of our first mate. As suddenly, by the phosphorescent

light that surrounded it, I saw the long trailing hair and gleaming shoulders of a woman floating beside us. Legrande, you are positively drinking nothing! Lightbody, you are shirking the Burgundy—you used to like it!"

He paused, but no one spoke.

"I—let me see! where was I? Oh, yes! Well, I saw the woman, and when I turned to call the attention of the first mate to this fact, I knew instantly, by some strange instinct, that he had seen and heard her too. So, from that moment to the conclusion of our little drama, we were silent but enforced spectators.

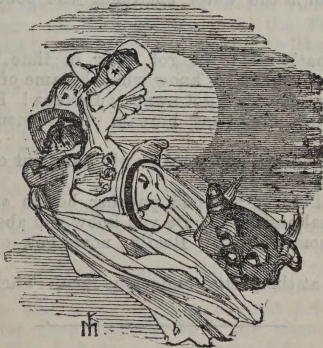
"She swam gracefully—silently! I remember noticing through that odd, half-weird, phosphorescent light which broke over her shoulders as she rose and fell with each quiet stroke of her splendidly-rounded arms, that she was a mature, perfectly-formed woman. I remember, also, that when she reached the boat, and, supporting herself with one small hand on the gunwale, she softly called the mate in a whisper by his Christian name, I had a boyish idea that she was—the er—er—female of his species—his—er—natural wife! I am boring you—am I not?"

Two or three heads shook violently and negatively. The youngest, and, I regret to say, the *oldest*, Miss Jones uttered together, sympathetically, "Go on—please; do!"

"The—woman told him in a few rapid words that he had been betrayed; that the two men sent ashore were now in the hands of the authorities; that a force was being organised to capture the vessel; that instant flight was necessary, and that the betrayer and traitor was—my friend, the Portuguese Fernandez!

"The mate raised the dripping, little brown hand to his lips, and whispered some undistinguishable words in her ear. I remember seeing her return a look of ineffable love and happiness upon his grim, set face, and then she was gone. She dove as a duck dives, and I saw her shapely head, after a moment's suspense, reappear a cable's length away toward the shore.

"I ventured to raise my eyes to the mate's face; it was cold and impassive.



ELVES, FOND OF THEMSELVES.

I turned my face toward the crew; they were conversing in whispers with each other, with their faces toward us, yet apparently utterly oblivious of the scene

that had just taken place in the stern. There was a moment of silence, and then the mate's voice came out quite impassively but distinctly—

"'Fernandez!'

"'Aye, aye, sir!'

"'Come aft and—bring your oar with you.'

"He did so, stumbling over the men, who, engaged in their whispered yarns, didn't seem to notice him.

"'See if you can find soundings here.'

"Fernandez leaned over the stern and dropped his oar to its shaft in the phosphorescent water. But he touched no bottom; the current brought the oar at right angles presently to the surface.

"'Send it down, man,' said the mate, imperatively; 'down, down. Reach over there. What are you afraid of? So, steady there; I'll hold you.'

Fernandez leaned over the stern and sent the oar and half of his bared, brown arm into the water. In an instant the mate caught him with one tremendous, potential grip at his elbows, and forced him and his oar head downward in the waters. The act was so sudden, yet so carefully premeditated, that no outcry escaped the doomed man. Even the launch scarcely dipped her stern to the act. In that awful moment I heard a light laugh from one of the men in response to a wanton yarn from his comrade.

"A few bubbles arose to the surface. Fernandez seemed unreasonably passive, until I saw that when the mate had gripped his elbows with his hands he had also firmly locked the traitor's knees within his own. In a few minutes—it seemed to me, then, a century—the mate's grasp relaxed; the body of Fernandez, a mere limp, leaden mass, slipped noiselessly and heavily into the sea. There was no splash. The ocean took it calmly and quietly to its depths. The mate turned to the men, without deigning to cast a glance on me.

"'Oars!'

"The men raised their oars a-peak.

"'Let fall!'

"There was a splash in the water, encircling the boat in concentric lines of molten silver.

"'Give way!'

"Well, of course, that's all! We got away in time. I knew I bored you awfully! Eh? Oh, you want to know what became of the woman—really, I don't know! And myself—oh, I got away at Havana! Eh? Certainly; James, you'll find some smelling salts in my bureau. Gentlemen, I fear we have kept the ladies too long."

But they had already risen, and were slowly filing out of the room. Only one lingered—the youngest Miss Jones.

"That was a capital story," she said, pausing beside our host, with a special significance in her usual audacity. "Do you know you absolutely sent cold chills down my spine a moment ago. Really, now, you ought to write for the magazines!"

Our host looked up at the pretty, audacious face. Then he said, *sotto voce*—

"I do!"

SOME people are so nervous that they cannot even rest assured.

A MERCENARY little boy overheard a conversation between his parents concerning a wedding that was soon to come off, and recalled the subject at the breakfast table the next morning by asking the following question:—"Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?"

A STRANGE DREAM.

DREAMED AT THE VOLCANO HOUSE, CRATER OF "KILEANA," SANDWICH ISLANDS,
APRIL 1, 1866, BY MARK TWAIN.

ALL day long I had sat apart and pondered over the mysterious occurrences of last night. . . There was no link lacking in the chain of incidents—my memory presented each in its proper order with perfect distinctness, but still—

However, never mind these reflections—I will drop them and proceed to make a simple statement of the facts.

Towards eleven o'clock, it was suggested that the character of the night was peculiarly suited to viewing the mightiest active volcano on the earth's surface in its most impressive sublimity. There was no light of moon or star in the inky heavens to mar the effect of the crater's gorgeous pyrotechnics.

In due time I stood, with my companion, on the wall of the vast cauldron which the natives, ages ago, named *Hale mau mau*—the abyss wherein they were wont to throw the remains of the chiefs, to the end that vulgar feet might never tread above them. We stood there, at dead of night, a mile above the level of the sea, and looked down a thousand feet upon a boiling, surging, roaring ocean of fire!—shaded our eyes from the blinding glare, and gazed far away over the crimson waves with a vague notion that a supernatural fleet, manned by demons and freighted with the damned, might presently sail up out of the remote distance; started when tremendous thunder-bursts shook the earth, and followed with fascinated eyes the grand jets of molten lava that sprang high up toward the zenith and exploded in a world of fiery spray, that lit up the sombre heavens with an infernal splendour.

"What is your little bonfire of Vesuvius to this?"

My ejaculation roused my companion from his reverie, and we fell into a conversation appropriate to the occasion and the surroundings. We came at last to speak of the ancient custom of casting the bodies of dead chieftains into this fearful cauldron; and my comrade, who is of the blood royal, mentioned that the founder of his race, old King Kamehameha the First—that invincible old pagan Alexander—had found other sepulture than the burning depths of the *Hale mau mau*. I grew interested at once; I knew that the mystery of what became of the corpse of the warrior king had never been fathomed; I was aware that there was a legend connected with this matter; and I felt as if there could be no more fitting time to listen to it than the present. The descendant of the Kamehamehas said:—

"The dead king was brought in royal state down the long winding road that descends from the rim of the crater to the scorched and chasm-riven plain that lies between the *Hale mau mau* and those beetling walls yonder in the distance. The guards were set and the troops of mourners began the weird wail for the departed. In the middle of the night came a sound of innumerable voices in the air, and the rush of invisible wings; the funeral torches wavered, burned blue, and went out. The mourners and watchers fell to the ground, paralysed by fright, and many minutes elapsed before any one dared to move or speak; for they believed that the phantom messengers of the dread Goddess of Fire had been in their midst. When at last a torch was lighted, the bier was vacant—the dead monarch had been spirited away! Consternation seized upon all, and they fled out of the crater. When day dawned, the multitude returned and began the search for the corpse. But not a footprint, not a sign was ever found. Day after day the search was continued, and every cave in the great walls, and every chasm in the plain, for miles around, was

examined, but all to no purpose; and from that day to this the resting-place of the lion king's bones is an unsolved mystery. But years afterward, when the grim prophetess Wiahowakawak lay on her death-bed, the goddess *Pele* appeared to her in a vision, and told her that eventually the secret would be revealed, and in a remarkable manner, but not until the great *Kauhuhu*, the Shark god, should desert the sacred cavern *Aua Puihi*, in the Island of Molokai, and the waters of the sea should no more visit it, and its floors should become dry. Ever since that time the simple, confiding natives have watched for the sign. And now, after many and many a summer has come and gone, and they who were in the flower of youth then have waxed old and died, the day is at hand! The great Shark god has deserted the *Aua Puihi*: a month ago, for the first time within records of the ancient legends, the waters of the sea ceased to flow into the cavern, and its stony pavement is become dry! As you may easily believe, the news of this event spread like wildfire through the islands, and now the natives are looking every hour for the miracle which is to unveil the mystery and reveal the secret grave of the dead hero."

* * * * *

After I had gone to bed I got to thinking of the volcanic magnificence we had witnessed, and could not go to sleep. I hunted up a book, and concluded to pass the time in reading. The first chapter I came upon related several instances of remarkable revelations, made to men through the agency of dreams—of roads and houses, trees, fences, and all manner of landmarks, shown in visions and recognised afterwards in waking hours, and which served to point the way to some dark mystery or other.

At length I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was abroad in the great plain that skirts the *Hale mau mau*. I stood in a sort of twilight which softened the outlines of surrounding objects, but still left them tolerably distinct. A gaunt, muffled figure stepped out from the shadow of a rude column of lava, and moved away with a slow measured step, beckoning me to follow. I did so. I marched down, down, down hundreds of feet, upon a narrow trail which wound its tortuous course through piles and pyramids of seamed and blackened lava, and under overhanging masses of sulphur formed by the artist hand of nature into an infinitude of fanciful shapes. The thought crossed my mind that possibly my phantom guide might lead me down among the bowels of the crater, and then disappear and leave me to grope my way through its mazes, and work out my deliverance as best I might; and so, with an eye to such a contingency, I picked up a stone and "blazed" my course by breaking off a projecting corner, occasionally, from lava walls and festoons of sulphur. Finally we turned into a cleft in the crater's side, and pursued our way through its intricate windings for many a fathom down toward the home of the subterranean fires, our course lighted all the while by a ruddy glow which filtered up through innumerable cracks and crevices, and which afforded me occasional glimpses of the flood of molten fire boiling and hissing in the profound depths beneath us. The heat was intense, and the sulphurous atmosphere suffocating; but I toiled on in the footsteps of my stately guide, and uttered no complaint. At last we came to a sort of rugged chamber whose sombre and blistered walls spake with mute eloquence of some fiery tempest that had spent its fury here in a bygone age. The spectre pointed to a great boulder at the farther extremity—stood and pointed silent and motionless, for a few fleeting moments, and then disappeared! "The grave of the last Kamehameha!" The words swept mournfully by, from an unknown source, and died away in the distant corridors of my prison-house, and I was alone in the bowels of the earth, in the home of desolation, in the presence of death!

My first frightened impulse was to fly, but a stronger impulse arrested me a

impelled me to approach the massive boulder the spectre had pointed at. With hesitating step I went forward and stood beside it—nothing there. I grew bolder, and walked around and about, peering shrewdly into the shadowy half light that surrounded it—still nothing. I paused to consider what to do next. While I stood irresolute, I chanced to brush the ponderous stone with my elbow, and lo! it vibrated to my touch! I would as soon have thought of starting a kiln of bricks with my feeble hand. My curiosity was excited. I bore against the boulder, and it still yielded: I gave a sudden push with my whole strength, and it toppled from its foundation with a crash that sent the echoes thundering down the avenues and passages of the dismal cavern! And there, in a shallow excavation over which it had rested, lay the crumbling skeleton of King Kamehameha the Great, thus sepulchred in long years by supernatural hands! The bones could be none other; for with them lay the rare and priceless crown of *putamalama* coral, sacred to royalty, and *tabu* to all else beside. A hollow human groan issued out of the—

I woke up. How glad I was to know it was all a dream! "This comes of listening to the legend of the noble lord—of reading of those lying dream revelations—of allowing myself to be carried away by the wild beauty of old *Kileana* at midnight—of gorging too much pork and beans for supper!" And so I turned over and fell asleep again. And dreamed the same dream precisely as before; followed the phantom—"blazed" my course—arrived at the grim chamber—heard the sad spirit voice—overtaken the massy stone—beheld the regal crown and decaying bones of the great king!

I woke up, and reflected long upon the curious and singularly vivid dream, and finally muttered to myself, "This—this is becoming serious!"

I fell asleep again, and again I dreamed the same dream, without a single variation! I slept no more, but tossed restlessly in bed, and longed for daylight. And when it came I wandered forth, and descended to the wide plain in the crater. I said to myself, "I am not superstitious; but if there is anything in that dying woman's prophecy, I am the instrument appointed to uncurtain this ancient mystery." As I walked along, I even half expected to see my solemn guide step out from some nook in the lofty wall, and beckon me to come on. At last, when I reached the place where I had first seen him in my dream, I recognised every surrounding object, and there, winding down among the blocks and fragments of lava, saw the very trail I had traversed in my vision! I resolved to traverse it again, come what might. I wondered if, in my unreal journey, I had "blazed" my way, so that it would stand the test of stern reality; and thus wondering, a chill went to my heart when I came to the first stony projection I had broken off in my dream, and saw the fresh new fracture, and the dismembered fragment lying on the ground! My curiosity rose up and banished all fear, and I hurried along as fast as the rugged road would allow me. I looked for my other "blazes," and found them; found the cleft in the wall; recognised all its turnings; walked in the light that ascended from the glowing furnaces visible far below; sweated in the close, hot atmosphere, and breathed the sulphurous smoke—and at last I stood hundreds of feet beneath the peaks of *Kileana* in the ruined chamber, and in the presence of the mysterious boulder!

"This is no dream," I said; "this is a revelation from the realm of the supernatural; and it becomes not me to longer reason, conjecture, suspect, but blindly to obey the impulse given me by the unseen power that guides me."

I moved with a slow and reverend step towards the stone, and bore against it, It yielded perceptibly to the pressure. I brought my full weight and strength to bear, and surged against it. It yielded again; but I was so enfeebled by my toilsome journey that I could not overthrow it. I rested a little, and then raised

an edge of the boulder by a strong, steady push, and placed a small stone under it to keep it from sinking back to its place. I rested again, and then repeated the process. Before long, I had added a third prop, and had got the edge of the boulder considerably elevated. The labour and the close atmosphere together were so exhausting, however, that I was obliged to lie down then, and recuperate my strength by a longer season of rest. And so, hour after hour I laboured, growing more and more weary, but still upheld by a fascination which I felt was infused into me by the invisible powers whose will I was working. At last I concentrated my strength into a final effort, and the stone rolled from its position.

I can never forget the overpowering sense of awe that sank down like a great darkness upon my spirit at that moment. After a solemn pause to prepare myself, with bowed form and uncovered head, I slowly turned my gaze till it rested upon the spot where the great stone had lain.

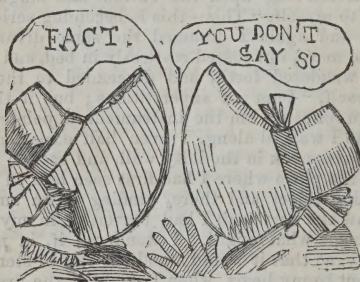
There wasn't any bones there!

* * * * *

I just said to myself, "Well, if this ain't the blessedest, infernalest swindle that ever I've come across yet, I wish I may never!"

And then I scratched out of there, and marched up here to the Volcano House.

You cannot bet anything on dreams.



THE END.

SPLENDID SPORT.

PARTRIDGE OR CHICKEN?

BETWEEN ex-Assemblyman Ambrose H. Purdy and Alderman George Hall of New York, a warm, though occasionally somewhat demonstrative, friendship exists. If there is anything that Mr. Purdy likes better than Mr. Hall it is partridge, roast,



THE VISION OF THE GAMESOME SPORTSMAN.

with red currant jelly, and served hot. If there is anything that Mr. Hall has a warmer affection for than he cherishes for Mr. Purdy—but there is nothing. Mr. Purdy is Mr. Hall's legal adviser, and as such retains his confidence even in a greater degree than their social attachment would account for.

On a certain Tuesday afternoon Mr. Purdy started from his office to get his dinner. The ex-Assemblyman dines earlier than the Alderman, but the latter was soon on his track, and found him in their pet restaurant. Mr. Purdy, after reading every item on the bill of fare, from the soup to the pudding, finally made up his mind to take his favourite dish of roast partridge, with red current jelly and fried potatoes. The price was as high as the game, but he disdained the expense, and ordered it.

Half of a very plump and white bird was soon laid before him, and it looked so tempting and tender that Mr. Purdy was almost annoyed by the necessary delay caused by the waiter setting a warm plate and a napkin before him, and filling his glass with water. Then he attacked his dinner. He had finished the breast, and was about to turn his attention to the well-rounded leg, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Hall. The Alderman warmly shook hands with his friend, and took a seat at the same table; but, after the first greetings had been interchanged, neither spoke for some minutes.

Their silence was not caused by the mere excess of their affection, however, but by rapid calculations that were occupying the minds of both. Mr. Purdy was studying the question whether the claims of friendship demanded that he should invite Mr. Hall to partake of the remnant of his half partridge, while the Alderman was debating within himself whether he should order something to eat on his own account or wait for Mr. Purdy to offer him some of his dinner. The fact is, it was an awkward hour of the day for Mr. Hall. It was too near his dinner-time to allow him to satisfy his appetite completely, and it was too long since his breakfast hour as well as against Aldermanic regulations to permit him to remain hungry much longer.

"Have a glass of beer?" interrogatively observed Mr. Purdy, partly with a view to varying the monotony of the silence which had existed an unusually long time, but chiefly with the intention of effecting a compromise.

The Alderman consented and the beverage was brought. It had a slightly different effect from that anticipated by Mr. Purdy, for before Mr. Hall had drank half a glass he had made up his mind.

"What is that you are eating?" he inquired, pointing to the leg of the bird in his friend's dish.

"Partridge," replied Mr. Purdy; and after a moment's hesitation, he added generously, "but I have finished. I am not going to eat any more."

"Then," said Mr. Hall, "if you will allow me, I'll eat the remainder." And daintily taking the leg between his thumb and first finger, he raised it to his mouth and began to devour it. But with the first mouthful he paused and looked with surprise at Mr. Purdy.

"Why," he said, "this is not partridge!"

"What is it, then?" asked Mr. Purdy, contemptuously. "Peacock, I suppose?"

"It's chicken," answered the Alderman, with the greatest assurance, "and it tastes like a last year's spring chicken, too."

"Chicken be hanged," exclaimed the indignant *bon vivant*. "Don't you suppose that I know the difference between game and domestic fowl?"

"Well, I always imagined you did," said the Alderman. "I thought you were accustomed to high living, but I'll never believe it again. Dear, dear!" he added softly. "To think of a man not knowing there's henny difference between a partridge and an old hen!"

"It's a partridge," said Mr. Purdy, hotly. "I'll stake my life it is."

"Well, I don't want to win your life," said Mr. Hall; "and it would not be of much use to me if I had it; but if you have any money to lose I'll bet you fifty dollars that this is chicken," and the Alderman raised the now mutilated leg to his nose, and fortified himself in his opinion by indulging in a hearty sniff.

Mr. Purdy's pocketbook was out in an instant. "I don't like to take your money, George," he said, "but I must cover that bet." And selecting the notes from a roll of greenbacks, he laid them upon the table. Mr. Hall instantly produced a fifty dollar note, and the ex-Assemblyman placed all the money under his empty beer glass.

"Now," said he, "whoever wins takes that. Let us call the waiter." The waiter was called, and came forward under the impression that Mr. Purdy was about to pay his bill. He smiled, too, for he expected a plethoric perquisite; but the smile died gradually from his countenance when he was asked whether the limb presented for his examination was that of a partridge or of a chicken. He decided, however, at once in favour of the partridge, and Mr. Purdy was about to raise the tumbler, when the Alderman clapped his hand down upon it with a force and suddenness that nearly left the price of a glass broken to be added to the bill.

"That won't do," he said. "The waiter knows no more about partridges than you do. Call the chief cook."

Mr. Purdy consented, and the chief cook was summoned. That functionary, learning that he was about to be called upon to decide a point upon which the ownership of a hundred dollars depended, protested that he couldn't make a righteous decision in his kitchen clothes. He retired to a private room, and in fifteen minutes appeared in superb attire at the table where the two disputants were sitting, still engaged in heated debate.

Both spoke at once. Both pointed simultaneously to the leg, now cold, that lay among the *débris* of Mr. Purdy's dinner.

"Isn't that a chicken?" exclaimed one.

"Is or is not that a partridge?" demanded the other, with a greater profusion of words and a more marked desire to allow fair play.

The cook smiled feebly as he looked first at Mr. Purdy and then at Mr. Hall. "This," said he, taking up the leg, "is chicken; and this," raising a bone belonging to the body of the bird, "is partridge."

The disputants looked astounded.

"You see," said the cook, speaking with a strong German accent. "I hatn't enough bartridge, so I stuck the leg of a spring chicken into the body of the only bartridge I had, and that's all I know about it."

Instantly Mr. Hall swooped upon the glass, raised it, and transferred the hundred dollars to his pocket. "I have won it fairly," he said. "My bet was that this"—raising the leg—"was chicken, and the cook says it is."

"I suppose he was right," said Mr. Purdy, speaking of the wager afterwards; "but, though I am very fond of partridge, I don't want again to pay fifty dollars for a third of a bird, with the leg of a chicken dovetailed into it."

A Scotch minister, by the name of Watty Morrison, entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offence he had committed. The officer agreed to do so if he would in turn grant him the first favour he should ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism be performed on a puppy. The clergyman agreed to it; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. The parson desired the officer to hold up the puppy, as was customary in the baptism of children, and said, "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church. Well, then, major, I begin by the usual question: You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" A roar of laughter burst from the crowd; the officer threw the candidate for baptism away, and thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the jester.

A LUMBERMAN, sitting in the gallery at a ball and watching the ladies in short sleeves, turned to his daughter and said, "Katie, I don't see any good muscle in the whole room."

A JINGLE.

THERE once was a surly curmudgeon,
 Who often went out in high dudgeon,
 Till he trod on the toes
 Of a couple of foes,
 When they busted him up with a
 bludgeon.

A Captain, who dwelt by the water,
 Was blessed with a musical daughter
 So he went up to town,
 And there, for a crown,
 A fiddle and jew's-harp he bought
 her.

WANTED TO BE WAKED UP.

A "DAY'S OUTING" Missionary tells the story of an urchin who did full justice to the breakfast provided for his party and remarked that he enjoyed it hugely, but criticised the untimeliness of the meal. It appeared that one meal a day was the rule of his experience, and his surprise and satisfaction at dinner were redoubled at supper. His last direction to his neighbour in the next crib, as he fell asleep that night, was: "Wake me if they sets that table again in the night!"

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF PRESENCE OF MIND.



A "GENERAL" FLIGHT.

OMING from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands, the steamer *Ajax* encountered a terrible storm. It tore her light spars and rigging all to shreds and splinters, upset all furniture that could be upset, and spilled passengers around and knocked them hither and thither with a perfect looseness. For forty-eight hours no table could be set, and everybody had to eat as best they might under the circumstances. Most of the party went hungry, though, and attended to their praying. But there was one set of "seven-up" players who nailed a card-table to the floor and stuck to their game through thick and thin. Captain F—, of a great banking-house in San Francisco, a man of great coolness and presence of mind, was of this party. One night the storm suddenly culminated in a climax of unparalleled fury; the vessel went down on her beam ends, and

everything let go with a crash—passengers, tables, cards, bottles—everything came clattering to the floor in a chaos of disorder and confusion. In a moment fifty sore distressed and pleading voices ejaculated, “O Heaven! help us in our extremity!” and one voice rang out clear and sharp above the plaintive chorus and said, “Remember, boys, I played the tray for low!” It was one of the gentlemen I have mentioned who spoke. And the remark showed good presence of mind and an eye to business.

Lewis L—, of a great hotel in San Francisco, was a passenger. There were some savage grizzly bears chained in cages on deck. One night in the midst of a hurricane, which was accompanied by rain and thunder and lightning, Mr. L.



A SWELL WHO ASS-TONISHES THE TOWN,

came up, on his way to bed. Just as he stepped into the pitchy darkness of the deck and reeled to the still more pitchy motion of the vessel (bad), the captain sang out hoarsely through his speaking trumpet, “Bear a hand aft, there you!” The words were sadly marred and jumbled by the roaring wind. Mr. L—

thought the captain said, "The bears are after you there!" and he "let go all holts" and went down into his boots. He murmured, "I knew how it was going to be—I just knew it from the start—I said all along that those bears would get loose some time; and now I'll be the first man they'll snatch. Captain! Captain!—can't hear me—storm roars so! O my! what a fate! I have avoided wild beasts all my life, and now to be eaten by a grizzly bear in the middle of the ocean, a thousand miles from land! Captain! O Captain!—bless my soul, there's one of them—I've got to cut and run!" And he did cut and run, and smashed through the door of the first state-room he came to. A gentleman and his wife were in it. The gentleman exclaimed, "Who's that?" The refugee gasped out, "O great Scotland! those bears are loose, and just raising merry snakes all over the ship!" and then sank down exhausted. The gentleman sprang out of bed and locked the door, and prepared for a siege. After a while, no assault being made, a reconnoissance was made from the window, and a vivid flash of lightning revealed a clear deck. Mr. L— then made a dart for his own state-room, gained it, locked himself in, and felt that his body's salvation was accomplished, and by little less than a miracle.

NOSE SWIMMER WAS HE.



A TURN-PIKE MAN.

TIM KEYSER lived in Wilmington;
He had a monstrous nose,
Which was a great deal redder than
The very reddest rose;
And was completely capable
Of most terrific blows.

He went to try one wintry day
To skate upon the creek,
And there, upon the noiseless ice,
He slid around so quick,
That people were amazed to see
Him do it up so slick.

The exercise excited thirst;
And so, to get a drink,
He cut an opening in the ice
And lay down on the brink.
He said, "I'll dip my lips right in
And suck it up, I think."

And while his nose was thus immersed
Six inches in the stream,
A very hungry pike there was
Attracted by its gleam;
And darting up, he gave a snap,
And Keyser gave a scream.

Tim Keyser then was well assured
He had a splendid bite;
To pull his victim up he jerked
And tugged with all his might;
But that disgusting fish had still
The better of the fight.

And just as Mr. Keyser thought
His nose was cut in two,
The pike did give its tail a twist
And pulled Tim Keyser through,
And he was scudding through the waves
The first thing that he knew.

Then onward swam that savage fish
With swiftness towards its nest,
Still chewing Mr. Keyser's nose ;
While Mr. Keyser guessed
What sort of policy would suit
His circumstances best.

Just then his nose was tickled with
A spear of grass close by ;
Then came an awful sneeze, which knocked
The pike roughly awry,
And blew its bones, the ice, and waves
Two hundred feet on high !

Tim Keyser swam up to the top
A breath of air to take ;
And finding broken ice, he hooked
His nose upon a cake,
And gloried in a beak which could
Such a concussion make.

And thus he drifted slowly on
Until he reached the shore ;
And creeping out all dripping wet,
He very roundly swore
To use that crimson nose as bait
For nose such fish the more.



THE "BITER" END.

BEARFACED BRAGGARTS.

THE business of Canton, Kentucky, is not what it was, but the renown of her solid citizens as wonderful manipulators of marbles and checkermen is still unsurpassed. But there are hours when it is impossible to play marbles, and when even the excitement of checkers is wearisome to the soul. Then they have other resources. They tell stories of hunting and other exploits, and some of their stories would seem, to a person unacquainted with the simple truthfulness of those men, even more marvellous than their skill at the games that have been specified. It is true that there is but little to brag about nowadays, but much is to be said of the times when big game was plentiful in Kentucky. The other night the conversation, after ranging over the whole gamut of game, finally became fixed upon bears, and this shut out the young men, most of whom had never seen a bear outside of a menagerie.

"Speakin' of bears," said Uncle Sam Sheerer, a veteran, "thar's a powerful sight of sense in a mule, though that's nothin' new. Some folks say that nobody but a nigger understands a mule, but it's my notion that nobody but a mule understands himself. You all may think you know as much about mules

as anybody, but did you ever see a mule fight a bear? No? Well, I have, and I owned

"THE MULE THAT LICKED A BEAR.

"Way back in—I reckon we needn't mind the year—I was ridin' through a patch of canebrake on a big black mule, when a sizable bear came out of the brush and made for me. I didn't have my rifle along, and so I whipped up the mule to get out of the way. That mule made good time out of the cane-brake, but when we got into the timber, he stopped in the middle of a glade, and nothin' could make



A DROP IN THE INTERESTING PART.

the cussed crittur stir an inch. As the bear was comin' on at a right peart pace, I slipped off the dum fool's back, and shinned it up a tree.

"When I was well fixed in the branches, I looked down into the glade, and saw a leetle the queerest sight that my eyes had ever been treated to. The mule faced the bear, and the bear came head on at the mule. Just as old Brownie was ready to fight, the mule gathered his heels together, and flew over his head like shot out of a shovel. That bear was astonished nearly out of his senses; but as soon as he could get his wits he turned square around and made for the mule. Again the mule gathered himself up and gave a flyin' leap over the bear's head, lightin' clear on t'other side.

"If that game wasn't kept up for full half an hour, then my name ain't Sam Sheerer, and I didn't sit up in that tree watchin' the whole performance. The mule was in the highest kind of spirits, and enjoyed the fun up to the top notch, to judge by the way he snorted and snickered whenever he went over old Brownie. But the bear was the maddest crittur, I reckon, that ever stood on four legs. He wheeled and turned, and growled and roared, and snapped and slapped, until he wasn't able to do justice to the subject any more; then he sat up on his haunches and panted, with his big red tongue lolling out. Then was the time for the mule to show fight, and he backed up his battery. The first time he let his heels fly he took the bear square on the side of the head, and sent him sprawling. Then he examined his work, and snickered when he saw that the job was done, and I slipped down the tree and went and cut the bear's throat. Now, gentlemen, it is a fact that before that time the mule would never allow me to carry as much as a sheepskin on his back; but he stood still and let me load the bear on to the saddle, and a mighty tough job I had of it. Perhaps you would like to know how much that bear weighed?"

"I reckon we may as well let that part of the story go, Uncle Sammy," said Judge Greenway, another grizzled veteran. "You have been so careful to stick to the plain facts so far that I am afraid you might be tempted to stretch it in the matter of weight. There's more things than mules that can kill bears, and more things than guns and traps. When I lived in the Green River country, before most of you were born, I had

"A QUEER EXPERIENCE WITH A BEAR.

"I had been to the nearest store, a matter of a dozen miles or so, on foot, as my only horse was dead lame, to get some groceries, and was bringing home two quart bottles of whisky and a ball of cord. Going through the woods I roused up a big bear that came for me full tilt. I gave him a shot from my rifle, and the bullet struck him in the left foreleg and hurt him pretty badly; but that only made him mad and he pushed for me on three legs faster than before. There was nothing to do but to run for it, so I pulled foot for a tall young hickory, and scrambled up as quick as I could, dropping my rifle at the foot of the tree. The bear couldn't climb with three legs, but it was plain to be seen that he wanted me, and meant to have me if he could get me. So he smelt around awhile and then sat down and waited. In the course of time this sort of thing began to grow



A BOX FOR "LOVE."

mighty tiresome, and I saw that I had to do something. I had a bottle of whisky in each pocket."

"Wait a minute, Judge," interposed a young lawyer, who prided himself on cross-examination. "I would like to know how you could climb that tree in a hurry with a bottle of whisky in each pocket and not break one of them."

"Young man," sternly replied the Judge, "you were born too late if you don't know that no true Kentuckian ever breaks a bottle of whisky under any circumstances. As I said, I had a bottle of whisky in each pocket, and I knew what an imitative creature a bear is. I hated to lose the whisky, but felt that I must give up that or my life. I tied the end of my cord around the neck of one of the bottles, held it up to my mouth as if I was taking a big drink, and then let it down to the bear, who had been watching me as if he wanted some. He took hold of it as carefully as any of us could do, stuffed it into his jaw, and didn't take it away until he had drained the last drop. It astonished him a little at first, for that liquor was far above proof, and then he got a feeling good, and you may be sure that he showed it. He began by patting and rubbing himself, and then he rolled over and tumbled about for a while, and finally he sat up on his haunches, swaying about and winking at me, fairly begging for more whisky. I saw that he would have to get it, so I hauled up my cord and made it fast to the other bottle. I put that bottle to my mouth, and I must confess that I allowed a few drops to slip through my gullet before I let it down to the bear. He disposed of it in short order, and then began the queerest cutting up, I reckon, that whisky ever caused."

"That bear was drunk in proportion to his size. He played with the bottle, and he played with the line attached to it, and I kept letting out more line for him to play with, hoping that he would tangle himself up in it, and he soon did so. He forgot his wounded leg, and hopped about, and rolled over and over, until he was completely done out. The whisky gradually made him stupid, and at last he was so wound up in the cord that he couldn't stir, and I don't suppose he cared to. Then I came down from the tree and cut his throat, and went home to get help to bring him away. The first pieces of his meat that we cooked——"

"Maybe you had better stop there, Judge," said old Colonel Neblett. "Your reputation for telling the truth is so good that we don't want you to stain it by any exaggeration. After all, gentlemen,

"THE BEST WAY TO KILL A BEAR"

is to shoot him, provided a man has a good rifle and knows how to use it. Bears were plenty when I settled on Little River, and we used to make up parties to hunt them. A bear hunt was made up for the second week in the November after I moved on to my land, and I was asked to join it. I wasn't much acquainted in the neighbourhood, and the people didn't know my ways; so I thought I might run a joke on them, and make them supply me with bear meat to lay in for the winter. It is one thing, you know, to kill a bear, and another thing to get him home. Some ten days before the hunt was to come off I went out and baited the bears, and then went out and watched for them. By good luck I struck three of them that day, but I didn't kill them—not a bear. I don't suppose, gentlemen, that there was a man in Kentucky who could outshoot me in those days, and I put in some of my best work on those bears. I marked each of them exactly alike by shooting off the tip of the right ear and putting a bullet through the left ear. That was all I wanted of the bears just then. When the day for the hunt came along, and the party called at my place to pick me up, I told them that I was under the weather and didn't allow that I felt well enough to go.

"'I wish I could go,' I said, 'because I've got some tame bears loose in the woods, and would like to look them up.' They stared at me as if they allowed

that I was crazy. 'Perhaps you don't believe me,' I said, 'but what I tell you is a fact. There are five of those bears that I raised and petted, and they are all marked with my hog mark. I have been meaning to get them home before winter, and lay in the meat of three or four of them.' At this they laughed in my face.

"There's no joke about it, gentlemen," said I, 'my mark is a crop off the right ear and a hole in the left. If you happen to shoot any bears with that mark on them, you may know that they belong to me!' They promised that if they got any bears marked in that way they would bring them home to me, and went off laughing. Now, gentlemen, it is the truth, if I ever told the truth in my life, that the party got just four bears on that hunt, and three of them were marked with my mark. They brought those three bears home to me, and I had plenty of bear meat for the winter, and after that nobody in the settlement ever thought of disputing my word about anything."

"I would like to know," remarked that intrusive young lawyer, "why you didn't shoot those bears instead of taking all that trouble to mark them."

"Young man," rejoined the colonel, in accents that mingled sorrow with severity, "it is plain to be seen that you didn't live in them days," and that was the last effort of the lawyer.

"I thought I knew a mighty good story about coon hunting in the Tennessee bottom," said little Tom Syper, "but I am inclined to think it wouldn't count in this crowd."

SOME time ago a fearless young lady rider, when out with Lord Fitzhardinge's hounds in the country below Almondsbury, so renowned for its rhines—those great broad trenches brimming with water, which have furnished a bath for many a Nimrod—went plump into one of them, which she tried with more pluck than prudence. For a little while she seemed in some peril, when a young hunting farmer came to the rescue, and gallantly drew her, dripping with water, out of danger. The young lady's nerve, however, was proof against even such a ducking, for she was no sooner on *terra firma* than she said, archly, to her deliverer, "This is not hunting—it is fishing." "Yes, miss," was the prompt reply; "I have done a little angling in my time, but it is not often one has a chance of landing so large a fish."

THREE old gentlemen are sitting round a table on a steamboat, waiting to get another party to a game of cards. Presently they espy a nice-looking young fellow. One old party goes up to him and says, "Pardon me, young man, we want somebody to join us in a game of cards. Would be happy to have you with us."—"Thanks; I never play cards."—"Take a drink with us."—"Thanks; I never drink."—"Well, have a cigar."—"Thanks; I never smoke."—"Ah! now I rather like that in a young man. Come into the cabin, and I'll introduce you to my wife and daughters."—"Thanks," said that demure young man, "I shall never marry."

THE POINTED WOES OF THE ANGLER.

EXPERIENCE in fishing convinces one that the most serious of the primary obstacles to be overcome is the difficulty of procuring worms. The day is always warm, and performance upon the shovel conduces to profuse perspiration. One seems never to strike precisely the spot where the worms frolic. He labours with tremendous energy until he has excavated a couple of cellars and a rifle-pit, from which he rescues but two or three miniature worms, while all around

him the earth is perforated with holes, into which other vermicular creatures are perceived to disappear before he can lay his hands on them. The alacrity with which a worm draws himself into a hole in the ground, and dives down apparently to the centre of the globe, when you want him, is a constant source of aggravation to the fisherman.

And even when bait has been secured, you are aware, perhaps, that the fisherman will sit for hours upon the bank of the stream watching his cork until he is nearly blinded, and until his head swims. At last, when his patience is exhausted and he is convinced that there are no fish about, he pulls up for the purpose of trying another spot, and finds that some disreputable fish has sucked the bait off the hook an hour before without making a perceptible nibble.

It is another cause of suffering to the fisherman that when he has thrown in again, and has waited an hour for a bite, and waited in vain, he considers it safe to drop his rod for a moment, so that he can light his pipe. It is peculiar that just as he has struck his last match he always gets the most vigorous bite of the whole day. The cork pulls under in a most exciting manner several times, and only floats up again permanently at the moment when the angler seizes his rod in eager haste and finds that the fish is gone.

When the fisherman has nearly landed a fish, which drops off the hook just as it appears to be safe, he collects all his energies for the next bite. He grasps the rod tightly with both hands, he rises and plants his legs firmly upon the ground, he watches the cork carefully, with his lips compressed and with fiery determination gleaming from his eyes. The cork moves slightly. It goes under;

he has a good bite; he pulls up with frightful energy, determined not to lose this one, and the next instant his line hits the limb of the tree overhead, and winds around it as closely as if it was put there on purpose to splice that limb, so as to make it perfectly secure throughout the unending ages of eternity.

Perhaps you have fished for eels? The eel gently pulls the cork under and lets go. You pull up suddenly, and throw in again. The eel tenderly draws the cork beneath the surface, and, wild with fury, you jerk out your line a second time. This exhilarating exercise continues for some moments, and you make up your mind that existence will be a burden, the world a hollow sham, and groceries and marketing useless baubles, unless you catch that eel. Finally you do hook him and draw him out. He is active, playful



THE BAULKY HORSE ENDS IN "PANE."

and vivacious. He wriggles; he forms himself in quick succession into S's, C's, and Q's. He points to all the four quarters of the compass at once. He swallows himself and spits himself out. He wraps himself around your boot and shoots up your leg, and covers your trousers with slime, and tangles your line into a mess, by the side of which the Gordian knot was the perfection of simplicity.

When you get your foot firmly on him, you find that he has swallowed the hook, and you have to cut him completely open, from head to tail, to get the hook out, and then, as likely as not, the eel will flip back into the water and escape. I think eels rarely die.

But for pure pathos, I can conceive of nothing that will equal the anguish of the fisherman when he imagines he has a miller's thumb upon his hook. His cork is drawn slowly under the surface, and it goes down, down, down, until it sinks completely out of sight. He is certain what it is—they always pull in this manner, he says; and he draws in his line gently, while the fish tugs and pulls at the other end. Gradually, v-e-r-y gradually, the fisherman pulls it in, in order to be sure to keep the prey upon the hook. It is evidently a very large fish, and he is determined to land it through the shallow water, so that it cannot drop back and escape.

Slowly it comes up, and just as the hook nears the surface the angler gives a sudden jerk, and out comes a terrific stump with a dozen branches and covered with mud. And meanwhile, during all the fisherman's troubles, there is that infamous small boy sitting on the opposite bank pulling up fish by the dozen with a pin-hook and some wrapping twine. My own humanitarian tendencies incline me to urge that the boy should be summarily shot.



SPORT WITH A STRANGER.



N the military posts of the Far West of America, life is not entirely bereft of enjoyable features. True, the everyday routine of soldier duty grows monotonous, and the harsh tones of the bugle grates unpleasantly upon the ears doomed to listen to them year after year, yet for all this there are many modes of amusement to wile away the time that would otherwise hang heavily upon their hands. At each post there is a saloon and billiard hall, in which the clicking of the ivory balls can be heard day and night, while around the various card tables games of every known description are played. Gambling among the officers is never indulged in. Playing tricks upon strangers is regarded as rare sport by the soldiers,

and unfortunate indeed is the "tenderfoot" who falls into their clutches. The "Indian scare" is the favourite sport in this line, the innocent victim being induced to accompany a party out from the post a short distance ostensibly to shoot antelope. When near some gulch or pile of rocks a howling troop of soldiers disguised as Indians dash at the hunters (?) firing blank cartridges and emitting the most hideous yells. Of course the soldiers in the hunting party fall as if wounded and yell at the victim to run for his life, and then the fun begins.

Such wild leaps as are usually displayed by the frightened "greeney," who darts toward the garrison with every hair erect, forms so ludicrous a picture to those who are in the joke that spasms of laughter at once supplant the demoniac yells which but a moment before tortured the pure mountain air. When he reaches the post the affrighted victim yells for men to at once fly to the rescue of his wounded comrades, and then recites a story of a terrible combat with an overwhelming force of savages, in which he displayed unwonted heroism and fought like a demon. When the bogus Indians come in, doubled up with hysterical laughter, the dupe either acknowledges the sell and joins in the hilarity or sneaks crestfallen from the post and foots it to the nearest point.

One day, at Fort Smith, a long, lank, roughly-dressed fellow came up near the post-trader's store and was surrounded by a group of soldiers. He wore upon his cadaverous features an idiotic grin, and looked for all the world like a recent graduate from an inland Missouri farm. One of the troopers asked him :

"Do you like to hunt; pardy?"

"Hunt? wal I reckon I deu. Back to hum I useter be the best hunter in the

neighbourhood, an' could knock the delights outen a squirrel nearly every pop in the tops o' the highest hickery trees. Oh! I'm no small pertaters when it comes to huntin'!"

Here was such a victim as the fun-loving soldiery seldom caught, and every heart beat high in anticipation of rare sport. The details were soon arranged, and a party organised to go out upon the chase. A short time before the hunters took their departure the "Indians" could be seen sneaking away in the rear of the quartermaster's storehouses, and hastening toward a rocky gulch half a mile distant. The party of which our rural friend formed a member set forth, telling him the most improbable stories of the quantity of game to be found, and posting him as to the use of his gun, which, by the way, contained a blank cartridge.

When they reached a point about fifty yards distant from the gulch, the "Indians" rose and poured in a terrific volley—of smoke—and then charged, yelling like demons. Every one but the stranger fell at the first fire, and in piteous tones they begged him to run for his life and send them help. Instead of doing so, however, he stared at the attacking party in a dazed manner, giving utterance to but the words:

"Wal, I swan to gosh!"

The firing party dashed right up to him, blazing away vigorously, but "greoney" never flinched. When they got almost close enough to poke him with their guns, he said:

"Wat in the name o' common sense ails ye? Air ye crazy, or hev ye eat somethin' that kinder disorganises yer innards an cramps 'em up? Ye act like a drunk lunatic asylum turned loose!"

With renewed yells the party made a dash at him, when he coolly laid down his old musket and reaching back under his dilapidated coat tails produced a pair of vicious looking pistols of the bull-dog pattern, and levelling them at the now discomfited "Indians" said:

"Now, you fellers hev made yer play, an' I'll make mine. Ground arms, every son-of-a-gun of ye, or I'll pump ye full of forty-four-calibre bullets. Drap 'em lively!" and he cocked his murderous looking revolvers.

The guns went to the ground, and the squadron stood with blank dismay pictured on every face.

"Now every dod-durned one o' ye, *stand on yer heads!*"

"Oh! now, see here, pardy," said a soldier. "Don't you know that we're only jo——"

"Up with ye, or a streak o' daylight 'll foller a chunk o' lead through yer anatomy in a holy minute!"

The troopers obeyed, and in a moment a half dozen pairs of legs waved wildly in the air. He held them in this position for fully a minute, when he permitted them to again assume a natural position upon their feet. Then he got his late companions in the line, and for fully an hour he held the entire crowd together, putting them through the most

LUDICROUS ACTS AND CONTORTIONS.

He would make them turn somersaults, walk on their knees and on all fours, lay down and roll over, make one of them hold up a stick and the others jump over it, like trained dogs; in short, he put them through every evolution his brain could conjure up, until obliged to cease through sheer exhaustion. Then he told them to "Git fur camp lively!" and sent them fleeing toward the post.

That night he made it all up, apparently, and was inveigled into a game of draw-poker with three of the best gamblers in the post. They played all night long, and when the lank stranger took the early train for Rawlings he carried with him over eight hundred dollars which he had won. Just as the traff

started he scratched a few words on a slip of paper and handed it to one of his victims. It read:



THE HEAD OF ITS OFF-END-ING (*Shakespeare*).

"You never want to buy a watermelon till you plug it and see if it's ripe, or you're liable to get left. Good bye. "SLIM JIM."



"ITALIAN WINE, SIR; IT CAME FROM NEXT TUREEN."

They then knew that their late visitor was "Slim Jim, of Nevada," the best gambler, quickest shot, and most daring desperado on the lines of the Pacific roads.

CHIQUITA.

BEAUTIFUL! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match in the county. Is thar, old gal,—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?

Feel of that neck, sir,—thar's velvet! Whoa! Steady,—ah, will you, you vixen!

Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers to prove it. Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her. Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do,—quit that foolin'! Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work cut out before her. Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys; And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders? Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water! Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevey Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us;



THE COCKNEY: BUT I SHALL BE DROWNED 'ERE, MR. GILLEY!
 GILLEY: DE'IL A DROWN AS LANG AS YE KEEP THE SPEERITS UP!

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just a bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a-driftin to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? that night that hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and dripping:
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam the Fork, that hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and— What did you say?—O, the nevey?
Drowned, I reckon,—leastways, he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see the derned fool had no seat,—ye couldn't have made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well, hosses is hosses!

A SPIRITED WOMAN.

For a spirited woman, I must recall the Californian judge's anecdote of a super-judicial scene, which I give in his own words:—

"I was sitting," said he, "in my old pulpit, holding court, and we were trying a big wicked-looking Spanish desperado for killing the husband of a bright pretty Mexican woman. It was a lazy summer day, and an awfully long one, and the witnesses were tedious. None of us took any interest in the trial except that nervous uneasy devil of a Mexican woman—because you know how they love and how they hate, and this one had loved her husband with all her might, and now she had boiled it all down into hate, and stood here spitting it at that Spaniard with her eyes; and I tell you she would stir me up, too, with a little of her summer lightning occasionally. Well, I had my coat off and my heels up, lolling and sweating, and smoking one of those cabbage cigars the San Francisco people used to think were good enough for us in those times; and the lawyers they all had their coats off, and were smoking and whittling, and the witnesses the same, and so was the prisoner. Well, the fact is, there warn't any interest in a murder trial then, because the fellow was always brought in 'not guilty,' the jury expecting him to do as much for them some time; and, although the evidence was straight and square against this Spaniard, we knew we could not convict him without seeming to be rather high-handed and sort of reflecting on every gentleman in the community; for there warn't any carriages and liveries then, and so the only 'style' there was, was to keep your private graveyard. But the woman seemed to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have seen how she would glare on him a minute, and then look up at me in her pleading way, and then turn, and for the next five minutes search the jury's faces, and by and by drop her face in her hands for just a little while as if she was 'most ready to give up, but out she'd come again directly and be as live and anxious as ever. But when the jury announced the verdict—Not Guilty, and I told the prisoner he was acquitted and free to go, that woman rose up till she appeared to be as tall and grand as a seventy-four-gun ship, and says she—

"Judge, do I understand you to say that this man is not guilty, that murdered my husband without any cause before my own eyes and my little children's, and that all has been done to him that ever justice and the law can do?"

"The same," says I.

"And then what do you reckon she did? Why, she turned on that smirking Spanish fool like a wild cat, and out with a 'navy' and shot him dead in open court!"

"That was spirited, I am willing to admit."

"Wasn't it, though?" said the judge, admiringly. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I adjourned court right on the spot, and we put on our coats and went out and took up a collection for her and her cubs, and sent them over the mountains to their friends. Ah, she was a spirited wench!"

THE DOG IS ATTACHED TO MAN.



"DUCK! OR YOU'LL
GET SHOT!"

My neighbour Magruder has a dog. I believe his wife purchased it cheap in her dread of tramps, and if she got a bargain, M. got something to boot. I never knew his appellative. I think I have heard my Hibernian gardener style him, 'you blusterin' ripstavin thafe of the worldt!' but it seems to me that is much too long a name to come trippingly off the tongue.

One day I went over to see Magruder. The servant said he had gone out, but that he would probably be home in a few moments. I declined an invitation to go into the house. It was a fine day, and I preferred to walk up and down the porch while waiting. When a considerable time had elapsed and Magruder did not come, I threw myself upon one of the chairs on the porch and began to read the paper.

While I was sitting there Magruder's dog came bounding up the yard, and when he saw me instantly manifested a desire to investigate me. I have never liked Magruder's dog; he is very large, and he has an equally large bad reputation. When he approached me, he looked at me savagely, and growled in such a manner that cold chills began to run up and down my back. Then the dog walked up and sniffed my

legs with an earnestness of purpose that I had never expected to see displayed by a dumb animal. During this operation I maintained a condition of profound repose. No man will ever know how quiet I was. It is doubtful if any human being ever before became so thoroughly still until his immortal soul went to the land of everlasting rest.

When the ceremony was ended, the dog lay down close to the chair. As soon as I felt certain that the animal was asleep, I thought I would go home without seeing Mr. Magruder; but when I attempted to rise, the dog leaped up and growled so fiercely that I sat down again at once. Then I thought perhaps it would be better *not* to go home. It occurred to me, however, that it would be as well to call some one to remove the dog, in case circumstances should make it desirable for me to depart.

But at the very first shout the animal jumped to his feet, gave a fiendish bark and began to take a few more inquisitorial smells at my legs. And whenever I shuffled my feet, or attempted to turn the *Argus* over in order to continue an article on to the following page, or made the slightest movement, that infamous dog was up and

at me. Once, when I was positively compelled to sneeze, I thought, from the indignation boisterously manifested by the dog, that my hour at last had come.

Finally, another dog, which happened to be in the neighbourhood, became engaged in an angry controversy with still another dog in the street in front of me. Magruder's dog was wide awake in a moment; and after turning a regretful glance at me, as if he knew he was deliberately and foolishly throwing away a chance of obtaining several glorious bites, he dashed down the walk and over the fence for the purpose of participating in the discussion between his two friends.

I did not actually run, because that would not have been dignified, and the servant-girl, looking from the kitchen window, and not understanding the nature of the emergency, might have suspected me of emotional insanity. But I walked rapidly—very rapidly—to the rear fence of the yard, and climbed over it. As I reached the top of the fence I saw the dog coming at full gallop down the yard. He was probably chagrined, but I was quite content with the glance he gave me for the purpose of being able to identify me at some future time.

BREAKING THEM UP WITH A BROKEN-DOWN 'OSS.



TWO POLES ON A STRING.

JACOB BROWN is a well-to-do citizen of the old section of Philadelphia called Southwark. He lives on Snyder Avenue, near the corner of the Point Breeze Road House. If there is one thing he prides himself on it is his knowledge of horseflesh, and on the accuracy of his judgment two enterprising young men, supposed to be from the wicked city of New York, speculated. About four o'clock in the afternoon James Elliott and Michael Cleary drove up in front of Jacob Brown's house. Their conveyance was a most dilapidated-looking waggon attached to which was a lean, lank horse, bespattered with mud and apparently worthless. The reins were old clothes lines, and the harness was patched with pieces of rags and strings.

Cleary and Elliott got out a set of quoits and began to play. So deeply were they interested in the game that they did not apparently notice the remarks which the astute Jacob Brown was making to a friend regarding the wretched-looking animal. Jacob walked round the horse and criticised the animal. There was a large raw spot over one of the horse's eyes (which on a casual inspection half an hour later appeared to be red paint) and a dirty

rag, that had once been white, was wrapped around the animal's off hind leg half way from ankle to knee.

Finally, having nudged his friend and companion, remarking *sotto voce*:—"Let's have some fun with these fellows," Jacob said, "What do you intend to do with that?" inclining his elbow and shoulder contemptuously towards the horse, that was standing looking at the ground as innocently as a lamb.

"What, the waggon?" asked Elliott in return, with a decided cockney drawl.

"No, that horse. You'll have to take him down to the candle factory. They don't buy soap fat here."

"That 'orse!" said Elliott, in a much injured and cockney tone of voice; "why, sir, there's nothink the matter with 'im."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Brown, convulsed with laughter.

"I intend to sell him," retorted Elliott, manifesting some pride in the animal. The horse was also observed to wag his left ear.

"Well, you'd better do it quickly"—from Brown.

"I had, had I? Why, 'e's a good 'orse. 'E's a himported Blink Bonny."

"The whole concern—horse, waggon, and harness—wouldn't bring five dollars," suggested Brown. "He's even more *Boney* than *Blink*, I admit."

"Now, look here, mister, you don't know nothink about a 'orse," said Elliott, rather pitifully; "I loves that 'orse, I does. I tell you as 'ow 'e's worth more'n a 'und-er-ed dollars."

His face was so serious that Brown pitied the poor fellow, but couldn't help laughing at him.

"It's too absurd," said Brown.

"I'll tell you w'at I'll do; I'll bet you a 'und-er-ed dollars as 'e can go a mile in three minutes. I love this 'orse I do, and 'll back 'im."

There was a struggle between Brown and his friend as to who should have 'the huckleberry,' as they called the opportunity to win a cool hundred. Brown insisted on his priority of claim, and his right being recognised, Brown said, chuckling:

"All right. I take that bet. Don't you want to make the time five minutes?" "No, a bet's a bet with me. I loves that 'orse, I do, and 'e do me!" Here the horse wagged his right ear, but kept his eye towards Brown closed.

A stakeholder of integrity was found at the tavern near by, and the two hundred dollars placed in his hands. The party then got into the waggon—that is, four members of it did—Brown's friend and a comrade insisting on walking, because they feared the vehicle would break down, and drove slowly to Point Breeze Trotting Park. The horse could not be urged out of a jog, and Brown says he felt sorry a dozen times that he hadn't doubled the bet. Apparently the shafts of the mud-bespattered waggon were holding the quadruped up.

Every time Elliott would say, "Now, I tell you, 'e's a good 'un," or "I loves 'hat 'orse, I does," poor Brown was convulsed with laughter.



GETTING THE PULL OF IT.

Having reached the inside of the trotting park, the stakeholder, Brown, and Cleary took their places at the judges' stand. Elliott was to handle the ribbons, and Brown was to give the word. The horse walked around the track (which was in fair condition), and when it appeared about an even thing that the animal wouldn't fall down from sheer weakness, the timekeeper and starter proposed "to get the horse off."

Elliott got out for a bucket of water, sponged the animal's mouth, climbed back again into the waggon, and announced that he was ready to start.

He drove back on the track a hundred yards, turned the horse, and came up to the judges' stand at about a $4\frac{1}{2}$ minute gait.

But when Brown shouted "go!" with unusual unction he witnessed a transformation scene. At the word the apparently wretched animal threw his ears back, stretched his neck, and got down to work. He straightened out beautifully within twenty seconds. Not a break, not a skip, but real thoroughbred trotting. He passed the quarter in 40 seconds, and entered on the stretch towards the half-mile post at even better speed. This was passed in 1.19, and the next quarter was made in about $36\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, after which Elliott held in "the unknown," so that he finished amid a cloud of dust, but with head erect and ears well back, in 2.37. The animal looked very different from the sullen, misanthropical, slab-sided beast of the cross-roads. He had evidently been looking for that "und-er-ed" dollars.

Brown groaned as he saw the money paid over to Elliott. The horse, left to himself, stood complacently on three legs and chewed one of the upper rails of the fence. The party then separated, Elliott's last audible words being:

"I loves this 'orse, I does, an' that 'orse do me, and has *done* you!"

ONE of the acute sayings of a humorist is, "There's a great deal of human nature in horse trading, but few assets." A would-be purchaser had this humming in his knowledge-box as he was complaining to a dealer of the bad points of a horse offered for sale. The dealer, with an air of philosophical resignation, said: "Well, of course, the horse has his bad points and his good points. We all know that. But what I insist on is that there's no deception about his *bad* points. We can see them. They stand out plain. But we can't none of us tell how many *good* points he may have till we comes to know 'em. That's what I say." The customer thought he'd give him a turn, anyway. He rose from the tan shortly after several turns anyway, which the tested animal had given him. "You said that he was quite tame," he observed. "And so he is tame, isn't he?" asked the dealer. "Not altogether—only partially so," the discontented purchaser replied. "He's tame in front, I dare say; but he's desperately wild behind!"

"SHALL I help you to alight?" asked a city exquisite of a muscular country girl who was about to get out of a waggon that had just come up to the porch of a rural tavern. She jumped from the waggon, and indignantly exclaimed: "What do you mean? You don't think I smoke, do you?"

RATHER!—"I wouldn't care to be the prettiest girl alive!" simpered a swain, as he sat in a drawing-room the other day. "Indeed! Why not?" was the response. "Because," said he, "I'd rather be next to her."

A MAN who wrote to a dashing Alderman for money "because he is so terribly short," got in reply the heartless response, "Do as I do; stand up on a chair."

"WHAT are you going to put in that book?" asked the delegate. "Time," replied the secretary. And then the delegate, who was a wise man, knew that he was going to copy his minutes into it.

If a new long credit clothing store doesn't soon make its appearance we fear some of Danbury's citizens will become naked.

MRS. SMYTH has charming features, exquisite arms, well-shaped hands, but enormously large-shaped feet. Just recovering from a long illness, she said to a friend, "I am terribly feeble, but I am just beginning to put one foot before the other." "And that is not saying a little," whispered the friend to the lady who accompanied her.

"WHAT is the name of your cat, sir?" inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host, "until he had fits, and since then we have called him Fitz William."

It took three men, two boys, and a brindle dog an hour and a half to drive a sandy pig a distance of two blocks, down to the ferry-boat, yesterday afternoon. When the wearisome drive was ended, the dog was bit in three places, the boy had sprained his ankle, broken two windows by throwing stones at the pig, one of the men was tired to death, and the other two were drunk, and the pig was two miles back from the river, going west, and sarcastically asking people it met if they could tell it where the Burlington ferry crossed the Mississippi.

JONES says that the white flannel suit he bought a year ago has proved a very economical investment, and has been of much use in the family. Jones weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, and when he bought it it fitted him remarkably well. After the first washing, his eldest son, who weighs one hundred pounds less than Jones senior, found it an excellent fit. Two washings more made the garment delightful for a youth of nine, and at the end of the season the baby was adorned with the habiliments, which had shrunk just enough to make them fit for a child out of creeping clothes. This year Jones's wife uses them as a dish-cloth. Where all that flannel has shrunk to Jones doesn't see, and says he would willingly take his whole family and his mother-in-law to a lecture which would explain it, and pay double price.

MR. SMOGGS' death made a deep impression upon one of his neighbours. The next day he was going to show this neighbour a good spot for mushrooms.

GETTING TOO MUCH OF AN ANSWER.

THERE is one Londoner who will never refer to the state of the weather again as long as he lives. The condition of the weather has been a hobby of his for years, and he has fairly revelled in the rains and fogs which have been ours since the New Year. On meeting an acquaintance he has invariably said—

"Ever see such a winter before? Curious England, this. Who'd have looked for spring in January? Have you any idea it will change? This mud is killing business, but we can't help it. Ever know of such a succession of fogs?"

Yesterday morning he was coming to town by the South London line. His umbrella fell from his hand as he entered the coach. A stranger picked it up, moved along, and the citizen sat down beside him, and said—

"Thankee. Terrible weather, isn't it? Ever see such weather before? We'll all be down unless there's a change. Can you account for this mild weather at this season?"

"I'd like to speak a few words to you in private," replied the stranger, in a guarded voice. "Please get off the car with me."

The two got off together, the citizen greatly puzzled, and as they walked over London Bridge the stranger continued—

"You remarked that this was terrible weather. I quite agree with you. You seem to be a well-educated and very observing man, and I'm glad to have met you. I hadn't taken any notice at all of the weather until you spoke, but I quite agree with you—quite."

The citizen cleared his throat, but did not reply, and presently the man went on—

"You asked me if I had ever seen such weather before. I am satisfied that I have at some time in my life, but I cannot just now recall the date. Let's see. Was it in 1857? No. Let's see! Well, I cannot recall it now, but on reaching home I will look up my old diaries. If I can do anything to oblige you I shall be only too glad."

They walked up King William Street in silence, the citizen amazed and astounded, and then the stranger suddenly said—

"You said we would all be down unless there was a change. That remark shows your interest in your fellow-men. I quite agree with you—quite. Yes, we shall be down, and many of us may never get up. I hope you are prepared?"

The citizen now began to get irritated, and after hoofing it for another long step he growled—

"What did you want to say to me in private?"

"You asked me," replied the other, as he gestured with his clenched hand, "if I could account for this mild weather at this season of the year? Yes, sir, I can; but I didn't want to give it away to all in the compartment. My theory regarding this warm spell can be explained in just two hours, and I'll go to your office and do it."

"No, you won't," was the blunt answer.



"I DO LOVE THAT OSS, I DO!" (see page 21).

"But I will! When I set out to oblige a man I'm willing to spare four hours if necessary."

The citizen crossed the street hoping to shake the man off, but he also crossed and went on—

"Having been appealed to by you to explain the cause of this mild——"

"See here!" as he halted, "I don't want any more of you!"

"But you asked me to explain."

"I didn't!"

"You are a liar—you did!"

"What!"

"Don't bristle up to me with any of your whats," warned the stranger, "or I'll knock your nose off! I never allow anybody to trifle with me. We will either go to your office and devote two hours to an explanation of my theory, or I'll thrash you for asking useless questions and taking up my valuable time!"

The citizen turned pale, looked all around, and then made a rush into the nearest doorway. The stranger waited around a while and then started off with the remark—

"Never you mind, sir. I'll hunt the whole city over but I'll find your office! No man can get me all worked up on a mild spell of weather and then snub me like a heathen."



A CONFESSORIAL BEAUTY.

A CONNUBIAL CONTROVERSY.



MR. T. AND HIS BEAU-T.

THE bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Throcton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the old bolt, and proceeded to put on the new one. He must bore some new holes, and Mrs. Throcton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woodshed, slamming doors and pulling out drawers, and kicking the furniture around. She went to the head of the stairs and called down:

"Richard, do you want anything?"

"Yes, I do!" he yelled back. "I want to know where in Sydenham that corkscrew is?"

"Corkscrew, Richard?"

"Yes, corkscrew, Richard! I've looked the house over and can't find it."

"Why, we never had one, Richard."

"Didn't, eh? We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything."

"But you must be out of your head, Richard," she said, as she descended the stairs. "We've kept house seven years, and I never remember of seeing you bring a corkscrew home."

"Oh, yes, I'm out of my head, I

am!" he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing machine drawer and turned over its contents. "Perhaps I'd better go to the lunatic asylum right away."

"Well, Richard, I know that I've never seen a corkscrew in this house."

"Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six! The house is always upside down, anyhow, and I never can find anything."

"The house is as well kept as any of your folks can keep one," she retorted, growing red in the face.

"I'd like my mother here to show you a few things," he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.

"Perhaps she'd boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!" answered the wife.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" he yelled, as he jumped down.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, you'll be going for your maiden home if you don't look out."

"I'd like to see myself! When I go this entire house goes!"

"Look out, my beauty!"

"I'm afraid of no man that lives, Richard Throcton!"

"I'll leave you!"

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

Going close up to her, he extended his finger, shook it to emphasise his words, and slowly said:

"Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the court that



"NOW, HE'S OUT!"



"NO! NOW I'M IN!"

I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we'd never had one in the house—which is a base falsehood, as I can prove!"

"Gimlet!" she gasped. "You said corkscrew."

"I did?"

"You did!"

"Then I repent."

No cards!

A MAN who slipped in front of the Grand Hotel, and sat down so heavily as to start his scalp, explained on rising that he could fall harder than that if he had a mind to. But as his breath smelled strongly of liquor, nobody placed any credence in the assertion.

RIDING THE IRON HORSE.

MR. SPOKENDYKE PURCHASES A MACHINE AND MAKES A MILE A MINUTE.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spokendyke, hurrying up to his wife's room, "if you'll come down in the yard I've got a pleasant surprise for you."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. S., "what have you got, a horse?"

"Go to Coventry!" grinned Mr. Spokendyke. "It's something like an horse."

"I know! It's a new parlour carpet. That's what it is!"

"No, it isn't, either. I said it's something like an horse; that is, it goes when you make it. Guess again."

"Is it paint for the kitchen walls?" asked Mrs. Spokendyke, innocently.

"No, it ain't, and it ain't a hogshead of stove blacking, nor it ain't a set of dining-room furniture, nor it ain't seven gross of washtubs. Now guess again."

"Then it must be some lace curtains for the sitting-room windows. Isn't that too-too splendid?" and Mrs. Spokendyke patted her husband on both cheeks and danced up and down with delight.

"It's a bicycle, that's what it is!" growled Mr. Spokendyke. "I bought it for exercise and I'm going to ride it. It's the Patent Incontrovertible Safety Upright Running Swiftsure Bicycle, that's what it is, in short. Come down and see me."

"Well, ain't I glad," ejaculated Mrs. Spokendyke. "You ought to have more exercise, and if there's exercise in anything it's in a bicycle. Do let's see it!"

Mr. Spokendyke conducted his wife to the yard, and descanted at length on the merits of the machine.

"In a few weeks I'll be able to make a mile a minute," he said, as he steadied the apparatus against the clothes post and prepared to mount. "Now, you watch me go to the end of this path."

He got a foot into one treadle and went head first into a flower patch, the machine on top, with a prodigious crash for so skeletony an affair.

"Hadh't you better tie it up to the post until you get on?" suggested Mrs. Spokendyke.

"Leave me alone, will ye?" demanded Mr. S., struggling to an even keel. "I'm doing most o' this myself. Now you hold on and keep your mouth shut. It takes a little practice, that's all."

Mr. Spokendyke mounted again and scuttled along four or five feet, and flopped over on the grass plat.

"That's splendid!" commended his wife. "You've got the idea already. Let me hold it for you this time."

"If you've got any extra strength you hold your tongue, will yer?" growled Mr. Spokendyke. "It don't want any holding. It ain't alive. Stand back and give me room, now."

The third trial Mr. Spokendyke ambled to the end of the path, and went down all in a heap among the flower-pots.

"That's just too lovely for anything!" proclaimed Mrs. Spokendyke. "You made more'n a mile a minute that time!"

"Come and take it off!" roared Mr. Spokendyke. "Help me up! Bust the bicycle!" and the worthy gentleman struggled and plunged around like a whale in shallow water.

Mrs. Spokendyke assisted in righting him, and brushed him off.

"I know where you made your mistake," said she. "The little wheel ought to go first like a waggon. Try it that way going back."

"Maybe you can ride this bicycle better than I can!" howled Mr. Spoken-

dyke. "You know all about wheels! What you need now is a lantern in your mouth and ten minutes behind time to be the Victoria Tower clock! Don't you see the big wheel has got to go first?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spokendyke, "but I thought if you practised with the little wheel at first, you wouldn't have so far to fall."

"Who fell?" demanded Mr. Spokendyke. "Didn't you see me step off? I tripped; that's all. Now, you just watch me go back."

Once more Mr. Spokendyke started, but the big wheel turned around and looked him in the face, and then began to stagger.

"Look out!" squealed Mrs. Spokendyke, hiding her face in her apron.

Mr. Spokendyke wrenched away, and kicked and struggled, but it was of no avail. Down he came, and the bicycle was a hopeless wreck, and he looked like a pretty fly in an iron cobweb.

"What d'ye want to yell for?" he shrieked. "Couldn't ye keep your mouth shut? What d'ye think y'are, anyhow, a fog horn? Emancipate the measly bicycle!" and Mr. Spokendyke hit it a kick that folded him up like a book of muslin.

"Never mind, my dear," counselled Mrs. S., "I'm afraid the exercise was too violent, anyway, and I'm rather glad you broke it."

"I s'pose so," snorted Mr. Spokendyke. "There's fifteen poun' gone."

"Don't worry, love. I'll go without the carpets and curtains, and the paint will do well enough in the kitchen. Let me rub you with arnica."

But Mr. Spokendyke was too deeply grieved by his wife's conduct to accept any office at her hands, preferring to punish her by letting his wounds smart rather than to get well, and thereby relieve her of any anxiety she brought on herself by acting so outrageously under the circumstances, and by adding insult to the injury by suggesting that the Gordian knot of steel wire, which had been the "Patent Safety," should be exchanged for a Unicycle. With one wheel the rider would logically only bark his shin half as much.

(B) RUINATION GENERALLY.

OUR readers will no doubt remember an irrepressible Frenchman and his bear which were constantly being hauled up before the police magistrates of the United Kingdom for alarming the liege subjects with the fear that Mounseer did not have Bruin under sufficient control. Each examination led to the Gaul being released on the understanding that he and his pole-ish friend would turn tail for France forthwith. As the pair first appeared in Rochester, next in London, then in Reading, and so on north, the benighted foreigners seemed never to have got the hang, as it were, of the shortest road back to Dover.

However, it was hoped that they had departed, even if only by some conveyance from John O'Groat's. So they did; and of all places in the world, they have turned up in America. Taking bears to a wild country full of them seems to cap carrying coals to Newcastle; but if the Frog-eater has the mission to make things lively for the Anglo-Saxon where found he is not chousing his employer.

The traveller commenced operations, we may say, began the bawl by growling in Madison City, and causing a serious accident to a run-away team. Other towns resented that they would not have any more bear performances (Mazeppa and Lydia Thompson burlesque excluded). There was no town that was loaded for bears

after that accident, any heavier than La Crosse. The Mayor was red-hot, and he told the Chief of Police, Hatch, never to allow a man with a performing bear to come into the town. Hatch didn't want anything better than a bear-fight, and he said he should smile to see a new-landed Frenchman get up a bear-dance in that town, as long as he walked the streets. When the new Mayor, Smiley, took the office he had only one order to give the police, and that was to keep an eye out for bears. There was consternation in La Crosse on Tuesday, when a boy came up to the police-office and said there was a man down town with a performing bear, and Hatch told Pernue Clark to follow him and he would show the world and his country how he played shuttle-core and bottle-dock with Major Ursa.

The bear was hitched to the hind axle of a waggon, and the owner was in a rum-parlour taking a drink. Hatch said he would go in the saloon and capture the man, and told Pernue to bring the bear clean up to the station. Pernue didn't exactly like the way the thing was divided, and he suggested that maybe he had better go in after the man, and let Hatch take the bear, as he was an old bear-hunter, but Hatch said the man was a desperado, and he had better surround him. So Hatch went in and got the unresisting Frenchman, and started off, telling Pernue to hurry up with the bear. Pernue is a man that, if he wanted a bear, had rather hire a man to go after it, but the eye of the chief was on him, and he walked up to the bear and took hold of the chain and said, with that politeness which even a policeman pumps up when the notion on whom he operates has claws three inches long: "Come along, Mr. Bear!" The bear reached up one claw, and took a large hold of Mr. Man's habiliments about the small of the back, and closed his claws, and twisted a little, and then there was about a pound of coat-tail and pantaloons, cloth and shirt, that all came off together in a wad, and with a pale face Pernue started up towards the lockup to help Hatch hold the man. He overtook them as they arrived at the calaboose, and Hatch asked him why he didn't bring the bear, and he said he only came up to find out of the Frenchman what the bear's name was. He said he never could take a bear, if he didn't know its name.

Then he went to the station to put on an ulster to cover the place where the bear stepped on him, and by this time Sam Campbell and Dave Littlejohn, the other policemen, had arrived, and they all went down after the bear. The boys made a good deal of fun of Pernue's clothes, and Sam said the way to handle a bear was to look him right in the eye and paralyse him. Pernue said he would let Sam paralyse the bear, but before he got him paralysed on more than one side, he'd lay the bear would rip all the bark off him. Arriving at the waggon, Hatch said he would stand on the waggon-tongue, and hold it down, and they could surround the bear. The bear was laying in the sand asleep, and they got all around him, and were just going to pounce on him, when he rose up, and the air seemed full of bears.

And then the air seemed to fill with pounce powder, in which dislocated and shredded man was a main ingredient.

The "Open Sesame!" which Pernue had learnt, only acted on the bear's jaws. With one paw he grabbed Campbell by the slack of the trousers, and with the other he clawed Littlejohn on the shoulder, and he ripped their clothes scandalous, while Pernue got behind a box and Hatch held on to the waggon tongue. The bear stood up on his hind feet with both fore paws full of blue flannel clothing, and the police held a council of war on the waggon tongue. Finally they all got hold of the waggon and hauled it to the lockup, the bear following, and then they gave the Frenchman his liberty and three dollars if he would take his bear and get out of town, and the last they saw of him he was going towards Winona locked arms with the bear, both laughing, and the police went to a tailor's shop to see if

it would cost more to mend their clothes than it would to get a new suit. Now they get together evenings and discuss this cursed bear catching business, and Hatch asks them why they did not chloroform the bear, and use some judgment.

HISTORICAL EPI-SODA-AND-B.

At the close of the Franco-Prussian war, Jules Favre reproached the German Chancellor, in impassioned terms, for the burning of the beautiful palace of Saint-Cloud and other acts of vandalism committed by the Prussian soldiers. Whereupon the Chancellor threw himself into a theatrical attitude and, with frowning brow and flashing eyes, informed M. Favre that "in a ruined chateau in Pomerania, during Napoleon's invasion, there was a poor hunted-down nobleman watching the cradle of his child. Your soldiers rushed into the room, smashed the cradle and stole the father's watch, almost the last piece of property he had left. I was the baby in the cradle; my father was the poor gentleman."

"Which watch?" responded Jules, while a tear bedewed his moustache; "the one the dad had on him, or that he had on his child?"

The gay and festive count answered with a far-away smile, and the two lit out gently but firmly to the nearest beer-seller.

A MAN OF DISCRETION.—In one of those rough periods which have occasionally enlivened Baltimore political life, one Travers, as he was returning late in the evening to his residence from the city, was stopped by two unwholesome-looking individuals, of cadaverous beak and sepulchral aspect, who gruffly demanded, "Are you a blood-tub or a plug-ugly?" "Gentlemen," said Travers, with that delightful hesitation which at once inspires tenderness and gives time for reflection, "I respect both." He was permitted to pass.

"This Thing has gone far enough," yelled the amateur balloonist, as he frantically tugged at the valve ropes.

"Why are you so precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?" asked an attorney of a female witness in a police court. "No, sir," was the prompt reply.

HEARD AT THE ACADEMY.—Lady: "She's a very nice companion; but I do not think she is used to the position. When she receives an order she colours a great deal."—Second lady: "It's a family trait. Her father is an artist, and when he receives an order he colours a great deal."

THE INHABITANTS OF THE BORDELAIS country are prone to exaggeration, but one of them recently met his match. He was dining with a Japanese friend on the Boulevard, and mushrooms came under discussion. "In my country," said the Bordelais, "the mushrooms under the trees are larger than these plates."—"What of that?" exclaimed the Jap. "In my country it is the trees that grow under the mushrooms."

A HARLEM BOY rose in the morning and said, "Well, mother, here I am, safe and sound, and I didn't say my prayers last night either."

A LECTURER once prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with, "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

LINKED WEAKNESS LONG DRAWN OUT.

As a train was approaching Cleveland, it parted in the middle, and the signal-rope snapped off like a thread, the end of it striking an old lady on her bonnet. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed. "Oh, the train is broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat. "I should say so," the old lady said looking at the broken cord. "Did they s'pose a little bit of string like that would hold the cars together?"



A HALLE-"BALL"-LOO.

THE END.

DELICIOUS FOOLERY.

THE DANBURY MAN'S "LIFE ON THE OCEAN"—TO
BE WAIVED NEXT TIME.



A LAZY OCEAN SWELL.

HE time we started in the steamer from America, some hours passed without any violent demonstrations towards acquaintance, unless we may except the long man in long overcoat, a dilapidated hat, and long chin-whiskers, who having made twenty voyages across the ocean, and been spared by an inscrutable Providence to start on the twenty-first, was now enlightening all on board on such points as the weather, the sails, the course, and the prospects.

There was a lazy ocean swell which gave the vessel a graceful, rolling motion that was much admired.

The length of admiration varied with the strength of the constitution of the admirers. When a man got his fill of admiration he made for the rail precipitately, and cast his bread upon the waters, neither hoping nor caring for a return. A visible thinness in the congregation was painfully conspicuous; and by the time all the stars were out, the deck was cleared for action. Some lingered to see the stars—lingered to gaze dreamily into the dark blue waters; then they shot down-stairs, and screamed for a basin. There was a fair sprinkling of passengers on deck the next day;

for, although not a calm day, it was nevertheless pleasant, and the sea was not rough. Those who were not affected kept well on their legs, and alternated a look seaward with a scrutiny of the private property of the vessel. Of those affected, a few had the good sense to remain on deck, and "fire away" at the waves; but much the greater number went below, and, locking their state-rooms, wrestled alone with the great agony. As they convalesced, they, with few exceptions, returned to the deck; every day bringing new additions to the sitters and promenaders. But many kept to their rooms during the entire trip. It is the nature of the disease to allay the thirst for sight-seeing; and it is only by a great effort of the will that the victims can overcome the inertia, and keep on deck.

The terrors of sea-sickness may be modified by keeping a well-ordered stomach on the day of sailing. Bidding champagne farewells and whiskey-punch adieus to friends at home is a sure forerunner of the sickness in its worst form. There was the case of young Munson of Danbury, who went to Europe last season. Born of Puritan parents, and reared amid the refining and wholesome influences of a New England home, he carefully dieted himself the week before sailing. He ate freely of oatmeal and bran bread, and eschewed greasy food and stimulating drinks. The night before sailing he went down to New York in the flush of health and hope, and, stopping at Norwalk to a clam-bake, filled up with roast clams and gin, getting down to the city just in time to take the boat. For three days he pranced around on the edge of eternity, kicking up his heels, swinging his arms, and turning himself inside out in a most reprehensible manner. He held then a position in the Third National Bank; but, on returning home, he did not report for duty for a whole week, fearing that, among other things, he had thrown up this berth.

None of the officers of "The Abyssinia" lost a day through sea-sickness.

The second day was much like the first, with the exception that it grew cooler at night. On the morning of the third day it rained, and the rolling motion increased. The wind was fickle, and the sailors were kept busy with the sails. To see them climbing the dizzy heights of the mast, with the rain pouring down upon them (for they are not permitted to carry umbrellas), made a most thrilling spectacle. The fourth day was equally unpleasant. On the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth days, the vessel rolled from side to side without intermission, the wind blew stiffly across the beam (coming from the starboard side, wherever that is), and the rain and flying spray kept the deck comparatively free of people. Of those who ventured upstairs during this continuous and disagreeable siege, the ladies huddled into the cabin on deck provided for them; the gentlemen took to the smoking cabin, also on deck, or sheltered themselves in the lee of the smoke-stack. This last place was a favourite resort for the steerage passengers, who, chewing plug tobacco, and spitting against the wind, added a charm to the occasion that was indescribable.

The smoking-cabin is the best patronised. Here the passengers of sporting tendencies gather to buy and sell pools on the time the vessel makes in the twenty-four hours; and here is done some of the proudest and grandest lying ever heard. It is astonishing the amount of extraordinary facts an idle brain will evolve.

No pen can do justice to the suffering entailed by the rolling motion of the vessel. On the wet deck it is impossible to move any distance, or to stand still a moment, without grasping a rope or guard. At the dining-table the crash of rolling and sliding dishes, and the splashing of their spilling contents, is deafening and disheartening. The stewards and waiters walk on the sides of their feet, and plank down the right dish in the right place with a precision that is super-

natural. Each of the eight tables is provided with racks, which keep the plates from sliding way across, but do not always prevent their coming together, and depositing in one's lap a pleasant variety of soups, ice-water, and hot gravies. But in the state-rooms the greatest misery is experienced. A state-room has no free walls. Opposite the two berths is a lounge, which can be made into a third berth.

To sit on this lounge, and to be thrown to the opposite side, with the skin of your advanced leg scraping the under edge of the lower berth, and your head smashing against the upper berth, is a sensation I have experienced about eleven hundred times in the past week. When I went alone, I didn't mind it so much; but to have Mrs. Bailey avalanche a-top of me, and with her weight increase my momentum, has almost made me swear. Any boy who is striving for a prize on the grounds of a strictly upright life should forego the pleasure of seeing Europe until after he has got his prize.

And so we have been tossed about, and bumped and bruised, for seven long days and nights, until every bone aches, and every muscle is stretched to its utmost tension, in the constant effort to maintain a balance. Five times have I gone into my state-room and found Mrs. Bailey wedged under the lower berth, where she had been thrown by a sudden lurch of the vessel; and for two hours after each occasion she refused to speak. This is rather remarkable, I believe—in a woman. For, if I do not disremember a-wrong, a woman was offered five pounds if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "Isn't the time nearly up?"

A MOR-MENTARY CRISIS.



AN AGED POIT-ENTATE.

OLD BISHOP POTTS, of Salt Lake, was the husband of three wives and the father of fifteen interesting children. Early in the winter the bishop determined that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip down to San Francisco to see what he could find in the shape of toys with which to gratify and amuse them. The good bishop packed his carpet bag, embraced Mrs. Potts one by one, and kissed each of her affectionately, and started upon his journey.

He was gone a little more than a week, when he came back with fifteen brass trumpets in his valise for his darlings. He got out of the train at Salt Lake, thinking how joyous it would be at home on Christmas morning when the fifteen trumpets should be in operation upon different tunes at the same moment. But just as he entered the depot he saw a group of women standing in the ladies' room apparently waiting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Theodore, we are so, so glad you have come back! Welcome home! Welcome, dear Theodore, to the bosom of your family!"—and then the entire score of them fell upon his neck, and cried over his shirt-front, and messed him about.

The bishop seemed surprised and embarrassed. Struggling to disengage himself, he blushed and said—

“Really, ladies, this kind of thing is well enough—it is interesting and all that; but there must be some kind of a—that is, an awkward sort of a—excuse me, ladies, but there seems to be, as it were, a slight misunderstanding about the—I am Bishop Potts.”

“We know it, we know it, dear,” his fond wife exclaimed, in chorus, “and we are glad to see you safe at home. I have all been very well while you were away, love.”

“It gratifies me,” remarked the bishop, “to learn that none of you have been a prey to disease. I am filled with serenity when I contemplate the fact; but really, I do not understand why you should rush into this railway station and hug me because your livers are active and your digestion good. The precedent is bad; it is dangerous!”

“Oh, but we didn’t!” they exclaimed, in chorus. “We came here to welcome you because you are our husband.”

“Pardon me, but there must be some little—that is to say, as it were, I should think not. Women, you have mistaken your man!”

“Oh, no!” they shouted; “we were married to you while you were away!”

“What!” exclaimed the bishop; “you don’t mean to say that——”



DESCENDING THE STAIRS.

"Yes, love. Our husband, William Brown, died on Monday, and on Thursday Brigham had a vision, in which he was directed to seal us to you; and so he performed the ceremony at once by proxy."

"Th-th-th-under!" observed the bishop.

"And we are all living with you now—we and the dear children."

"Children! children!" exclaimed Bishop Potts, turning pale; "you don't mean to say that there is a pack of children, too?"

"Yes, love; but only one hundred and twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and the triplet."

"Wha-wha-wha-what d'you say?" gasped the bishop, in a cold perspiration; "one hundred and twenty-five! One hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives! It is too much—it is awful!" and the bishop sat down and groaned, while the late Mrs. Brown, the bride, stood around in a semicircle and fanned him with her bonnets, all except the red-haired one, and she, in her trepidation, made a futile effort to fan him with the coal-scuttle.



THE "SEE-YOU" INJINS.

But after a while the bishop became reconciled to his new alliance, knowing well that protests would be unavailing, so he walked home, holding several of the little hands of the bride, while the red-haired woman carried his umbrella and marched in front of the parade, to remove obstructions and to scare off small boys.

When the bishop reached the house, he went around among the cradles which filled the back parlours and the two second-storey rooms, and attempted with such earnestness to become acquainted with his new sons and daughters that he set the whole one hundred and twenty-five and the twins to crying, while his own original fifteen stood around and swelled the volume of sound. Then the bishop went out and sat on the garden fence to whittle a stick and solemnly think, while Mrs. Potts distributed herself around and soothed the children. It occurred to the bishop while he mused out there on the fence that he had not enough trumpets to go around among the children as the family now stood; and so, rather than seem to be partial, he determined to go back to San Francisco for one hundred and forty-four more.

So the bishop repacked his carpet-bag, and began again to bid farewell to his family. He tenderly kissed all of the Mrs. Potts who were at home, and started for the depôt, while Mrs. Potts stood at the various windows and waved her handkerchiefs at him—all except the woman with the warm hair, and she, in a fit of absent-mindedness, held one of the twins by the leg and brandished it at Potts as he fled down the street towards the railway station.

The bishop reached San Francisco, completed his purchases, and was just about to get on the train with his one hundred and forty-four trumpets, when a telegram was handed to him. It contained information to the effect that the auburn-haired Mrs. Potts had just had a daughter. This induced the bishop to return to the city for the purpose of purchasing an additional trumpet.

On the following Saturday he returned home. As he approached his house a swarm of young children flew out of the front gate and ran towards him, shouting, "There's pa! Here comes pa! Oh, pa, but we're glad to see you! Hurrah for pa!" &c., &c.

The bishop looked at the children as they flocked around him and clung to his legs and coat, and was astonished to perceive that they were neither his nor the late Brown's. He said, "You youngsters have made a mistake; I'm not your father," and the bishop smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh yes, you are, though!" screamed the little ones, in chorus.

"But I say I am not," said the bishop, severely, and frowning; "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Don't you know where little story-tellers go? It is scandalous for you to violate the truth in this manner. My name is Potts."

"Yes, we know it is," exclaimed the children—"we know it is, and so is ours; that is our name now, too, since the wedding."

"Since what wedding?" demanded the bishop, turning pale.

"Why, ma's wedding, of course. She was married yesterday to you by Mr. Young, and we are all living at your house now with our new little brothers and sisters."

The bishop sat down on the nearest front door-step and wiped away a tear. Then he asked,

"Who was your father?"

"Mr. Simpson," said the crowd, "and he died on Tuesday."

"And how many of his infernal old widows—I mean how many of your mother—are there?"

"Only twenty-seven," replied the children, "and there are only sixty-four of us, and we are awfully glad you have come home."

The bishop did not seem to be unusually glad; somehow, he failed to share the enthusiasm of the occasion. There appeared to be, in a certain sense, too much sameness about these surprises; so he sat there with his hat pulled over his eyes and considered the situation. Finally, seeing there was no help for it, he went up to the house, and forty-eight of Mrs. Potts rushed up to him and told him how the prophet had another vision, in which he was commanded to seal Simpson's widow to Potts.

Then the bishop stumbled around among the cradles to his writing-desk. He felt among the gum rings and rattles for his letter paper, and then he addressed a note to Brigham, asking him as a personal favour to keep awake until after Christmas. "The man must take me for a foundling hospital," he said. Then the bishop saw clearly enough that if he gave presents to the other children, and not to the late Simpson's, the bride would make things warm for him. So he started again for San Francisco for sixty-four more trumpets, while Mrs. Potts gradually took leave of him in the entry—all but the red-haired woman, who was upstairs, and who had to be satisfied with screeching good-bye at the top of her voice.

On his way home, after his last visit to San Francisco, the bishop sat in the car by the side of a man who had left Salt Lake the day before. The stranger was communicative. In the course of the conversation he remarked to the bishop:

"That was a mighty pretty little affair up there at the city on Monday."

"What affair?" asked Potts.

"Why, that wedding; McGrath's widow, you know—married by proxy."

"You don't say?" replied the bishop. "I didn't know McGrath was dead."

"Yes; died on Sunday, and that night Brigham had a vision in which he was ordered to seal her to the bishop."

"Bishop!" exclaimed Potts. "Bishop! What bishop?"

"Well, you see, there were fifteen of Mrs. McGrath and eighty-two children, and they shoved the whole lot off on old Potts. Perhaps you don't know him?"

The bishop gave a wild shriek and writhed upon the floor as if he had a fit. When he recovered, he leaped from the train and walked back to San Francisco. He afterwards took the first steamer for Peru, where he entered a monastery and became a celibate.

His carpet-bag was sent on to his family. It contained the balance of the trumpets. On Christmas morning they were distributed, and in less than an hour the entire two hundred and eight children were sick from sucking the brass upon them. A doctor was called, and he seemed so much interested in the family that Brigham divorced the whole concern from old Potts and annexed it to the doctor, who immediately lost his reason, and would have butchered the entire family if the red-haired woman and the oldest boy had not marched him off to a lunatic asylum, where he spent his time trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of his children by ciphering with an impossible combination of the multiplication table and algebra.

ODE TO A MONEY-LENDER—"Meet me a loan."

"BUT I pass," said a minister one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades!" yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, being assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.

A KNOTTY TALE.—I.



'Twas Frolicking Frank
And Ridiculous Dick
Cut free from their ship
To play off a trick,

And just for a *butt*,
To cover their prank
And moisten their lot,
They carried a tank.

SOME years ago an Englishman who wished to ingratiate himself with the journalists of Constantinople procured a telegram at his own expense showing the result of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race. This he presented to the journalists. To his surprise they rendered it thus—"Putney Races. The horse Cambridge won by a neck."

REV. DR. CROSBY says that the old version of the New Testament has some "little insidious absolescences" running all through it. We had noticed them, but said nothing about it, taking it for granted that the revisers would see them, and mash them on their theological thumb-nails.

A CINCINNATI man found a rough-looking individual in his cellar. "Who are you?" he demanded. "The gas man, come to take the meter," was the reply. "Great heaven!" cried the householder, "I hoped you were only a burglar."

WHAT A FOND MOTHER SAID.—"Oh, he didn't have no trouble! He just proved a lullaby when he was brought up to court!" was the explanation given by a fond mother when asked how her son got out of his last scrape.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us what is the relation of a university to an ordinary college. It is a step further.

A KNOTTY TALE.—II.



They were scarce on the shore
And climbing the bank,
When a creature they spied
At which their hearts sank;
'Twas Leo, the king of
That desert both wild;
Who with rage rushed apace,
And with wrath overbiled!

A YOUNG MAN writes for the best way to gain entrance to our most respectable families. We like to see our young people aim to improve themselves, and in no way can they do this as surely as by good books and the society of the refined. To gain entrance to our best families, the easiest and most direct way would seem to be by the front door, although our young friend might tunnel under the sidewalk and come up through the cellar.

A HUMORIST, who is courting a girl named Furlong, says it is an eighth of a mile round her waist. He must be a rood fellow thus to as-perch her.

"If a dog loses his paw, and a rooster loses its maw, does it make orphans of them?"

A WOMAN gave the man who was laying bricks on a hot day a cool drink of lemonade. He drank it without resting, and wiping his mouth with his sleeve remarked, "Ye'll be in heaven sivin years before the devil 'll find it out." He may be right, but the woman who could make cool drinks would be very soon missed from the main underground station.

A KNOTTY TALE.—III.



The sailors took haven
Well under the tub,
While Leo rushed on them
And there was the rub!
Such dodging and doubling
As danger's child learns,
Till at last clear upon him
The brute the tub turns,

"LONG JOHN" Wentworth, ex-Mayor of Chicago, is entirely bald, except a little tuft of hair behind the ears, and on one occasion, when riding in the cars, he frequently took off his hat and scratched the back of his ears, a waggish backwoodsman shouted, "Stranger, drive 'em up into the clearing and you can catch 'em all in five minutes."

COMPLIMENTARY.—Edwin Forrest, the American actor, was standing one evening near the door of a theatre in which he was then playing, when a man approached the gatekeeper and said, "Do you admit the profession?" "Yes, when we know them," was the reply. "Who are you?" "I've got the trained hog here," said the man. "Walk right in," interposed Forrest; "I've got a whole company of 'em inside."

SCENE in trial of a gambling-house case in a Washington (D.C.) police court: "What is poker?" asked the Court—"a game of cards?" "Yes," answered several lawyers at once. "I only wanted to know as a matter of proof," remarked the Court, with a smile at the enlightened lawyers, and the case proceeded.

WHY should the theatrical stage be considered angelic?—Because it has wings and flies.

A KNOTTY TALE.—IV.



They sprang on the top
Of the cask and they bore
Their weight on the bottom
The lion roo-fed o'er;
And not to be clipped
Of his hairy-plumed tail,
He pulled in the coil
While they shivered like quail.

SLIGHTLY sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into a church after a sermon had begun, with the remark, "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." And decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astonished congregation as he responded: "Thank you; would you favour me with the text?"

A TEA-GARDEN ATROCITY.—Why is the letter "r" like strong vinegar?—Because it makes a wrinkle *wrinkle*!

HE was a fine-looking man, and he proudly strutted down the sidewalk in front of the Windsor with the air of proprietorship in every movement. "Beg pardon, sir," said Frank Duffy, as he stepped up to him, hat in hand, in utmost humility, "do I have your permission to remain in the city overnight?"

A LIVERYMAN thinks the great want of the day is young men with three arms. He vaguely says it would lessen the number of sleighing accidents, but no one seems to understand his meaning.

A KNOTTY TALE.—V.



The hour passed anxious,
With pale hope up above,
And fury within, giving each
Stave a shove.
And chancing to thrust out
His tail by the bung,
It dangled a while,
Then savagely swung.

"I SAY, Mac, do you know why you remind me of a river?" Mac thought there was a compliment in store for him, and guessed that it was because something sparkling came out of his mouth all the time. "Not quite," responded Gilhooly; "you remind me of a river because your mouth is bigger than your head."

OH, WHAT A WORLD IS THIS!—"How much is that?" said a mourner in a flower-shop, pointing to a wreath of immortelles inscribed, "To my mother-in-law." "What you like," replied the florist. "I have had it for fourteen years, and no one has ever offered to purchase it."

THERE was a citizen who made the discovery that the neighbour from whom he had borrowed his paper for the past four years had not paid for it. He learned the facts from the editor and he was grieved. He was also indignant. He said to us, "To think that I should have been so imposed upon at my time of life! I tell you, a man don't know who to trust in these times. The world is full of corruption, and deceit, and devilry—chock full of it."

A KNOTTY TALE.—VI.



The happiest notion
 Leaped into Dick's nob,
 And seizing the tail,
 He began a rum job;
 He gave it one twist,
 And he passed the tuft through,
 And tied a grand knot,
 And Frank cried "Hooroo!"

A TENANT had been importuned so frequently for his rent that in a climax of exasperation he turned on the landlord with a cogent and conclusive retort—"Now, you needn't put on so many airs, old man. Why, I owe enough in this town to buy up all your old houses."

"MR. THOMPSON presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his grounds." "Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in the future he will not spell piggs with two gees." "Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter E to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady." "Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's letter unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

A KNOTTY TALE.—VII.



'Bout then they concluded
To haste to their craft,
But as they ran off,
They looked back and laughed,
For there, meek as kitten
A tin to its stern,
Poor Leo was towing
The poetic urn.

THE END OF THE TALE.

THE ORPHEUS MEETS AN "ORPHEOL" SELL.



AN ORP-HE-US AND AN ORP-SHE-US.

SOON after the Orpheus Glee Club was formed, a proposal was made that a serenade should be given to Miss Peterson, a young lady who was admired by all the members, but for whom the president was known to have a specially tender feeling.

The proposal was agreed to, and for two or three evenings the club practised with such energy and assiduity as to excite strong discontent among the people who lived in the vicinity of the club-room.

Upon the appointed night, precisely at twelve, the club sallied forth. It carried neither lamp nor music, the members feeling confident that they could depend upon memory to enable them to go properly through the programme.

After a rapid walk, the residence of Miss Peterson was reached, and the club halted upon the pavement in front of it. The windows showed no light of any kind, and the club rejoiced to think that the lovely Peterson would be awakened sweetly from her slumbers by the harmony which it would forthwith produce. The first and second tenors ranged themselves together, while the first and second basses took their appropriate places.

The leader gave the pitch in a low voice, and the club dashed gallantly into "Sweet be thy slumber, darling." There were four verses, each ending with a chorus. When the piece was concluded, every eye in the club was raised to the windows, to catch the first glimpse of the head of the enchanting Peterson. But she did not appear. There was nothing to indicate that any one in the house had heard the music so-called.

"We must put on a little more pressure," said the leader. "They don't seem to hear us."

So the club tuned up, and presently emitted the words of the song: "Star of the evening, beautiful star." The singers filled their lungs bravely, and emptied them vigorously, the tenors trying to drown out the basses, and the basses growling away in such a manner that the tenors hardly considered they had fair play.

As the final cadence died away upon the midnight air, the club looked to the windows with eager expectation, feeling sure that Miss Peterson would give some

murmur of delight. But, strange to say, the windows remained closed; and no one appeared.

"Maybe she sleeps in a back room," suggested Philpott, one of the tenors.

"No," said the president; "her little brother told me that her room was that one, there, in the front."

"She must be a very sound sleeper, then," said the leader. "Let's give her a roaring song, *fortissimo*, and see if we can't get her up."



READY FOR A BRUSH WITH THE FOE.



IN BALANCING HE (DE)-CAN'T-ERR.

the president, somewhat mystified, "she must have heard us."

Then the club, taking the pitch, plunged into, "Hail, Happy Morn;" and sang with such vehemence, that it might be heard miles away. While the performance was proceeding, the singers heard the noise of the lifting of a window-sash, and their eyes involuntarily sought the house. But no; it was the window of the house next door on the right. From this a head protruded, listening. When the music was hushed, a voice said—

"Halloa there! What are you fellows about?"

"Serenading Miss Peterson."

"Who?"

"Miss Peterson."

The man at the window gave a short laugh and withdrew. But Miss Peterson was yet to be heard from.

"I don't understand it," said



A COOLER-DE-ROSE (ABOUT THE NOSE).

"Mighty queer," said Philpott, "most women are so fond of serenades, too."

"Let's quit and go home," remarked Quigg, one of the basses.

"Oh, no," quickly rejoined the president. "We ought to give her one more chance. Try her with 'Row, Brothers, Row!' and sing it loud."

The club put all its strength into the song, and in the midst of the harmony another window was heard opening. A moment later an old boot descended among the singers. They stopped. The missile came from a house upon the left side of Paterson's. Before the president could express his indignation respecting the boot, a voice said:

"Why don't you vagabonds shut up and go home? It's an outrage for you to be howling out there at this time of night."

"Mind your own business," replied the president. "We're not troubling you. We're serenading Miss Peterson."

"Who?"

"Miss Peterson. Go to bed and hush."

This man also laughed, and said something to another person who was heard to laugh too. The club began to feel angry; especially as none of the Peterson family appeared to pay the smallest attention to the serenade.

"Once more, and then if she don't come we'll stop," said the president.

The man at the window laughed again and remained to listen. The club began to sing, "Angels Watch over Thee!" and it sang with the loud pedal on. But the chorus of the eighth verse died away, and still the bewildering Peterson failed to signify her delight.

"Give her another one, boys," said the man at the window. "May be you haven't sung anything she likes."

The club was annoyed by the remark, but it scorned to notice such impertinence.

"I wonder what can be the matter," said Philpott.

"Maybe we've got the wrong house," exclaimed Quigg.

"Oh, no! I know the house well enough," replied the president.

"Well, it's very queer," said the leader.

"Is there a door-plate on the door?" asked Quigg.

"Certainly," replied the president, "don't you see it. That white thing there."

"Strike a match, and let's look at it," said Philpott.

The leader went up the steps, followed by the club. He struck a match. Then every member of the club saw a placard upon which was written in large letters the legend:

"TO BE SOLD."

The shock was so great that for a moment nobody spoke. Then Philpott said softly:

"By George, they have moved!"

The man at the window then observed:

"She heard you were coming, boys, and she packed up and fled; she has gone into the country for the summer. Probably she will never come back until she hears that you have disbanded."

A MINISTER while marrying a couple recently, was rather disconcerted on asking the bridegroom if he was willing to take the young lady for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head and saying: "Yes, I'm willing; but I'd much rather have her sister."

"I COULD kill you for twopence," said an enraged individual to a neighbour, Friday. "Great heavens! can it be possible?" cried the neighbour. "I knew you were avaricious, but I could not think that you would stain your hands with blood, and your soul with the awful crime of murder, for such a paltry sum. It is terrible!" The enraged individual stared quite hard for a minute, and then withdrew, perfectly disgusted.

"LUKE!"-WARM.

EADIN'?—an' wot is it?—a novel? A novel—well darn my skin!

You a man grown and bearded and histin' such stuff ez that in—
Stuff about gals and their sweet-hearts! No wonder you're thin ez a knife.

Look at me!—clar two hundred—
and never read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And ez to their lyin' round here,

They belonged to the Jedge's daughter—the Jedge who came up last year

On account of his lungs and the mountains and the balsam o' pine and fir;

And his daughter—well, she read novels, and that's what's the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Jedge, and stuck by him day night,

Alone in the cabin up yer—till she grew like a ghost, all white.

She wus only a slip of a thing, ez light and ez up and away.

Ez rifle smoke blown through the woods, but she wasn't my kind—no way!

Speakin' o' gals, d'ye mind that house ez you rise the hill,

A mile and a half from White's, and jist above Mattingly's mill?

You do? Well now *thar's* a gal! What, you saw her? O, come now, thar, quit!

She was only bedevlin' you boys, for to me she don't cotton one bit.

Now she's what I call a gal—ez pretty and plump ez a quail;

Teeth ez white ez a hound's and they'd go through a tenpenny nail;

Eyes that kin snap like a cap. So she asked to know "whar I was hid."

She did! O, it's jist like her sass, for she's peart ez a Katy-did.

But what was I talking of?—O! the Jedge and his daughter—she read

Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she read them abed,

And sometimes she read them out loud to the Jedge on the porch where he sat,

And 'twas how "Lord Augustus" said this, and how "Lady Blanche" she said that.



But the sickest of all that I heerd, was a yarn that they read 'bout a chap,
 "Leather-stocking" by name, and a hunter chock full o' the greenest o' sap;
 And they asked me to hear, but I says, "Miss Mabel, not any for me;
 When I like I kin sling my own lies, and thet chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow-or-other she was always sayin' I brought her to mind
 Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin belike of thet kind.
 And thar warn't no end o' the names that she give me thet summer up here,
 "Robin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Rob Roy,"—O, I tell you, the critter was
 queer.

And yet ef she hadn't been spiled, she was harmless enough in her way,
 She could jabberin French to her dad, and they said that she knew how to play,
 And she worked me that shot-pouch up thar—which the man doesn't live ez
 kin use,

And slippers—you see 'em down yer—ez would cradle a Innjin's pappoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was wastin' and mopin' away,
 And then she got shy with her tongue, and at last had nothin' to say;
 And whenever I happened around, her face it was hid by a book,
 And it warn't until she left that she give me ez much ez a look.

And this was the way it was. It was night when I kem up here
 To say to 'em all "good-bye," for I reckoned to go for deer
 At "sun up" the day they left. So I shook 'em all round by the hand,
 'Cept Mabel, and she was sick, ez they give me to understand.

But jist ez I passed the house next morning at dawn, some one,
 Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill with the sun;
 Miss Mabel it was, alone—all wrapped in a mantle o' lace—
 And she stood there straight in the road, with a touch o' the sun in her face,

And she looked me right in the eye—I'd seen suthin like it before
 When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o' the Clear Lake shore,
 And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was raisin' my knife
 When it give me a look like that, and—well, it got off with its life.

"We are going to-day," she said, "And-I thought I would say good-bye
 To you in your own house, Luke—these woods, and the bright blue sky!
 You've always been kind to us, Luke, and papa has found you still
 As good as the air he breathes, and wholesome as Laurel Tree Hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the thing we could not take away;
 The balsam that dwells in the woods, the rainbow that lives in the spray.
 And you'll sometimes think of me, Luke, as you know you once used to say,
 A rifle smoke blown through the woods, a moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a-sudden she tottered and fell,
 And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held her a minit—well,
 It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold and ez white she lay
 Ez a snow-flake here on my breast, and then—well, she melted away—

And was gone * * * And thar are her books; but I says not any for me,
 Good enough may be for some, but them and I mightn't agree.
 They spiled a decent gal ez might hev made some chap a wife,
 And look at me! clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

HIGH-PRICED BEANS.

TOM WATROUS, commercial traveller, stopped off at the Marshall, Mich., eating-house several years ago.

He was not very hungry, and called for a plate of beans, which he received. He inquired the price, and was informed that it was seventy-five cents.

"That's a thundering price for beans," said Tom.

"That's the price," said the proprietor.

The train was just starting; Tom paid the bill, and the coaches bore him and his indignation on towards Detroit.

This was on Saturday. On Monday, Gilmore, the eating-house man, received a telegram, collect on delivery, 1 dollar 25 cents, which he paid, and read on opening it, "A thundering price for beans!"

Thirty days from that date a neat express package was handed in to Gilmore. C. O. D., who paid 90 cents for the privilege of opening it to discover a lot of sawdust, on the top of which lay a slip of paper with the cabalistic symbols, "A thundering price for beans!"

Two months from this Gilmore was summoned to Chicago to meet a former business partner, and the hotel clerk handed him a letter conveying the pleasant information, "A thundering price for beans!"

During Gilmore's absence his son paid for two telegrams and one express package, all bearing directly on the subject of 75 cents being "a thundering price for beans!" Cost of these articles, 3 dollars 80 cents. A genuine telegram from Gilmore's mining share broker advising him to sell was refused, and the loss of it entailed an actual damage to Gilmore of 1,500 dollars.

A year rolled away. Gilmore ordered a case of Mackinac trout from Detroit. They came C. O. D., 13 dollars 83 cents; when opened he found every fish had been removed from the ice and sawdust, and a shingle met his eyes, marked with a blue lead pencil, "A thundering price for beans!" Trouble arose between Gilmore and the Detroit fish house, and they went to law, Gilmore winning the suit, 25 dollars damages, and all at a cost for the attorney's services of 86 dollars 90 cents.

Gilmore grew dejected. Life looked gloomy. Letters poured in on every one of his family at regular intervals from all parts of the world, bearing the unpleasant information that it was "a thundering price for beans!"

At last Gilmore sold the Marshall eating-house and moved to Chicago. He carried his deep affliction along with him, gnawing like a cancer at his vitals. The persecution never ceased. Gilmore drooped, faded, and finally died. The terribly afflicted family followed him to his last resting place, and the widow, with what little money she had saved from the expenses of bogus telegrams and express packages, erected a plain marble slab to the memory of the tortured Gilmore.

The following Sabbath the mourning family went out to the cemetery to plant some violets on Gilmore's grave. Arriving on the ground, they observed in silent horror that another legend appeared above the name of Gilmore, on the tombstone. It was chalked on a small blackboard, and read:

"A THUNDERING PRICE FOR BEANS."

LIKED IT.—A mother having occasion to reprove her seven-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, received in reply: "Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but it's better than none."

THE HAWK'S NEST.

We checked our pace—the red road sharply rounding,
 We heard the troubled flow
 Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding
 A thousand feet below.

Above the tumult of the canon lifted,
 The gray hawk breathless hung;
 Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted
 Where furze and thorn-bush clung;

Or where half-way the mountain side was furrowed
 With many a seam and scar;
 Or some abandoned tunnel dimly burrowed—
 A mole-hill seen so far.

We looked in silence down across the distant
 Unfathomable reach:
 A silence broken by the guide's consistent
 And realistic speech.

"Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through Peters
 For telling him he lied;
 Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos
 Across the long Divide.

"We ran him out of Strong's, and up through Eden,
 And cross the ford below;
 And up this canon (Peters' brother leadin'),
 And me and Clark and Joe.

"He fou't us game: somehow, I disremember
 Jest how the thing kem round;
 Some say 'twas wadding, some a scattered ember
 From fires on the ground.

"But in one minute all the hill below him
 Was just one sheet of flame;
 Guardin' the crest, Sam Clark and I called to him,
 And—well, the dog was game!

"He made no sign: the fires of hell were round him,
 The pit of hell below.
 We sat and waited, but never found him;
 And then we turned to go.

"And then—you see that rock that's grown so bristly
 With chaparral and tan—
 Suthin' crep' out: it might hev been a grizzly,
 It might hev been a man;

"Suthin' that howled, and gnashed its teeth, and shouted
 In smoke and dust and flame;
 Suthin' that sprang into the depths about it,
 Grizzly or man—but game!

"That's all. Well, yes, it does look rather risky,
 And kinder makes one queer
 And dizzy looking down. A drop of whisky
 Ain't a bad thing right here!"

THE ADVERTISEMENT WHICH WILL FETCH A SERVANT.



A COME-PET-ENT GIRL.

until midnight if she wishes to. If her relations suffer for want of sugar, she can supply them with ours. We rather prefer a girl who habitually blows out the gas, and who is impudent when complaint is made because she soaks the mackerel in the tea-kettle. If she can sprinkle hot coals over the floor now and then, and set the house afire, we will rejoice the more, because it will give the fire-department healthful and necessary exercise. Nobody will interfere if she woos the milkman, and she will confer a favour if she will discuss family matters across the fence with the girl who lives next door. Such a servant as this can have a good home, the second-storey front room, and the whole of our income with the exception of three pounds a week, which we must insist, reluctantly, upon reserving for our own use."

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.—"Is he a good doctor?" asked one gentleman of another, speaking of an acquaintance. "Well, people call him so," replied the other, "but as far as my experience goes, if I was a patriotic man, and there was going to be a long war, I should like him to have charge of the enemy's wounded."

A MAN having fallen down in a fit in a tailor's shop, an envious rival said: "That's the only *fit* ever seen in that establishment."

THE STEED "OAHU."

THE landlord of the American hotel at Honolulu said that Mr. Twain's party had been gone nearly an hour, but that he could give me my choice of several horses that could easily overtake them. I said, never mind—I preferred a safe



THE KING OF SPADES.

horse to a fast one—I would like to have an excessively gentle horse—a horse with no spirit whatever—a lame one, if he had such a thing. Inside of five minutes I was mounted, and perfectly satisfied with my outfit. I had no time to label him, "This is a horse," and so if the public took him for a sheep I cannot help it. I was satisfied, and that was the main thing. I could see that he had as many fine points as any man's horse, and I just hung my hat on one of them behind the saddle, and swabbed the perspiration from my face and started. I named him after this island, "Oahu" (pronounced O-waw-hoo). The first gate he came to he started in; I had neither whip nor spur, and so I simply argued the case with him. He firmly resisted argument, but ultimately yielded to insult and abuse. He backed out of that gate and steered for another one on the other side of the street.



THE MAJOR AND THE MINER.

I triumphed by my former process. Within the next six hundred yards he crossed the street fourteen times, and attempted thirteen gates, and in the meantime the tropical sun was beating down and threatening to cave the top of my head in, and I was literally dripping with perspiration and profanity. (I am only human, and I was sorely aggravated; I shall behave better next time.) He quit the gate business after that, and went along peaceably enough, but absorbed in meditation. I noticed this latter circumstance, and it soon began to fill me with the gravest apprehension. I said to myself, This malignant brute is planning some new outrage—some fresh devilry or other; no horse ever thought over a subject so profoundly as this

one is doing just for nothing. The more this thing preyed upon my mind the more uneasy I became, until at last the suspense became unbearable, and I dismounted to see if there was anything wild in his eye; for I had heard that the eye of this noblest of our domestic animals is very expressive. I cannot describe what a load of anxiety was lifted from my mind when I found that he was only asleep. I woke him up and started him into a faster walk, and then the inborn villainy of his nature came out again. He tried to climb over a stone wall five or six feet high. I saw that I must apply force to this horse, and that I might as well begin first as last. I plucked a stout switch from a tamarind tree, and the moment he saw it he gave in. He broke into a convulsive sort of a canter, which had three short steps in it and one long one, and reminded me alternately of the clattering shake of the great earthquake and the sweeping plunging of the *Quaker City* in a storm. (See "The Pleasure Trip," No. 3 this series.)

A WOMAN was appointed constable the other day, and the first thing she said was: "Now I *shall* catch a man."



HOW TO FIND A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK? SIT
ON IT. (The same rule applies elsewhere.)

TOO DEEP FOR ME.

SOME friends of good Dr. Hopkins presented him with a gold-headed cane a few days ago, and a reporter of the *Argus* was invited to be present. Nobody knows whether the reporter was temporarily insane, or whether the foreman, in giving out the "copy," mixed it accidentally with an account of a patent hog-killing machine which was tried in Wilmington on that same day, but the appalling result was that the *Argus* next morning contained this somewhat obscure but very dreadful narrative:

"Several of Rev. Dr. Hopkins's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation the unsuspecting hog was seized by the hind-legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot-water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him around, slit his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him, for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it the hog was cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured for fifteen cents a pound; and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely."

AN INEBRIATED MAN offered to bet a half-dollar this noon that he could climb up a tree in two minutes; but after sitting down on the side-walk at the foot of it for ten or twelve times, he suddenly picked himself up and moved away, muttering that, drunk as he was, he knew better than to fly in the face of Providence by trying to climb a *slippery elm*.

Two years ago she graduated, and her essay was upon "The Glorious Future." "Let us strive to emulate the examples of the nobility of past generations," she said, "and let our aspirations direct us toward the accomplishment of exalted deeds, and our reward shall be given us in the True, the Beautiful, and the Good." A few days ago she was lying on the sofa reading the last insipid novel; she had on an old dress, her hair was uncombed, and a hole in the heel of her stocking added to her picturesque appearance, while her mother was out in the kitchen doing the week's washing, and calling in vain for assistance. The noble girl!

LAST evening, just before sundown, a gentleman who was sitting by his window casually remarked: "There goes the woman that George Brown's dead gone on."

His wife, who was in a back room getting supper ready, dropped a plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby, and ran like a quarter horse to the window with: "Where? where? Tell me quick!"

"The one with the long cloak—just at the corner."

Then the woman at the window said, in tones of deep disgust:

"Why, that's George Brown's wife."

"Yes, exactly," remarked the brutal husband.

Then the disappointed woman went back and got the supper ready, but her usually sweet disposition was soured for the entire evening.

"THOSE BRUTES!"

"My wife got mad—terribly mad—at me last night," said Ragbag. "She threatened to leave me, and, by Jove, I was awfully scared, for I think she meant it. But I had presence of mind. I said I hoped she would—begged, implored her to do so; and then she swore she'd cling to me till death, just to spite me! A woman is a curious creature to manage, isn't she?"

A SAD TABLEAU, but not an uncommon one. A small, wretched-looking house. Outside, a miserable apology for a man crazed by drink, assaulting the door, and making the air resound with his curses. Inside, a thin, pale woman with a wan expression of features, pressing one hand tightly over her heart, and with the other heating a poker in the fire.

A PAINFUL CIRCUMSTANCE attends the death of a married gentleman, which occurred last week. Last winter he made an agreement with his wife to the effect that should she kindle the fire mornings for six months, he would do it for the same length of time. She had just completed her part of the contract when he died. It is a very sad affair.

"My husband is a brute," declared Madame X. to an intimate friend the other day.—"Why, my dear, what's the matter now?"—"He found fault with a little vivacity of mine yesterday, and I threw a candlestick at his head; then what do you suppose he did?"—"I don't know."—"Why, he stood before the mirror, so that I couldn't throw the other. The brute!"

A TOMBSTONE in a neighbouring cemetery bears the following affecting inscription—"Sacred to the memory of my dearly beloved wife, Mary," and just below, "Ditto, Jane."

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.—When you have offended your wife, rush upstairs, and put on her best bonnet. She can't reach for your hair or cave in your head with a flat-iron.

"WHEN I die," said a married man, last week, "I want to go where there is no snow to shovel." His wife said she presumed he would.

"My dear," asked Mrs. J.—of her husband, on coming home from church the other day, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets?" "The ladies' faces," was the bland reply.

"WOMEN," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life,
At once a boon and a blessing."

"In one way they're salad, indeed," replied Brown—
"They take so much time in their dressing."

BROWN's wife went to the dentist's lately and took gas. The new set of teeth is not ready, nor is she ready; and so there has been peace in the Brown family for several days. As Brown joyfully remarked, "Her mouth is closed for repairs."

A GERMAN lately married says: "Id vas yoost so easy as a needle cood walk out mit a camel's eye as to get der behindt vord mit a vomans."

"THE only lady that ever impressed me much," said an old bachelor, "was a three hundred pound woman, who was standing in a car and when the car turned a corner fell against me."

SETTING ONE'S TOOTH INTO THEM.

THE Dental Association has been in session. One Torquemado showed a new instrument that he had prepared from drawings that he had seen of instruments used at the Inquisition, by which a patient could be taken by the hair of the head and jammed down in a chair, the feet being held in stocks, while a heavy weight was placed on the stomach. He claimed that in that position, with a gag in the patient's mouth, the condemned couldn't chafe. He said he used the model of his machine on a woman who was nervous and timid, and it reassured her to such an extent that he knocked all her front teeth down her throat, pulled out her upper double teeth with a pair of ice tongs, and broke her jaw in two places, and when she got up she never said a word.

Another Samaritan explained a new method he had discovered of extracting the lower teeth. He said he put the patient in a chair that he had arranged so the head would be downward and the feet hung over a clothes bar. Then he drilled a hole into the under jaw from the outside till he found the root of the tooth, when he took a cold chisel and a mallet and drove the tooth out. Another operator objected to this method on the ground that some patients who were a little sensitive might object to being stood on their heads, but the inventor of the idea said that could be obviated by bandaging their eyes as they sat upright, and turning the crank of the chair until they were inverted gradually, and they would think the toothache had turned their heads, but that they were right side up.

A mangler from up north wanted to know if any of the delegates had struck anything that would take the place of gold as a filling. He was answered by another who said that while it was well to always charge for gold filling, by judicious management, such as twisting the neck of the patient so he could not see the filling that was used, you could smuggle in putty, or dough made of rye flour, which would soon harden. He said he had met with great success in using biscuit crumbs to fill large cavities, and veneering the crown of the hole with plaster of Paris. He said the biscuit crumbs, while they would become quite hard, could be easily dug out when he got the second job on the same tooth. One doctor wanted to know if it was considered right, when he had the forceps on a tooth and was ready to pull, to take the patient by the throat with the other hand and choke him till his tongue run out. The convention decided that a dentist had a right to grab hold anywhere.

PLUMP girls are said to be going out of fashion. If this is true, the plumper the girl the slimmer her chances.

FROM the end of Brighton pier they were watching the sea-gulls whirling in graceful circles, while the rays of the sinking sun covered the water with a flood of gold. Finally he turned to her, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, asked, "Darling, if we were sea-gulls would you fly away with me and be at rest?" To which she answered, with her gaze fixed on a far-off mass of castellated clouds, "No, George; I'd let you fly away, and then I should have all the rest I wanted here."

THE following correspondence lately passed through a telegraph office: "I lent you a fiver one year ago to-night. If you have not had it long enough, please keep it one year longer." To this delicate hint the answer was returned: "Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."

CIRCUS DAY IN DANBURY

A PRETTY fair index of Mr. Barnum's control over the credulity of an American public was given on Saturday. The day was unpleasant, to use the mildest type of expression, but the streets were thronged with a mass of people—some of them coming twenty miles over the very bad roads. It was an enthusiasm no rain could dampen—no possible combination of circumstances flatten.

There were three tents—two small and one very large one. The former enclosed the menagerie and museum, the latter the arena. I attended the afternoon performance out of curiosity, and the evening entertainment out of revenge. I was a little disappointed in the menagerie, because I had depended on that and the museum for the bulk of my happiness on this occasion. The most noted specimens of the forest and jungle were those which appeared on the bills but not in the cages. Here was a discrepancy I could not reconcile with the proprietor's well-known honesty and enterprise. I cast a few reproachful glances upon the specimens that good living and virtuous precepts had preserved to such a good old age, and passed to the museum. There was a visible improvement in this place. The mind was illuminated by the lady who wrote the autograph with her toes, and the heart made glad by various other articles I cannot recall to mind.

When I got inside the large tent I was surprised. A sea of faces spread out before and around me. The tier seats are crowded, the ring seats are crowded, the gangways are crowded. It is a mass of suffocation, fun, and sweat. I don't think I ever saw so large an attendance at a prayer-meeting, and I have been to many of them.

I really enjoyed the sight. Here was one of the grandest views to be seen. Myriads of people of every clime—every temper, disposition, mind, and heart. Here, embraced in an area of a few hundred yards, might be observed—

"Why don't that bald-headed reptile sit down?" cried a coarse voice behind me. I looked around. A red-faced, illiterate man was glowing down upon me from a tier seat. Passion disturbed his features; the man was really mad. I cast a sorrowful glance upon him and sat down. There were fifty or sixty people between me and the ring. I had not made any calculation for this when I came, and so I didn't appreciate it. Occasionally somebody hollered, "Down in front." Whenever I heard the cry I singled out the author and bestowed a grateful glance upon him. It was the finest oration I ever heard, and my appreciation of it was sharpened, I think, by the remarkably uncomfortable position I had got into. I had an excellent view of the tent, and, once in a while, of the ridge pole of the giant who stood nearly opposite. I knew there was something going on in the ring, but if I had been prostrated on my dying couch I could not have told what it was. But I knew whenever a different act commenced, because the folks in front of me stood up on the seats, and the folks behind me put their children on my head, and their umbrellas down my back, and remarked audibly to each other—

"Was there ever anything like it?"

And I, staring idiotically into the back of the man in front of me, fervently hoped there was not.

But all things have an end, and the dreary afternoon performance was not an exception. The last act was performed; the clown finally convulsed the audience; the children in the rear were pulled out of my hair, and I was permitted to roll over, roll around, and eventually get on my feet. With the crowd gone I stole back to the tent and took one fond, piercing glance at what I had not yet seen—the ring.

The oldest inhabitant will never forget the severity of the storm in the evening. The rain descended in torrents, the air was chilly and raw, and the night was one in which all the sores in your heart are made bare to the sight. I knew there would be no attendance upon the show, but I thought I would go over. When I got there I found about one thousand people present, mostly ladies and umbrellas. They flocked into the tent, by wax figures, and up to the arena—the umbrellas shining in the light of the lamps, and a thousand irresponsible rivulets falling swiftly. The huge crowd looked like a party of emigrants on their way to colonise the Atlantic Ocean. The short people laboured under a striking disadvantage. The prongs of the surrounding alpaca caught in their bonnet-strings, and tried to disengage themselves by washing off those articles. Men who had acquired the filthy habit of profanity held the highest position in the party, and were much sought after. Everybody sincerely regretted he had come, and at the same time renewed his exertions to get close to the ring. Occasionally some one fell down, and his neighbours stepped on him and walked over him, and facetiously inquired, "How was that for high?" Little girls with dazzling patches of fashionable glory on their heads were jammed, jarred, and impartially stirred up. The man who held on to his wife with one hand, five fractious children in the other, and balanced a ten-shilling umbrella on his chin, attracted general attention. The enthusiasm was really sublime during the entire show. What it would have been if the bulk of the audience could have occasionally seen what was going on in the ring, the human mind fails to calculate. But the rain came through the canvass in torrents, although several men were sent on the roof with sponges, and the ghastly dreariness of the spectacle became more and more condensed. The giant loomed up through the fog and misery like a wart on a popular man's nose. The clown retired to the recesses of the dressing-room and wrung himself out, while the great basso player emptied his instrument over the profane drummer, and the crowd of disgusted and dilapidated people clawed and pushed their way out doors.

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

I AM seedy, Egypt, seedy,
Out at elbow is my coat,
And my pantaloons are baggy,
While no collar hides my throat.
Let thy income, Queen, support me,
How 'twill come is not quite clear;
Don't you think that my apparel
Looks astonishingly queer?

Though my scarred and veteran ulster
Shows the effect of many a drunk;
Though a boss plebeian landlord
Has for board withheld my trunk;
Though my tailor won't stand by me
Prompt to do my every will,
I must rag out like a Roman—
Dress the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus hard up,
'Twas himself that pawned his wardrobe,
He alone must drain the cup.
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star pales dim and grey,
Him that, earning not a dollar,
Madly fooled his clothes away.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Have you credit at the hatter's?
I much need a bran new tile.
Give to Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let red wine inflame his nose,
I can scorn the Senate's triumph
If you'll buy me some new clothes.

THE COMET.

THE comet! he is on his way,
 And shining as he flies;
 The whizzing planets shrink before
 The spectre of the skies.
 Ah! well may regal orbs turn blue
 And satellites turn pale,
 Ten million cubic miles of head,
 Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light
 He flashes and he flames;
 He turns not to the left nor right,
 He asks them not their names.
 One spurn from his demoniac heel—
 Away, away they fly,
 Where darkness may be bottled up
 And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
 And how would look the sea,
 If the bearded devil's path
 Our earth should chance to be?
 Full hot and high the sea would boil,
 Full red the forests gleam;
 Methought I saw and heard it all
 In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw a tutor take his tube
 The comet's course to spy;
 I heard a scream—the gathered rays
 Had stewed the tutor's eye.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
 Upon a baking egg;
 I saw a cripple scorch his hand
 Extinguishing his leg;
 I saw nine geese upon the wing
 Towards the frozen pole,
 And every mother's gosling fell
 Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
 Writhe in the blistering rays,
 The herbage in his shrinking jaws
 Was all a fiery blaze:
 I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
 Bob through the bubbling brine;
 And thoughts of supper crossed my
 soul;
 I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O
 fearful dream!
 Its memory haunts me still.
 The steaming sea the crimson glare,
 That wreathed each wooded hill;
 Stranger, if through thy reeling brain
 Such midnight visions sweep,
 Spare, spare, O, spare thy evening
 meal
 And sweet shall be thy sleep!

CLEVELAND Young Women write comments on the margins of the library novels they read. One emotional creature writes: "The pangs of love are grate i have been there my self."

"It's a long way from this world to the next," said a dying man to a friend who stood at his bedside. "Oh, never mind, my dear fellow," answered the friend, consolingly, "you'll have it all downhill."

A MILLIONAIRE was robbed of twenty-eight thousand dollars in broad daylight, and he didn't discover the theft till a few hours afterwards. We should like to see any one rob [us of twenty-eight thousand dollars in broad daylight—or in narrow night light either.

THERE had been a heavy thunderstorm, and the parched earth and wilted vegetation drank in the refreshing showers. "I should think the plants would whisper to each other how delicious it was," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Yes," she said, "all but the onions; they wouldn't be likely to whisper with such a breath."

OUR correspondent, who boards next door to the Czar, says: The other night, about three p.m., the Czar awoke very hungry, and after feeling around for his slippers, went softly downstairs into the cellar to forage for a quiet snack. After barking the imperial shins once or twice he reached the refrigerator and lifted the lid. As he did so the palace Henry cat, which had been by some mischance shut up in the said chest, flew up in his face with a frightful yawp and splutter. With a frantic shriek the terrified Czar dashed upstairs again, and plunging into bed drew the covers up over his head.

"What on earth's the matter, Aleck?" inquired the astonished Mrs. Czar, waking up.

"Matter enough," groaned the persecuted monarch. "I'll be eternally flinged if they haven't got to putting torpedoes in the cold ham!"



WAITING FOR THE WAG-GONE.

THE END.

FUNNY "FIGGERS."

KEEPING A SEAT.



THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF "HAIT-I."

THE nephew of Mr. Max Adeler, by name Robert Parker, is courting a young lady. The other night he came home at a very late hour, and when his uncle opened the front door to let him in, he muttered something to the effect that he was "sorry for being out so late." Then he pushed by suddenly and went up-stairs in a very odd fashion, keeping his face as much as possible towards the door, where the other remained standing, astonished at his very strange behaviour. When the latter closed the door and went to his room, it occurred to him that something of a serious nature might have happened, and impelled partly by curiosity and partly by a desire to be of service, he knocked at Bob's door.

"Anything the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh, no. I was detained down town," replied Bob.

"I can't do anything for you, then?"

"No; I'll be in bed in a couple of minutes."

"You acted so peculiarly when you came in that I thought you might be ill."

"I was never better in my life. I went upstairs that side way because I was tired on that side."

"A very extraordinary effect of fatigue," said Mr. A.

"I say," cried Bob, "don't say anything to your wife about it. There's no use of getting up an excitement about nothing."

Max went to bed convinced that something was wrong, and determined to compel Bob to confess on the morrow what it was. After breakfast they sat smoking together on the porch, and then the elder remarked—

"Bob, I wish you to tell me plainly what you meant by that extraordinary caper on the stairs last night. I think I ought to know. I don't want to meddle with your private affairs, but it seems to me only the proper thing for you to give

me a chance to advise you if you are in trouble of any kind. And then you know I am occupying just now a sort of a parental relation to you, and I want to overhaul you if you have been doing anything wrong."

"I don't mind explaining the matter to you," replied Bob. "It don't amount to much, anyhow, but it's a little rough on a fellow, and I'd rather not have the whole town discussing it."

"Well?"

"You know old Magruder's? Well, I went around there last night to see Bessie; and as it was a pleasant evening, we thought we would remain out on the porch. She sat in a chair near the edge, and I placed myself at her feet on one of the low wooden steps in front. We stayed there talking about various things and having a pretty fair time, as a matter of course, until about nine o'clock, when I said I thought I'd have to go."

"You came home later, I think."

"Well, you know, some mutton-headed carpenter had been there during the day mending the rustic chairs on the porch, and he must have put his glue-pot down on the spot where I sat, for when I tried to rise I found I couldn't budge. And when I made an effort to get upon my feet, Bessie said, 'Don't be in a hurry; it's early yet,' and I told her I believed I would stay a little while longer. So I sat there for about two hours, and during the frightful gaps in the conversation I busied myself thinking how I could get away without appearing ridiculous. It hurts a man's chances if he makes himself ridiculous before a woman he is fond of. So you see I didn't know whether to ask Bessie to go in the house while I partially disrobed and went home *half kilt* or wholly in Highland costume, or whether to give one terrific wrench and then proceed down the yard backwards. I couldn't make up my mind; and, as midnight approached, Bessie, who was dreadfully sleepy, said at last, in utter despair, she would have to excuse herself for the rest of the evening."

"Then, you understand, I was nearly frantic, and I asked her suddenly if she thought her father would lend me his front steps for a few days. She looked sort of scared, and went in after old Magruder. When he came out, I made him stoop down while I explained the situation to him. He laughed and hunted up a hatchet and saw, and cut away the surrounding timber, so that I came home with only about a square foot of wood on my trousers. Very good of the old man, wasn't it, to smash up his steps in that manner? And the reason why I kind of sidled upstairs was that I feared you'd see that wooden patch and want to know about it. That's all. Queer sort of an affair, wasn't it?"

Then Mr. Parker darted off for the purpose of overtaking Miss Magruder, who at that moment happened to pass upon the other side of the street, and whom he wanted to convince of the absence of *dis-seat*.

ALL A "BARNEY."

"Is it true that you are going to marry again?" asked Barney of a widower.

"It is very true," was the reply.

"And whom do you marry?"

"My late wife's sister."

"Is she handsome? or rich?"

"Not at all."

"Then why have you chosen her?"

"To tell you the truth, my dear fellow, I have got a good mother-in-law, and I don't want to change her."

THE HERO FROM THE OIL SPRINGS.



"TIE"-RING POSITION.

THE hero from Deadwood, where the oil has gushed out suddenly, and converted chance customers into millionaires, has not had half a show in Detroit, the nearest city, and he cannot be blamed for feeling that they are an unappreciative people. These heroes arrive about once in four weeks on average, and the latest put in an appearance yesterday morning, preceded by a rumour that he had struck it rich, and made a clean hundred thousand dollars. When he entered a chemist's store on Michigan Avenue he was followed by a dozen or more persons who wanted to admire him and hear the story of his adventures. He modestly hesitated to begin, as all heroes do, but he finally started off with—

"It is, perhaps, useless to remark that this town offered no chance for an ambitious young man to get along."

"That's so," replied one of his hearers. "I know that you did not get along here at all, and we had to make up a shake-purse when your old father died."

The hero swallowed something, bent his eyes modestly on the floor, and continued—

"I left this city with only ten dollars in my pocket, but with a heart——"

"Only ten, and I know it, for I lent you five of that, and never expected to see it again," interrupted the second admirer, with a good deal of heartiness.

A shadow of pain flitted across the face of the hero, but he braced up, and went on—

"When I reached Deadwood I was penniless, hungry, ragged, and friendless, but I was stout-hearted. I was de——"

A rum saloon-keeper here entered, and begged pardon for the intrusion, but he had made out the hero's liquor bill, and thought it best to hand it to him before he had banked his money. It was only thirteen dollars, but some of the items were over three years old, and business was business. The hero put the bill in his pocket, passed through a fit of coughing, and began—

"I provided myself with mining tools and——"

"Did you get trusted, or pay cash for them?" interrupted the man on the other side of the store.

The hero did not deign to reply, but coughed, and said—

"I knew that energy and pluck would bring luck. Here at home everybody seemed to keep me down, but there——"

"Say, I didn't try to keep you down," suddenly observed a shoemaker. "Didn't I trust you for a pair of boots when no one else would, and didn't I raise the money to pay your fine, and saved you from a trip to the House of Correction?"

The hero partially admitted the correction, and had just opened his mouth to go on when the druggist asked him to wait until he could put up some castor-oil for a customer. The hero waited, and when the oil had been put up he continued—

"I knew I had only myself to depend on, and that fact nerved me up. I pushed for the mines——"

"Is that a dog fight?" interrupted one of his hearers, as a furious growling was heard out doors.

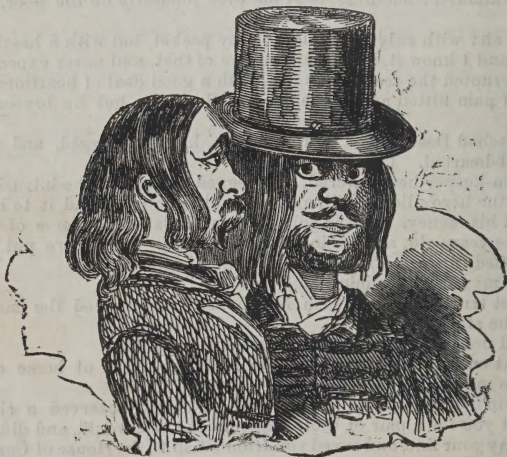
All rushed to the door, but it was a false alarm, and after they had returned to the store, the hero settled himself back, and remarked—

"Here energy, pluck, and ambition count for nothing. If I tried to climb——"

"And while I think of it," put in the grocer two doors below, "I'll hand you the account run up by your mother in your absence. I never expected it would be paid, but I couldn't see the old lady go to the union."

It took some little time for the hero to get another start, and he had not reached the mines, when in came a constable, who asked him to step out doors, and after an earnest conversation he walked off in his company. It looked as if an old warrant had woke up for active employment.

JUSTICE IN IRELAND IS IMPROVING.—At the last Nenagh Assizes an old woman was charged with having maliciously set fire to a chapel. Observing that she was what is called "unrepresented by counsel," the judge said to her, "Have you no counsel?" "I have not, yer anner," answered the old woman cheerfully. "But I must tell you what perhaps you do not know, that this is a very serious offence, and that you may be sent to prison for a considerable time. Surely you have at least an attorney to defend you?" "Sorra a one, yer anner," said the old woman; "but," she added, with an encouraging wink and a smile, "I've several good friends among the jury."



THE DEUCE OF HEARTS.

A MAN came into the office Saturday to have cards printed for a lady. He said her name was Mrs. Carrol. "What's her other name?" inquired the typo. "She hasn't got any other," explained the agent; "her husband's run away an' left her."

THE IRONCLAD BLOODHOUND.

EARLY one morning in last November I rode out on the Nebraska prairie with my dogs to bag quail. It was sunrise. Picketing the horse, I pulled off the saddle, gathered an armful of corn from the near-by field, and led him. Calling my dogs, I waved my hand to indicate the ground I wished them to beat, and with "Hie on, Hie on!" the hunt began. Shooting badly, I missed bird after bird so neatly that I was forced to admire the cleanness of my misses. I was about to give up the hunt, when suddenly a storm came on. Hurrying back to my horse, I saddled him, mounted, and, finding I could not endure the cold wind and the storm-driven ice particles that stung my face like sparks from welding iron, I wheeled and cantered south for the protection afforded by the banks of the Cottonwood. Arriving at the river, I turned into a clump of bushes under a bluff. Drifting along the prairie before the fierce wind, the snow, shooting over the bluff, passed above me in a solid cloud.

Perceiving that I would be frozen if I remained in the open air, I determined to search for shelter and food. Hugging the north bank of the river for protection from the cold wind, I followed its winding course. In a wooded bend of the stream I came on great haystacks and well-filled corn-cribs surrounding an immense sheep corral. Beyond the corral a stove-pipe stood in the ground. This indicated a dugout. A huge brindled cur, a ridge of erect hair on his back, with glistening teeth, and ice particles studded thickly over his face, came bounding savagely towards me. Making friends with the ugly creature, I rode to the stacks, dismounted, unsaddled, and turned my horse loose in the midst of food. Walking to the dugout, I was kindly welcomed by a tall, white-haired man.

The man and his bearing attracted my attention. His face was long, pale, and very thin; one corner of his mouth was drawn up, giving it a queer crookedness. I could see the deep scar on the cleanly shaven cheek that marked the spot where the bullet had torn out of his mouth. It was the face of a gentleman, weary of life. He was very tall and erect. He limped slightly as he advanced to greet me. He was neatly dressed in grey jean. Stating my case briefly I was again welcomed.



THE OLD "BEAU" TOO MUCH BENT

My dogs scratched at the door. My host said inquiringly, "Your dogs?" "Yes; my hunting dogs," I replied. Turning a little, he said: "James, open the door and let the poor dogs in; they must be very cold." To my great surprise I saw another tall, erect, white-haired man stand forth. I had failed to see him as he sat motionless in the dark corner of the dugout. Passing me, he bowed gravely, and I saw that he was a negro. He also was neatly dressed in grey jean. My host held out his hands for my gun, game bag, and cartridge belt. While he was putting them away I glanced over the clean room and saw a well-filled bookcase standing against the wall. Newspapers lay about as though they had been read.

A good supper was cooked and served by the negro. After eating we filled our pipes and sat by the fire smoking. Several times I endeavoured to lead up to a conversation, but my attempts were dismal failures. Finally I remarked on the ferocious appearance of the brindled dog. I could plainly see the efforts my host made to be companionable. He sat erect in his chair; then turning to me, said: "I have been alone so long that I fear I am very poor company. It is so seldom that I see any one I care to talk to, that the habit of sitting silently by my fire has a firm hold on me. You were saying that my brindled watch dog looked ferocious. That dog is kind-hearted. He has a savage appearance, but I do not think he would bite any one. Looks do not amount to anything in a dog. My brother Will made a dog that was the fiercest-looking creature mortal eyes ever beheld."

"Your brother Will made a dog?"

"Yes; made a dog," he replied. Then taking the corn-cob pipe from his mouth and holding it loosely between his fingers, he said, "I will tell you of the misfortunes that caused brother Will to manufacture a dog."

I refilled my pipe, settled myself in my barrel chair, and placing my feet on a log, listened to the following narrative.

After the close of the Civil War, Will and I returned from the Army of Virginia to the old homestead on the Tennessee River. Our parents had died while we were absent. The planting was deserted. Many of the buildings were destroyed. The people we owned before the war were free, and had left the land they were born on. Only a few old negroes, too weak or too timid to accept of the new condition of affairs, remained on the land. James, my servant, had been with me while I was in the army. [Charles, his brother, was my brother Will's servant. Charles was killed at Petersburg. James returned to the plantation with us, to find that his wife and children were gone, no one knew whither. He remained with us.

Will and I determined to live on our land. We had neither money nor tools; only a few old horses and mules. We went to work manfully. The country merchants knew we understood our business, and they gave us credit for provisions and tools until our first crop was made. Being fortunate with our cotton, we soon had the farm benches rebuilt, the negro quarters repaired, and the outbuildings replaced. We bought teams and tools. Many of our former slaves came back to the place of their birth.

I should have told you that my brother had been struck on the head with a rifle ball while aiding in the defence of Cold Harbour. After the wound healed he was a little queer on one subject. A natural taste for mechanics grew into a diseased desire to continually talk about mechanical inventions. If indulged in this desire, he would become very enthusiastic, and fancy himself an inventor. A desire to make machines and curious toys out of sheet iron and tin plate would take possession of him. He would go into the workshop, and, day after day, and far into the night, I could hear the tap, tap, tap of his hammer, or smell the

fumes of his charcoal furnace, as he heated the irons used in soldering the pieces he had prepared together.

Seldom was a toy successful. If the legs of a tin man was intended to stride forwards, they were almost sure to walk backwards; and the arms that should have been lifted high above the head in wrathful denunciation were held meanly behind, as though seeking alms slyly. James took care of brother Will when he was suffering from these attacks. No one, excepting James and I, was allowed to see him then or his work. When the attack passed away suddenly, as was always the case, Will would throw the unfinished toy or machine he was working on into a corner, where it would remain unnoticed until the next attack. Leaving the shop, he would come into the house, and, with a sad smile on his face, slip his hand into mine, saying simply, "It is over, Ben." Sitting by my side, holding my hand firmly in his, he would silently look into the fire until he fell asleep in his chair.

Our business prospered. Year after year we made good cotton, corn, and hog crops. We cured large quantities of mast bacon. As Southern people prefer the peculiar flavour of mast-fed meat, we found a ready and highly remunerative market for our bacon. Needing watch-dogs, as the negroes were pilfering of nights, we bred up a pack, but one morning we found every one of them dead.

A reconnoitring party, sent out into the black night by the army of negro thieves, had poisoned them. Will had seen the hounds lying lifeless on the frozen ground. The shock his mind received when he realised that our friends had met a base death instantly brought on an attack of his illness. He had left the key in the unlocked padlock of the smoke house, and gone at once into the workshop. I feared that this attack, brought on by a shock to his weakened brain, would be severe. I was very careful of my brother. Several times daily I visited him. James attended him constantly, being with him day and night. I endeavoured to divert his attention from his work by talking of the picking and ginning of our cotton crop and of other farm affairs. My efforts were unsuccessful. Steadily Will hammered, and sheared, and fitted, and soldered.

One day he said he wanted some clock works. When I brought them to him, I looked at the many pieces of finished and unfinished work that littered the room, and thought they looked like pieces of a sheet-iron dog. "Brother Will," I asked, "are you making a dog?" "Yes, a watch-dog," he answered.

From this time on I took a great interest in the work. The dog grew slowly under Will's hands, until it was very nearly finished. I was called to our county town by a lawsuit. Leaving Will in James's charge, I obeyed the summons, expecting to be absent for one day. Delays in court kept me three days. Returning I arrived in the evening. I sat in front of the bright fire thinking of the lawsuit, when I was disturbed by Will. He walked wearily into the room. He was very pale and weak, but his eyes were bright and clear. He drew a chair alongside of mine; then grasping my hand he said sadly: "Ben, I have been very ill. I am exceedingly weak. I wish it were all over;" and leaning back in his chair he slept peacefully. I gently withdrew my hand and walked into the workshop. In the dim twilight I saw a great sheet-iron dog, with widely extended jaws, standing on the floor by the work bench.

Lighting the lamps I closely examined the creature. His immense mouth was lined with great cone-shaped teeth that were painted white. His lolling tongue and hanging lips were painted bright red. His eyes were bulging and red. The legs terminated in large feet, well armed with iron claws. He had a long tail that curved slightly upwards. This creature stood firmly on an iron column that was riveted to his belly. I discovered that the dog could be opened. I lifted his tail: the whole of his back turned up on a hinge by the shoulders. I opened him and

saw resting on a shelf that was fastened to his left side—the phonograph ! The interior space that was not occupied by this instrument was fairly stuffed with clock works, springs, and levers. Seeing a knob that extended from the phonograph to the exterior of the sheet-iron, I shut the back of the dog down and pressed on the knob. For an instant I thought I had lost my reason. There was a faint click of clockwork and the dog talked ; his legs moved to and fro ; his tail slowly rose and fell ; his eyes rolled fiercely, and his huge jaws slowly opened and shut. I backed away from him. Recovering myself I returned. Suddenly he was imbued with active life. He talked more loudly. Boldly he asserted that he was the devil. Distinctly he called aloud the names of the negroes he was determined to seize and carry down to brimstone. His jaws opened and snapped together with a viciousness similar to an empty bear-trap sharply closing. His tail swayed wildly up and down, and his legs worked rapidly to and fro, as though he were endeavouring to scratch up the earth. It was a dreadful sight. I stopped the machine by opening it. I realised that brother Will had at last made a successful mechanism.

Entering the house, I looked at my poor brother, sleeping childlike in his chair in front of the fire, and knowing that he would have but a misty, dreamlike remembrance of his work when he awoke, I smiled mournfully as I thought of his surprise when he saw the iron bloodhound smoothly working. Thinking that Will, in his exhausted condition, might be cold, I took from a chest a pair of army blankets, old and worn, and gently covered him, leaving his thin, pallid face bare. Sitting by his side, I watched him far into the night. The sight of the old

blankets awakened sleeping memories, and my thoughts were busy with scenes long past. Sitting and thinking, I finally slept.

In the morning, after breakfast, Will asked me : “ Ben, how long have I been ill ? ” “ Three weeks,” I replied. “ What did I do ? ” “ You made a dog. Come and see it,” I said, cheerfully ; “ it’s a grand success.” Will, while examining the dog, told me his reasons for making the animal as well as he could recall them. “ The black thieves poisoned our friends. I resolved to make an iron dog that would frighten them into staying away from our homestead.” Then he remarked, musingly : “ I believe I have some faint recollection of an intention to paint the inside of his mouth and his eyes with phosphorus, and place him at the corner of the smoke house some dark night. I thought that any and all negroes who saw him would be paralysed with terror.” Then more briskly, “ I should like to see what influence the dog would have on the meat and corn cribs.” “ We will try it,” said I.



THE GOOD “ MOR ”-IN-LAW (p. 2).

That day I rode to the town after phosphorus. When a night suitable for the marauding expeditions of our coloured neighbours came, we took the immense dog to the smoke house. Spreading blankets underneath the building for a bed, we then painted the inside of the dog's mouth, his eyes, feet, and tail, with the phosphorus. We covered the animal with a cloth that had a rope attached to it. The end of the rope was under the house. Will stood as though thinking; then, turning to me, he said, "Ben, I will get a can of powder and place it in the machine. After it has run for a few minutes, I will blow it up. I do not wish to see the creation of mine after to-night." Going to the house, he soon returned with a can of rifle powder in his hand. Laying a train from our bed to the dog, he placed the can inside of the animal, and quickly crawled to our blanket bed under the house.

Lying listening intently, we soon heard the soft footsteps of approaching men. Then whispers were indistinctly heard. We heard the party clamber over the fence and cautiously approach the smoke house. We could hear the negroes softly laugh as they related how they poisoned the bloodhounds. "Ready?" asked



SEEN MY POKER IN YOUR POCKET.—BOBBIE "BURNS"?

Will in a whisper. "Ready," I replied. The cloth was pulled off the dog with a quick, nervous jerk. I pressed on the knob with a pole. The iron bloodhound at once began to work. He fairly shovelled up the loose earth and scattered it high above his back and behind him. He swore by the eternal fires of hell that he was the father of all bloodhounds, and that he intended to seize the negroes who poisoned his children, and carry them home with him in red-hot haste. He made a number of little remarks about meat and corn thieves that were very depressing to his audience. While he was talking his great jaws repeatedly opened and snapped together with a sharp clang; his eyes rolled wildly; his tail waved up and down like a fiery plume; his mouth seemed to be filled with flame, through which his tongue constantly played. It was an awful sight. The negroes were paralysed with fear. They were unable to even murmur a prayer.

Will cut the performance short by touching the train with a lighted match. Instantly the pawing, talking, cursing dog disappeared with a clap of thunder and in a cloud of sulphurous smoke. With a cry of terror, the affrighted negroes vanished into the woods. We crawled from under the house and walked home.

Next morning our overseer came, saying, "The niggers is done gone!" "What is the trouble?" we asked. "The story is out that the devil in the shape of a dog was seen near the smoke house last night, and that he swore to catch some of the hands. Many have already left; the rest are going to leave."

They left. Will sickened shortly after and rapidly wasted away. Unable without my brother to endure the place where my happy childhood had been spent, I rented the plantation and came to Kansas to raise sheep."

The erect gentleman filled his pipe, and lighting it, was lost in the memories the story had awakened. I sat silently thinking of the war scenes, of the dead brother, and of the dog, until I fell asleep in my chair. I awoke in the morning to find that a pair of blankets had been wrapped around me as I slept.

BREAK, OH, BREAK DOWN!

BOBBOS has recently taken a pupil whom he is instructing in the law. The pupil is sharp. "What," roared Bobbos, "constitutes burglary?" "There must be a breaking;" said the student. "Ah, yes," bellowed Bobbos; "then if a man enters your door and takes five pounds from your coat pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" "Certainly," was the reply; "because it would break me."

NO LOSS OF CONFIDENCE OR MONEY.

A GROCER had a patent money drawer attached to his counter, and it was no sooner in working order than his clerk tendered his resignation.

"You are going to leave? Why, what's the matter?" asked the tradesman.

"I don't want to stay where a person has lost confidence in me!"

"Do you refer to that new till?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are very foolish. I haven't lost a bit of confidence in your honesty, but simply argued that if you had less change to squander outside, I could have more of your time in the shop. Loss of confidence! The idea is absurd!" The satisfied clerk took off his hat, and returned to duty.

A COMPLETE CURE.



URE.—A man having heard that the ague could be cured by crawling head first downstairs when the chill is coming on, tried it lately. He felt the dreaded approach of the shake, and dropping on his hands and knees started down the front stairs. Just as he started two old ladies came up on the porch to consult his wife in regard to shipping seven hundred *tons of neck-ties* to the *ton* of Hait-i, and it so happened that the moment they opened the door he lost his balance and came down upon them like an avalanche with spokes in it, and before they could even think of saving themselves the enemy was among them, and the next instant a horrible mixture of humanity and cloth went revolving across the sidewalk and into the street, to the un-mixed astonishment of the neighbours, and to the unconcealed disgust of the participants. But it cured him.

A SENSIBLE TRICK-DOG.

A HUMP-SHOULDERED old man, followed by a dog which seemed to have fasted for a year past, entered a butcher's shop the other day, and the man made some inquiries about the price of smoked hams. The butcher saw the dog, of course, and who ever saw a butcher who didn't want to know all about a dog.

"Is that a good bird-dog?" asked the butcher, as he patted the shy canine on the head.

"Oh, no—he's a trick-dog," answered the owner.

"Is, eh? What tricks can he do?"

"Oh, a dozen or two. He has one very peculiar trick, though. Would you like to see him do it?"

"I would that. What is it?"

The man directed the butcher to put a pound of nice beefsteak on a sheet of clean brown paper and place the whole on the doorstep. He then said to his dog, which had watched matters pretty keenly—

"Now, Cato, I am about to call upon you to perform a trick. You have never gone back on me yet, and I have perfect confidence in you. Cato, do you see that meat?"

Cato saw it. He walked over to it, and seized it in his mouth, and as he went up the street it was hard to tell the dog from the dust.

"Hum! yes!" muttered the butcher; "do you call that a trick?"

"I do," confidently replied the man.

"Well, it's a blessed mean one!"

"Just so—just so," said the man. "You couldn't expect such a looking dog as that to be around playing tricks on a guitar or a jews-harp, could you? I'll see you later about the hams."

DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI.



COUPLED GRACE-NOTES.

A MAJOR loved a minor so,
His warlike heart was soft as *Do*.

He oft would kneel to her and say :
"Thou art my life, my only *Re*."

"Ah ! if but kinder thou would'st be,
And sometimes sweetly smile on *Mi*."

"Thou art my life, my guiding star,
I love thee near, I love thee *Fa*."

"My passion I cannot control,
Thou art the idol of my *Sol*."

The maiden said : "Oh, fie ! ask pa :
How can you go on thus ? Oh, *La* !"

The Major rose from bended knee,
And went her father for to *Si*.

THE LAST LINCOLN STORY.

THE Boston correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times* tells the following story of President Lincoln. "Seward attended the Episcopal Church, but Mr. Lincoln was not impressed with the belief that he had any marked degree of piety. On one of Mr. Seward's visits to his home in Auburn he invited a clergyman and elders of the same Church to return to Washington with him. They accepted, and on their arrival in that city Mr. Seward took them to the White House and presented them to the President. 'This is the Rev. Dr. Hawley, Mr. Lincoln, Pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Auburn; this is Dr. Steele, for thirty years an elder in the same church,' and continued on in a similar line of statement until the last elder had been presented. After Mr. Lincoln had taken each by the hand he quietly remarked, 'Out in Illinois where I used to live, there was a good Presbyterian minister who was preaching in a town where there was only one church. Among the notices given to him to read from the pulpit was one announcing that a Universalist would hold a meeting that evening in the school-room. The good minister, after reading it, said: "This man will preach on universal salvation; but, brethren, we believe in better things."'"

FUN OF THE OLD SORT.

A DIGNIFIED citizen sat in his office, in the third storey, when a stranger about forty years old, with a long red nose, and a grand smile, and a ragged coat, slid softly in.

"Any fun here?" he inquired, as he stood by the door.

"Fun? What do you want, sir?" shouted the citizen.

"Want to have some fun with somebody," was the only answer.

The citizen turned to his papers, and after a pause the stranger crept nearer and said—

"Come on—let's wrastle each other and kick around and have a good old time."

"You go downstairs!" was the reply, spoken in very earnest tones.

"Won't you have any fun with me?" pleaded the stranger; "won't you tussle around and knock off hats, and kinder liven me up?"

The citizen rose up and pointed to the door with a look and gesture that Irving might envy.

"I can't find any one around here to have fun with me," complained the stranger, as he looked off a little. "I haven't half enjoyed myself since I came here just 'cause no one will punch me in the ribs, jam me around, cuff me up to a peak, and get me in a kick occasionally. I don't want work—I don't care for money—all I want is to git somebody by the choker, me git him by the hair, and have a regular old-fashioned time, just as we used to have in those boyhood days now gone for ever."

The citizen had a ruler near at hand, and he grasped it, drove the stranger to the door, and then gave him a royal kick to help him downstairs. The man paused on the landing, looked back, and, in a sad voice, inquired—

"Won't you change your mind—won't you gratify a feller?"

"You go down or I'll throw this club at you!" was the answer.

"I hate to, but I will. Wish you had kicked me three or four times, and let me pile you under the table, and tied your legs in a knot, the way we used to go it! Ah, me!"

THE ECHO BOY.

"AFORE Cooley come yere to live," said the judge, "he kep' a hotel up in the Lehigh Valley—a fashionable kinder tavern, I reckon; an' there was another man about two miles furder up who had a bigger hotel. You could stand on this other man's porch an' make a splendid echo by whistlin' or hollerin'. You could hear the noise agin a dozen times. Leastways, Cooley told me so. Well, Cooley, you know, hated like pisen to be beaten on that echo, an' so he kinder concluded to git one up for himself. He made that there boy of his'n go over on the mountain across the river an' hide among the bushes, an' then he would take people up on the roof of the house and holler, an' the boy would holler back agin. He told everybody that the echo could only be heard on the roof, an' he kep' the trap door locked, so's nobody would find him out."

"That was a poor kind of a swindle."

"Yes, sir. Well, that boy, you 'bserve, gradually got rusty in the business an' tired of it, an' sometimes he'd take another boy over with him, an' they'd git to playin' an' forgit to answer. It was embarrassin' for Cooley, an' the secret begun to leak out. But one day the whole concern was bu'sted. Cooley took a lot of folks from the city, among 'em some o' them newspaper people, an' for a while the boy worked all right. But he had another feller with him, and he kep' a-repeatin' things that nobody said. Cooley stood it for a while, though he was mad as fury; an' at last, when somebody tried to start the echo, there was no answer. They all thought it was mighty queer, but after callin' a good many times, the boy come out in full view an' yelled back, 'I'm not a-goin' to answer any more. Bill Johnson won't gimme my knife, an' I won't holler till I git it; blamed if I do.' Cooley tells me that the manner in which he sailed across the creek after that child was somethin' awful to behold. But it knocked him, sir. It closed him up. Them newspaper men started the thing on him, an' they run him so hard that he had to quit."

THE FUN OF IT.

Yes, Jack and I have quarrelled, vowed to part

For ever, and his image from my heart

I've sworn to tear, and both are to forget

That we have ever loved, or even met.

We said farewell for ever. That was—oh,

It seems a perfect age!—three days ago.

I've not beheld him since, and you can see

I'm just as miserable as can be.

And Jack is quite heartbroken: that I know;

For when we quarrel, always he is so,

Although he won't acknowledge it. Yes, we

Have had two other quarrels. This makes three.

What is the fuss about? Just naught at all;

We felt like quarrelling, and that was all,

And so we went to work and had a tiff.

You say you think we're very foolish, if

There is no cause for disagreement. Oh,

What splendid fun it is you do not know!

Parting heartbroken, ne'er to meet again,

Is pretty hard to bear, I'll own. But then

For that you have repayment, ten times o'er:

The ecstasy of making up once more.

HOW MANY APPLES DID THE FIRST PAIR EAT.



OME say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of ten only.

We think the above figures entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 8 2 certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 2; total, 163.

Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 1 2 the total was 893?

If Eve 8 1 1st and Adam 8 1 2, would not the total be 1,623?

George Washington says Eve 8 1 4 Adam and Adam 8 1 2 4 Eve; together they got away with 8,983.

But if Eve 8 1 4 Adam, Adam 8 1 2 4 2 oblige Eve. Total, 82,056.

We think this, however, not a sufficient quantity, for though we admit that Eve 8 1 4 Adam, Adam, if he 8, 02 8 1 2 4 2 keep Eve Company. Total, 80,282,056.

Everybody is wrong again. Eve, when she 8 1, 8 1 2 many, and probably felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her sorrow, 8 1 2. Therefore Adam, if he 8 1, 8 1 4 2 4 2 fy Eve's depressed spirit. Hence both ate 81,896,054 apples.

AT THE STATION, Conductor Phillips, of the eastern train, after giving the word to start, waited until the last car reached him, and then raising one hand to the rail and one foot gently from the earth, he swung majestically around, and was at once firmly on the car. Mr. Phillips weighs two hundred pounds, but there was such grace and poetry in his motion that he seemed to blend with the car. First there was yellow paint, and then gold leaf, and maroon, and Phillips. There was an elderly person who saw Phillips do this, and his eyes glistened with anticipation. He was going on another train, and when it came along he waited until a fine rate of speed was gained, and then raising his hand and leg, just as he had seen Phillips do, and looking carelessly away, just as Phillips did, he reached out for the rail, and the next instant was trying to push his head through the platform planks, and fighting the air with his heels, and madly pawing around with his hands, and swearing and praying at an awful rate. They stood him up on his feet, and rubbed his head with some snow, but it was a long while before they could convince him that the locomotive had not exploded.

A NEIGHBOUR stepped on a black cat while going down the cellar stairs, last evening, but didn't allow the interruption to deter him from continuing on into the cellar, and over two boxes into a tub. We are not cognisant of the fate of the cat, but it would be well perhaps for the lovers of sausage to use extra caution for a few days.

ONE MAN'S "down" may be another man's "up," and if truth lies at the bottom of a well, as the old proverb says it does, the truth-lover will go where truth is, if it takes him to the infernal regions.—MARK TWAIN.

A MAIN-STREET woman doesn't have any trouble with her husband. When he gets on a tantrum, and she wants to be rid of him so as to have the house to herself, she merely observes that there are a few skeins of yarn to hold, and steps out of the room to get them. Long before she returns the frightened victim is fleeing up the street.

HOW I WAS WRECKED BY MY HORSEMANSHIP.

It is probable that I (Max Adeler, Esq.) should never have bought a horse if I



A QUILL DRIVER.

had not been strongly urged to do so by other persons. I do not care a great deal for any driving but that of quills; and if it ever did occur to me that it would



HE'LL "SUET."

be a nice thing to have a horse of my own, I regarded the necessary expense as much too great for the small amount of enjoyment that could be obtained



AN A' FULL EXAMPLE.

from the investment. It always seemed to me to be much cheaper to hire a horse if only an occasional drive was desired; and I cling to that theory yet.

Mrs. Adeler was especially anxious about it. She insisted that we were doing very well in the world, and she could not see the use of having means if we were



TO BEES OR NOT TO BEES.

to live always as we did when we were poor. She said she often wanted to take a little drive along the river-road in the evening with the children, and she frequently wished to visit her friends in the country, but she couldn't bear to go with a strange horse of which she knew nothing.

My friends used to say, "Adeler, I wonder you don't keep a horse and take your family out sometimes;" and they hammered away at the theme until I actually began to feel as if the public suspected me of being a niggardly and cruel tyrant, who hugged my gold to my bosom and gloated over the misery of my wife and children—gloated because they couldn't have a horse. People used to come down from the city to see us, and after examining the house and garden, they would remark, "Very charming—very charming, indeed! A little paradise, in fact; but, Adeler, why don't you buy a horse?"

I gradually grew nervous upon the subject, and was tolerably well convinced that there would never be perfect happiness in my family until I purchased a steed of some kind. At last, one day Cooley had a yellow horse knocked down to him at one of those auction-sales which are known in the rural districts as "Vandues." And when I saw Cooley drive past the house, every afternoon, with that saffron brute, and his family in a light waggon, and observed how he looked in at us and smiled superciliously, as if he was thinking, "There lives a miserable outcast who has no horse and can't get one," I determined to purchase at once.

I have not had much experience with horses, but I found one whose appearance and gait were fairly good, and I was particularly drawn towards him because the man recommended him as being "urbane." I had heard many descriptions of the points of a good horse, but this was the first time I had ever met a horse whose most prominent characteristic was urbanity. It seemed to me that the quality was an excellent one, and I made a bargain on the spot and drove home.

"Mrs. Adeler," I said, as I exhibited the purchase to her, "I do not think this horse is very fast; I do not regard him as in the highest sense beautiful; he may even be deficient in wind; his tail certainly is short; and I think I can detect in his forelegs a tendency to spring too far forward at the knees; but, Mrs. Adeler, the horse is urbane. The man said that his urbanity amounted to a positive weakness, and that is why I bought him. If a horse is not urbane, my dear, it is useless, no matter what its merit in other respects."

She said that had been her opinion from early childhood.

"I do not care greatly, Mrs. Adeler, for excessive speed. Give me a horse that can proceed with merely a tolerable degree of celerity and I am content. I never could comprehend why a man whose horse can trot a mile in two minutes and forty seconds should be made unhappy because another man's horse trots the same distance one second sooner—that is, of course, supposing that they are not running for money. One second of time never makes any especial difference to me, even when I am in a hurry. What I want in a horse is not swiftness, but urbanity. I would rather have a kind-hearted horse, like ours, than the most rapid trotter with a wicked disposition."

For a while I enjoyed having a horse, and I felt glad I had bought him. It seemed very good to drive down by the river-bank upon a pleasant evening, with the cool breeze blowing in from the water, and the country around beautiful with the bright foliage of early autumn. There was a sufficient compensation for the heat and wretchedness of the busy day in that quiet journey over the level road and past the fragrant fields in the early twilight; and as we came home amid the deepening shadows, we could find pleasure in watching the schooners far off in the channel flinging out their lights, and we could see the rays streaming across the wide interval of rippling surface, and moving weirdly and strangely with the motion of the water.

Sometimes, upon going out, we would overtake Cooley in his waggon; and then it was felicitous to observe how, when I touched my horse with the whip, the animal put his head down, elevated his abbreviated tail to a horizontal position, and left Cooley far, far behind, flogging his tawny horse with such fury as would surely have subjected him to the reproaches of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals if that excellent organisation had been present. My horse could achieve a tolerably rapid gait when he desired to do so. That fact made existence in this world of anguish and tears seem even more sad to Cooley than it had done previously. I feel sure that he would have given fabulous sums if his horse could have trotted a mile in a minute—just once—when we were upon the road together. I began to think that it was just as well, after all, to have a progressive horse as a slow one.

But when the novelty of the thing had passed, my old indisposition to amusement of that kind gradually returned. I drove less frequently. One day my man said to me—

“Mr. Adeler, that hoss is a-eatin’ his head off, sir. If you don’t take him out, he’ll be so wild that he’ll bu’st the machine to flinders, sir.”

The threatened catastrophe seemed so alarming that I took him out, although I had important work to do at home. The next day I wanted to stay up in the city to go to a lecture; but that morning, early, the horse again displayed an alarming amount of friskiness, and I felt as if I must go down and exercise him. I drove him for three hours at a rapid gait, and succeeded in working off at least the exuberance of his spirits.

On the following Wednesday I came home in the afternoon, exhausted with work, and intending to retire at an early hour. At half-past six o’clock Judge Pitman came in. He remarked—

“Adeler, that horse of yourn ’ll certainly go crazy if you don’t move him around. Mind me. He kicks like a flint-lock musket now if you come within forty foot of the stable.”

I went out and hitched up, and that night I drove twenty-four miles at a frightful speed. Horses have, perhaps, gone farther and faster, but few have been pushed forward with a smaller regard for consequences. Nothing but a recollection of the cost of the horse restrained me from driving him into the river and leaving him there.

By degrees the despicable brute became the curse of my existence. If I desired to go on a journey, the restlessness of the horse had first to be overcome. If I received an invitation to a party, the horse must be exercised beforehand. If I had an important article to write, I must roam around the country behind that horse for two or three hours, holding him in with such force that my hands were made too unsteady for penmanship. If I wanted to take a row on the river—an exercise of which I am passionately fond—that detestable animal had to be danced up and down the turnpike in order to keep him from kicking the stable to pieces. And he was recommended to me as “urbane”! He was the urbane of my life. I became depressed and morose. Sometimes when, amid a circle of friends, there was a provocation to laughter, and I participated in the general hilarity, I would suddenly become conscious of the fact that the horse was in active existence, and the mirth would be extinguished in gloom. He mingled with my dreams. Visions of a bob-tailed horse consuming spectral oats, and kicking with millions of legs, disturbed my rest at night. I rushed with him over countless leagues of shadowy road, and plunged with him over incomprehensible precipices. He organised himself into hideous nightmare shapes and charged wildly over me as I slept, and filled all the air of that mysterious slumber-land with the noise of his demoniac neighing.

The reality was bad enough without the unreal nocturnal horrors. I might have sold the brute, but my wife really wanted to have a horse, and I wished to oblige her. But it was very wearing to bear about constantly the feeling of responsibility which the animal engendered. I had to choose between driving him continually and having the lives of the members of my family imperilled when they took him out; and the consciousness that whether there was sickness or business, storm or earthquake, calamity or death, the horse must be driven, gradually placed me in the position of a man who is haunted by some dreadful spectre that clings to him and overshadows him for ever and for ever.

The perpetual nervous worry told upon me. I became thin. My clothing hung loose upon me. I took up two inches in my waistcoat strap. The appetite which enabled me to find enjoyment at the table deserted me. The food seemed tasteless; and if in the midst of a meal the neigh of the horse came eddying up through the air from the stable, I turned away with a feeling of disgust, and felt as if I wanted to prod somebody with the carving-knife.

One day my wife said to me—

"Mr. Adeler, you know that I urged you strongly to buy that horse, and I thought he would do, but——"

"But now you want to sell him! Ha! ha!" I exclaimed with delight.

"Very well, I'll send him to the auctioneer this very day."

"I wasn't going to say that," she remarked. "What I wanted to mention was that nearly everybody in good circumstances about here drives a pair, and I think we ought to get another horse; don't you, my dear? It's so much nicer than having only one."

"Mrs. Adeler," I said, solemnly, "that one horse down there in the stable has reduced me to a skeleton and made me utterly miserable. I will do as you say if you insist upon it, but I tell you plainly that if another horse is brought upon these premises I shall go mad."

"Don't speak in that manner, my dear."

"I tell you, Mrs. Adeler, that I shall go stark, staring mad! Take your choice; go without the other horse, or have a maniac husband."

She said, of course, she would do without the horse.



HIS SPIKE-ULIAR POSITION.

But the affliction was suddenly and unexpectedly removed. My horse had a singularly brief tail, and I thought it might be that some of his violent demonstrations in the stable were induced by his inability to switch off the flies which alighted upon sensitive portions of the body. It occurred to me to get him up an artificial tail for home use, and I procured a piece of thick rope for the purpose. There was, too, a certain humorousness about the idea that pleased me; and as the amount of jocularly which that horse had occasioned had, thus far, been particularly small, the notion had peculiar attractiveness.

I unravelled about eighteen inches of the rope, and fastened the other end to the horse's tail. This, I estimated, would enable him to switch a fly off the very

FUNNY FIGGERS.

end of his nose when he had acquired a little practice. Unfortunately, I neglected to speak to my man upon the subject; and when he came to the stable that evening he examined the rope and concluded that I was trying experiments with some new kind of hitching-strap; so he tied the horse to the stall by the artificial continuation. By morning the feed-box was kicked into kindling-wood, and the horse was standing on three legs, with the other leg standing in the hay-rack, while he had chewed up two of the best boards in the side of the stable in front of him.

Subsequently I explained the theory to the man and readjusted the rope. But the patent tail annoyed the hostler so much while currying the horse that he tied a stone to it to hold it still. The consequence was that in a moment of unusual excitement the horse flung the stone around and inflicted a severe wound upon the man's head. The man resigned next morning.

I then concluded to introduce an improvement. I purchased some horse-hair and spliced it upon the tail so neatly that it had the appearance of a natural growth. When the new man came, he attempted to comb out the horse's tail, and the added portion came off in his hand. He had profound confidence in his veterinary skill, and he imagined that the occurrence indicated a diseased condition of the horse. So he purchased some powders and gave the animal an enormous dose in a bucket of warm "mash." In half an hour that pestilential horse was



FUN OF THE OLD SORT (*see page 13*).

seized with convulsions, during which he kicked out the stable-door, shattered the stall to pieces, hammered four more boards out of the partition, dislocated his off hind leg, and expired in frightful agony.

He was more urbane after death than he had been during his life, and I contemplated his remains without shedding a tear. He was sold to a glue-man for eight dollars; and when he had departed, I felt that he would fulfil a wiser and better purpose as a contributor to the national stock of glue than as the unconscious persecutor of his former owner.

THE FOLLOWING is a San Francisco advertisement: "Correspondence is solicited from bearded ladies, Circassians, or other female curiosities, who, in return for a true heart and a devoted husband, would travel during the summer months, and allow him to take the money at the door,"

THE KEENEST CUT.

AN elderly gentleman was wending his way to the barber's shop, Saturday afternoon. Coming from an opposite direction was an unshaven man. The shop lay between them. The unshaven man quickened his step; the elderly man struck into a trot. Then the unshaven stopped to look into a window, and the elderly man came back to a walk. Up started the unshaven man again, and the elderly man resumed his trot. The unshaven man once more slackened up; so did the elderly man. Then the unshaven man quickened his gait, and the elderly man once more struck into a trot, and reached the door panting and puffing, as the unshaven man went by. And yet women are dissatisfied with their sphere.

COLLEGE SKETCHES.

TRIDING! who strides old Cambridge town

With such majestic tread?

Whose lip is covered o'er with down?

Whose hat-band is dark red?

Who, when he walks upon the street,
Of Jockey Club doth smell?

Whose hair is parted, oh! so neat?

Sir, an æsthetic swell.

Then who is this, with winning smile,

Whose whiskers are jet black,

Whose ulster is the newest style,

His trousers ten years back?

Whose wicked eye is full of sin,

Whose *scull's* a bit askew,

Who wears a Skull and Cross-bones pin?

Sir, Oxford's deepest blue!

But now, who's this, who, full of strife,

Yet still is pale and sad,

Whose greatest comfort in this life

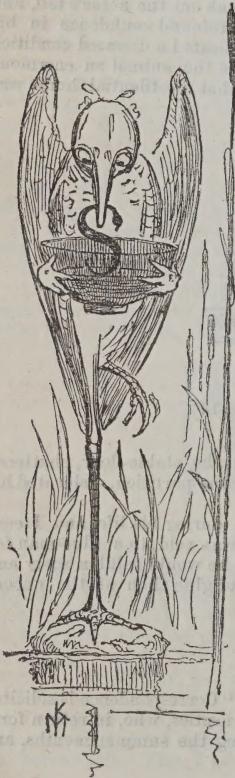
Is in his ague pad?

Who, when his Faculty say No,

Is gentle, meek, and mild,

But positively will not go?

'Tis London's fevered child.



A JERSEY widower, who had taken another partner, was serenaded on his wedding night. The parties brought a phonograph, in which was preserved some of the oburgations of his first wife, and when they set it going under his window, the happy bridegroom broke out into a cold sweat, and crawled up the chimney on a bridal tour.

THE PETRIFIED MAN.

Now, to show how really hard it is to foist a moral or a truth upon an unsuspecting public through a burlesque without entirely and absurdly missing one's mark, I will here set down two experiences of my own in this thing. In the fall of 1862, in Nevada and California, the people got to running wild about extraordinary petrifications and other natural marvels. One could scarcely pick up a paper without finding in it one or two glorified discoveries of this kind. The mania was becoming a little ridiculous. I was a bran-new local editor in Virginia City, and I felt called upon to destroy this growing evil; we all have our benignant fatherly moods at one time or another, I suppose. I chose to kill the petrification mania with a delicate, a very delicate satire. But maybe it was altogether too delicate, for nobody ever perceived the satire part of it at all. I put my scheme in the shape of the discovery of a remarkable petrified man.

I had had a temporary falling out with Mr. Sewall, the new coroner and justice of the peace of Humboldt, and thought I might as well touch him up a little at the same time and make him ridiculous, and thus combine pleasure with business. So I told, in detail, over my signature, "Mark Twain," about the finding a petrified man at Gravelly Ford (exactly a hundred and twenty miles, over a breakneck mountain trail, from where Sewall lived); how all the savants from the immediate neighbourhood had been to examine it (it was notorious that there was not a living creature within fifty miles of there, except a few starving Indians, some crippled grasshoppers, and four or five buzzards out of meat and too feeble to get away); how those savants all pronounced the petrified man to have been in a state of complete petrification for over ten generations; and then, with a seriousness that I ought to have been ashamed to assume, I stated that as soon as Mr. Sewall heard the news he summoned a jury, mounted his mule, and posted off, with noble reverence for official duty, on that awful five days' journey, through alkali, sage-bush, peril of body and imminent starvation, to *hold an inquest* on this man that had been dead and turned to everlasting stone for more than three hundred years! And then, my hand being "in," so to speak, I went on, with the same unflinching gravity, to state that the jury returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from *protracted exposure*. This only moved me to higher flights of imagination, and I said that the jury, with that charity so characteristic of pioneers, then dug a grave, and were about to give the petrified man Christian burial, when they found that for ages a limestone sediment had been trickling down the face of the stone against which he had been sitting, and this stuff had run under him and cemented him fast to the "bed-rock;" that the jury (they were all silver miners) canvassed the difficulty a moment, and then got out their powder and fuse, and proceeded to drill a hole under him, in order to *blast him from his position*, when Mr. Sewall, "with that delicacy so characteristic of him, forbade them, observing that it would be little less than sacrilege to do such a thing."

From beginning to end the "Petrified Man" squib was a string of roaring absurdities, albeit they were told with an unfair pretence of truth that even imposed upon me to some extent, and I was in some danger of believing in my own fraud. But I really had no desire to deceive anybody, and no expectation of doing it. I depended on the way the petrified man was *sitting* to explain to the public that he was a swindle. Yet I purposely mixed that up with other things, hoping to make it obscure—and I did. I would describe the position of one foot, and then say his right thumb was against the side of his nose; then talk about his other foot, and presently come back and say the fingers of his right hand were spread apart; then talk about the back of his head a little, and return and say

the left thumb was hooked into the right little finger ; then ramble off into something else, and by-and-by drift back again and remark that the fingers of the left hand were spread like those of the right. But I was too ingenious. I mixed it up rather too much ; and so all the description of the attitude, as a key to the humbuggery of the article, was entirely lost, for nobody but me ever discovered and comprehended the peculiar and suggestive position of the petrified man's hands.

As a *satire* on the petrification mania, or anything else, my Petrified Man was a disheartening failure ; for everybody received him in innocent good faith, and I was stunned to see the creature I had begotten to pull down the wonder-business with and bring derision upon it, calmly exalted to the grand chief place in the list of the genuine marvels our Nevada had produced. I was so disappointed at the curious miscarriage of my scheme that at first I was angry, and did not like to think about it ; but by-and-by, when the exchanges began to come in with the Petrified Man copied and guilelessly glorified, I began to feel a soothing secret satisfaction ; and as my gentleman's field of travel broadened, and by the exchanges I saw that he steadily and implacably penetrated territory after territory, State after State, and land after land, till he swept the great globe and culminated in sublime and unimpeached legitimacy in the August London *Lancet*, my cup was full, and I said I was glad I had gone. I think that for about eleven months, as nearly as I can remember, Mr. Sewall's daily mail-bag continued to be swollen by the addition of half a bushel of newspapers hailing from many climes with the Petrified Man in them, marked around with a prominent belt of



“OH ! FAN-CY THAT !”

ink. I sent them to him. I did it for spite, not for fun. He used to shovel them into his back yard and curse. And every day during all those months the miners, his constituents (for miners never quit joking a person when they get started), would call on him and ask if he could tell them where they could get hold of a paper with the Petrified Man in it. He could have accommodated a continent with them. I hated Sewall in those days, and these things pacified and pleased me. I could not have gotten more real comfort out of him without killing him.

MY FAMOUS "MASSACRE."

THE other burlesque I have referred to was my fine satire upon the financial expedient of "cooking dividends," a thing which became shamefully frequent on



WARRANTED WELL SHRUNK.

the Pacific coast for a while. Once more, in my self-complacent simplicity, I felt that the time had arrived for me to rise up and be a reformer. I put this reformatory satire in the shape of a fearful "Massacre at Empire City." The San Francisco papers were making a great outcry about the iniquity of the Daney Silver-Mining Company, whose directors had declared a "cooked" or false dividend, for the purpose of increasing the value of their stock, so that they could sell out at a comfortable figure, and then scramble from under the tumbling concern. And while abusing the Daney, those papers did not forget to urge the public to get rid of all their silver stocks and invest in sound and safe San Francisco stocks, such as the Spring Valley Water Company, &c. But right at this unfortunate juncture, behold the Spring Valley cooked a dividend too. And so, under the guise of an invented "awful massacre," I stole upon the public unawares with my scathing satire upon the dividend-cooking system. In about half a column of imaginary inhuman carnage I told how a citizen had murdered his wife and nine children, and then committed suicide. And I said slyly, at the bottom, that the sudden madness of which this melancholy massacre was the result, had been brought about by his having allowed himself to be persuaded by the Californian papers to sell his sound and lucrative Nevada silver stocks and buy into Spring Valley just in time to get cooked along with that company's fancy dividend, and sink every cent. he had in the world.

Ah, it was a deep, deep satire, and most ingeniously contrived. But I made the horrible details so carefully and conscientiously interesting that the public simply devoured them greedily, and wholly overlooked the following distinctly stated facts, to wit:--The murderer was perfectly well known to every creature in the land as a *bachelor*, and consequently he could not murder his wife and nine children; he murdered them "in his splendid dressed-stone mansion just on the edge of the great pine forest between Empire City and Dutch Nick's," when even the very pickled oysters that came on our tables knew that there was not a "dressed-stone mansion" in all Nevada Territory; also that, so far from there being a "great pine forest between Empire City and Dutch Nick's," there wasn't a solitary tree within fifteen miles of either place; and finally, it was patent and notorious that Empire City and Dutch Nick's were one and the same place, and contained only six houses anyhow, and consequently there could be no forest *between* them; and on top of all these absurdities I stated that this diabolical murderer, after inflicting a wound upon himself that the reader ought to have seen would have killed an elephant in the twinkling of an eye, jumped on his horse and rode *four miles*, waving his wife's reeking scalp in the air, and thus performing excellent Carson City with tremendous *éclat*, and dropped dead in front of the chief saloon, the envy and admiration of all beholders.

Well, in all my life I never saw anything like the sensation that little satire created. It was the talk of the town, it was the talk of the Territory. Most of the citizens dropped gently into it at breakfast, and they never finished their meal. There was something about those minutely faithful details that was a sufficing substitute for food. Few people that were able to read took food that morning. Dan and I (Dan was my reporterial associate) took our seats on either side of our customary table in the "Eagle Restaurant," and, as I unfolded the shred they used to call a napkin in that establishment, I saw at the next table two stalwart innocents, with that sort of vegetable dandruff sprinkled about their clothing which was the sign and evidence that they were in from the Truckee with a load of hay. The one facing me had the morning paper folded to a long narrow slip, and I knew, without any telling, that that strip represented the column that contained my pleasant financial satire. From the way he was excitedly mumbling, I saw that the heedless son of a hay-mow was skipping with

all his might, in order to get to the bloody details as quickly as possible; and so he was missing the guide-boards I had set up to warn him that the whole thing was a fraud. Presently his eyes spread wide open, just as his jaws swung asunder to take in a potato approaching it on a fork; the potato halted, the face lit up redly, and the whole man was on fire with excitement. Then he broke into a disjointed checking-off of the particulars—his potato cooling in mid-air meantime, and his mouth making a reach for it occasionally, but always bringing up suddenly against a new and still more direful performance of my hero. At last he looked his stunned and rigid comrade impressively in the face and said, with an expression of concentrated awe—

“Jim, he biled his baby, and he took the old ’oman’s skelp. Cussed if *I* want any breakfast!”

And he laid his lingering potato reverently down, and he and his friend departed from the restaurant empty but satisfied.

He *never got down* to where the satire part of it began. Nobody ever did. They found the thrilling particulars sufficient. To drop in with a poor little moral at the fag-end of such a gorgeous massacre, was to follow the expiring sun with a candle and hope to attract the world’s attention to it.

THE PATTER OF THE SHINGLE.

WHEN the angry passions gathering in my mother’s face I see,
And she leads me to the bedroom, gently lays me on her knee—
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle on my breeches.
Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring,
And a thousand bees and hornets ’neath my coat tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm.
In a splutter comes my father, who I supposed had gone,
To survey the situation and bid her lay it on;
To see her bending o’er me as I listen to the strain
Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and weird refrain.
In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I say, “Strike gently, mother, or you’ll split my Sunday pants.”
She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft,
And says: “I had not thought of that, my son, just take them off.”
Holy Moses and the angels, cast your pitying glances down!
And thou, oh, family doctor, put a good, soft poultice on;
And may I with fools and dunces everlastingly commingle,
If ever I say a word when my mother wields the shingle.

CONDENSED LOVE POEM.

Doc. Wood, known as the great “condenser,” once got a long love poem, recounting the love, the refusal, and the departure, of an impassioned swain. It was cleverly done, and would have made a column in the paper. Fancy the poet’s surprise when he saw it in print in the following shape:—

Do you love me, little maiden?

No!

Then I think I’d better go.

That’s so.

Addio!

BOUND TO HAVE "INFORMATION."

THERE are many attractions in and around railway termini to interest people who are waiting for trains. There is the Big Nigger head, the fat policeman, beautiful time-tables, advertisements of oyster-houses and fights between boot-blacks, but one no sooner gets settled down to solid comfort than he is made to realise how cold this world is. Yesterday was a sample case. A man who had an hour and a half to wait was put out in the first quarter while looking at the cheerful sign, "This Way to the Underground," by a long-haired, straight-nosed man, who touched his arm and inquired—

"My friend, are you posted on Biblical history?"

"No, sir!" was the immediate reply.

"Sorry. I'm a little bewildered on a certain matter and I wanted information. Never read the Bible much, then?"

"No, sir."

"Sorry. It's a very good book—very good. Were your parents infidels?"

"Yes, sir, and so am I, and I am pretty wicked besides."

"Sorry. Which way are you going?"

"None of your business, sir! I want you to go away from here!"

"Do, eh? Do you know where the ark rested?"

"No, sir, and I don't want to talk to you!"

"Sorry. Why did the Children of Israel cross the Red Sea? Why didn't they go around it?"

The other walked around the ticket office to get rid of his questioner, but while he went one way the old man went the other, and as they met the latter asked:

"If the rotary motion of the earth was to be increased one-half what would be the effect?"

"I'll tell you what the effect of your rotary motion around me will be!" sternly replied the other. "The first thing you know you'll have an awful swelling between the eyes!"

"Sorry. Do you remember the task imposed on Archimedes?"

The infidel walked out towards the river and the other slowly followed. When they reached the wharf the former halted and said—

"You've got to quit this or fight."

"Why, I only wanted information. They say that Hamlet was a Dane, but do you know whether he was or not?"

The other reached out and got in one on the old man's chin, but it was rather unfortunate. He with the long hair suddenly started up like a runaway engine, and in about a minute was seated astride of the other and had him boxed and bolted. When the employes rushed out he was saying: "Do you think that's how David cuffed Goliath?"

A YOUNG Bachelor Sheriff was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said, "Madam, I have an attachment for you." The widow blushed, and said his attachment was reciprocated. "You don't understand me; you must proceed to court." "I know it is leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting." "Mrs. P—, this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting." "The justice is? Why, I prefer a parson." So he proceeded to *pass-on*.

MAKING A JOB OF IT AND A "JOB" OF ME.

BY MAX ADELER.

OUR kitchen boiler is built into the wall over the range. It sprang a leak a few weeks ago, and the assistance of a plumber had to be invoked for the purpose of repairing it. I sent for the plumber, and after examining the boiler, he instructed the servant to let the fire go out that night, so that he could begin operations early the next morning. His order was obeyed, but in the morning the plumber failed to appear. We had a cold and very uncomfortable breakfast, and on my way to the railway station, I overtook the plumber going in the same direction. He said he was sorry to disappoint me, but he was called suddenly out of town on imperative business, and he would have to ask me to wait until the next morning, when he would be promptly on hand with his men. So we had no fire in the range upon that day, and the family again breakfasted upon cool viands without being cheered with a view of the plumber. Upon calling at the plumber's shop to ascertain why he had not fulfilled his promise, I was informed by the clerk that he had returned, but that he was compelled to go away. The man seemed so thoroughly in earnest in his assertion that the plumber positively would attend to my boiler upon the following morning that we permitted the range to remain untouched, and for the third time we broke our fast with a frigid repast. But the plumber and his assistants did not come.

As it seemed wholly impossible to depend upon those faithless artisans, our cook was instructed to bring the range into service again without waiting longer for repairs, and to give the family a properly prepared meal in the morning. While we were at our novel hot breakfast there was a knock at the gate, and presently we perceived the plumber and his forty—ahem!—men coming up the yard with a general assortment of tools and materials. The range at the moment of his entrance to the kitchen was red-hot; and when he realised the fact, he flung his tools on the floor and expressed his indignation in the most violent and improper language, while his attendant fiends sat around in the chairs and growled in sympathy with their chief.

When I appeared upon the scene, the plumber addressed me with the air of a man who had suffered a great and irreparable wrong at my hands, and he really displayed so much feeling that for a few moments I had an indistinct consciousness that I had somehow been guilty of an act of gross injustice to an unfortunate and persecuted fellow-being. Before I could recover myself sufficiently to present my side of the case with the force properly belonging to it, the plumbers marched into the yard, where they tossed a quantity of machinery and tools and lead pipe under the shed, and then left.

We had no fire in the range the next morning, but the plumbers did not come until four o'clock in the afternoon, and then they merely dumped a cart-load of lime-boxes and hoes upon the asparagus bed and went home. An interval of four days elapsed before we heard of them again; and meanwhile the cook twice nearly killed herself by stumbling over the tools while going out into the shed in the dark.

One morning, however, the gang arrived before I had risen; and when I came down to breakfast I found that they had made a mortar bed on our best grass-plat, and had closed up the principal garden walk with a couple of waggon-loads of sand. I endured this patiently, because it seemed to promise speedy performance of the work. The plumbers, however, went away at about nine o'clock, and the only reason we had for supposing they had not forgotten us was that a man

with a cart called in the afternoon and shot a quantity of bricks down upon the pavement in such a position that nobody could go in and out of the front gate.

Two days afterwards the plumbers came and began to make a genuine effort to reach the boiler. It was buried in the wall in such a manner that it was wholly inaccessible by any other method than by the removal of the bricks from the outside. The man who erected the house evidently was a party with the plumber to a conspiracy to give the latter individual something to do. They laboured right valiantly at the wall, and by supper-time they had removed at least twelve square feet of it, making a hole large enough to have admitted a locomotive. Then they took out the old boiler and went away, leaving a most discouraging mass of rubbish lying about the yard.

That was the last we saw of them for more than a week. Whenever I went after the plumber for the purpose of persuading him to hasten the work, I learned that he had been summoned as a witness in a court case, or that he had gone to his aunt's funeral, or that he was taking a holiday because it was his wife's birthday, or that he had a sore eye. I have never been able to understand why the house was not robbed. An entire brigade of burglars might have entered the cottage and frolicked among its treasures without any difficulty. I did propose at first that my nephew and I should procure revolvers and take watch every night until the breach in the wall should be repaired; but Mr. Parker did not regard the plan with enthusiasm, and it was abandoned. We had to content ourselves with fastening the inner door of the kitchen as securely as possible, and we were not molested. But we were nervous. Mrs. Adeler, I think, assured me positively at least twice every night that she heard robbers on the stairs, and entreated me not to go out after them; and I never did.

Finally the men came and began to fill the hole with new bricks. That evening the plumber walked into my parlour with mud and mortar on his boots, and informed me that by an unfortunate mistake the hole left for the boiler by the bricklayers was far too small, and he could not insert the boiler without taking the wall down again.

"Mr. Nippers," I said, "don't you think it would be a good idea for me to engage you permanently to labour upon that boiler? From the manner in which this business has been conducted, I infer that I can finally be rid of annoyance about such matters by employing a perennial plumber to live for ever in my back yard, and to spend the unending cycles of eternity banging boilers and demolishing walls."

Mr. Nippers said, with apparent seriousness, that he thought it would be a first-rate thing.

"Mr. Nippers, I am going to ask a favour of you. I know that I am at your mercy. Nippers, you have me, and I submit patiently to my fate. But my family is suffering from cold, we are exposed to the ravages of thieves, we are deprived of the means of cooking our food properly, and we are made generally uncomfortable by the condition of our kitchen. I ask you, therefore, as a personal favour to a man who wishes you prosperity here and felicity hereafter, and who means to settle your bill promptly, to fix the boiler at once."

Mr. Nippers thereupon said that he always liked me, and he swore a solemn oath that he would complete the job next day without fail. That was on Tuesday. Neither Nippers nor his men came again until Saturday, and then they put the boiler in its place and went away, leaving four or five cart-loads of ruins in the yard. On Sunday the boiler began to leak as badly as ever, and I feel sure Nippers must have set the old one in again, although when he called early Monday morning with a bill for 237 dols. $\frac{1}{4}$, which he wanted at once because he had a note to meet, he declared upon his honour that the boiler

was a new one, and that it would not leak under a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch.

I am going to buy a cooking stove, and defy Nippers and the entire plumbing fraternity.

MALONIE AND MURPHY.

AN IMPROVED AND MODERNISED VERSION OF A PASSAGE FROM SCOTT'S "MARMION."

MALONIE stood at Murphy's bar
And quaffed his beer, and murmured:

"Ah!
'Twas good! And now, most noble
friend,

To labour I my way must wend;
And for the beer that I have drank,
You, sir, most heartily I thank."

The Murphy gave his hair a poke,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:

"Ye can't work no such racket here;
I want five cents, surr, for that beer."

Malonie answered straight:

"I thought I drank at your expense,
But I won't kick about five cents,
Just put it on the slate."

Murphy replied: "Not much, ye know,
I want five cents before ye go."

Then turned Malonie's cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire:

"And this to me!" he said,

"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Bedad, Malonie had not spared

To punch the Murphy's head;
And, Murphy, more I tell thee, here

E'en in thy pitch of pride,
If thou assert'st I'm not the peer

Of any man in this ward here
And can't be trusted for a beer,

Then, Murphy, thou hast lied!"

On Murphy's face an angry flush

Deepened the rum-created blush.

Fierce he burst forth: "An' dar'st

thou then

To beard the lion in his den,

The Murphy in his mill?

And hop'st thou hence unlicked to

go?

No! By old Moses's piper, no!

Bar-tender, close the door, an' oh—

This bla'guard I will kill."

Malonie turned. He had full need

Of all his noted powers of speed;

Over the threshold quick he sprang,

Just as the door closed with a bang.

So little time he had to clear,

A brick hurled at him grazed his ear.

But, when the Murphy reached the

door,

He'd gone, and there was seen no more.

MARK TWAIN'S WELCOME TO CONNECTICUT OF GENERAL GRANT.

GENERAL GRANT—I am deputised to welcome you to the sincere and cordial hospitalities of Hartford, the city of the historic and revered Charter Oak, of which the most of this town is built. (Laughter.) At first it was proposed to have only one speaker to welcome you, but this was changed, because it was feared that, considering the shortness of the crop of speeches this year, if anything occurred to prevent that speaker from delivering his speech you would feel disappointed. (Laughter and applause.) I desire at this point to refer to your past history. By years of colossal labour and colossal achievement you at last beat down a gigantic rebellion and saved your country from destruction. Then the country commanded you to take the helm of State. You preferred your great office of General of the Army, and the rest and comfort which it affords, but you loyally obeyed and relinquished permanently the ample and well-earned salary of

the Generalship, and resigned your accumulating years to the chance mercies of a precarious existence. (Applause.) By this present fatiguing progress through the land you are mightily contributing towards saving your country once more, this time from dishonour and shame and from commercial disaster. (Applause.) You are now a private citizen, but private employments are closed against you because your name would be used for speculative purposes, and you have refused to permit that. But your country will reward you, never fear. (Loud applause.) When Wellington won Waterloo, a battle about on a level with some dozen of your victories, sordid England tried to pay him for that service with wealth and grandeur. She made him a duke, and gave him four million dollars. If you had done and suffered for any other country what you have done and suffered for your own, you would have been affronted in the same sordid way; but this vast and rich and mighty Republic is imbued to the core with a delicacy which will for ever preserve her from so degrading a deserving son. Welcome to Hartford, great soldier, honoured statesman, unselfish citizen. (Applause.)



THE LAST "BLOW."

THE END.

JOLLY JESTER.

A PICKWICKIAN PREDICAMENT.



LAST evening, after waiting until eleven o'clock for his nephew, Mr. Robert Parker, to come home, Mr. Max Adeler went to bed. He had hardly composed himself for slumber when the front doorbell rang; and supposing Bob had forgotten the latch-key, he descended for the purpose of letting him in. When Max opened the door, no one was upon the porch; and although he was dressed simply in a night-shirt, he stepped out just beyond the doorway for the purpose of ascertaining if he could see any one who might have pulled the bell. Just as Adeler did so the wind banged the door shut, and as it closed it caught a portion of his raiment which was fluttering about, and held it fast. He seemed somewhat amused at first, and laughed as he tried to

pull the muslin from the door; but after very violent exertion for that purpose, he discovered that the material would not slip through. Then Mr. A. determined to reach over to the other side of the doorway and pull the bell, in the hope that some one would hear it and come to his assistance. But to his dismay he found that the doorway was so wide that even with the most desperate effort he could not succeed in touching the bell-knob with the tips of his fingers.

Meantime, he was beginning to freeze, for the night was very cold, and his legs and feet were wholly unprotected.

At last a happy thought struck him. He might very easily creep out of the shirt and leave it hanging in the door until he rang the bell, and then he could slip back again and await the result. Accordingly, he began to withdraw from the garment, and had just freed himself from it and was about to pull the bell, when he heard some one coming down the street. As the moon was shining brightly, he became panic-stricken, and hurried into the garment again. In his confusion he got it on backward, and accordingly faced to the wall; and then the person who was coming turned down the street just above the house, and didn't pass, after all.

Max was afraid to try the experiment again, and he determined to shout for help. He uttered one cry, and waited for a response. It was a desperately cold night. He thought the air colder than ever before in the history of this world. He stamped in order to keep the blood in circulation, and then he shouted again for assistance. The river lay white and glistening in the light of the moon, and so clear was the atmosphere, so lustrous the radiance of the orb above, that he should have enjoyed the magnificent spectacle immensely if he had clothing on. Then he began to think how very odd it was that a man's appreciation of the glorious majesty of nature should be dependent upon his trousers! how strange it was that cold legs should prevent an immortal soul from having felicity! Man is always prosaic when he is uncomfortable. I defy any man to enjoy the fruitiest poetry while he has a severe cold in his head.

Then he cried aloud again for help, and an immediate response came from the neighbour's new dog, which leaped over the fence and behaved as if it meditated an assault upon the two defenceless calves. Adeler was relieved from this dreadful situation by Bob, who came up the street whistling. He was a little frightened, no doubt, when he saw a figure in white upon the porch, and he paused for a moment before opening the gate, but he entered when his uncle called to him; and unlocking the door with his key, he released him and went upstairs laughing heartily at the mishap.

Mr. Adeler went to bed without any tendency to linger for a chatter. His teeth alone were addicted to that performance.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS, BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Dogs are various in kind, and thanks tew an all-wise providence, they are various in number. Tha are the onla animal of the brute perswashun who have voluntarily left a wild stait ov natur and cum under the flag ov man. They are not vagabones bi choice, and luv tew belong tew somebody. This fac endears them tew us, and i have alwas rated a dog az about the seventh cusin tew the human specious. They kant talk, but they can lick yure hand: this shows that their hearts is in the place where uther folks tungs iz. Dogs in the lump are useful, but tha are not always profitable in the lump.

The Nufoundlin dog is useful tew save children from drowning, but you have got tew have a pond ov water, and children running around kareless, or else the dog aint profitable. There aint nothing made boardin a Nufoundlin dog. Rat terriers are useful tew ketch rats, but the rats aint profitable after you have ketched them. The shepard dog is useful tew drive sheep, but if yu hav got tew go and buy a flock of sheep, and pay more than tha are wuth, just to keep a dog bizzy, the dog aint profitable, not mutch. Lap dogs are very useful, but if yew don't hold them in yure lap awl the time, they aint profitable at all. Bull dogs are extremely useful, but yu hav got tew keep a bull tew, or else you kant make

anything on the dog. The coach dog is one ov the usefulest ov dogs i kno ov, but you hav got tew hav a coach (and that aint alwas pleasant), or yu kant realise from the dog. Thus we see that while dogs are generally useful, there are times when tha aint ginerally profitable.

I don't really luv a yaller dog nor a mad dog, but with these two unfortunate excepshuns, it is dredful hard work for me tew sa a hard word agin a dog; the wag of their tail is what takes me. Enny man who will abuze a dog needn't ask me tew luv him or pra for him. Enny man who will abuze a dog will abuze a woman, and enny man that will abuze a woman iz thirty-five or forty miles meaner—than a pale yeller dog. These are mi centiments, and i shant change them until i receive notice that the camel has smothered down the lump on his back, and the serpent ceases tew wiggle when he wanders.

THE "RICH" TIME I ONCE HAD.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THIS is the most curious episode that has yet accented my slothful, valueless, heedless career. Out of a Nevada hill-side, toward the upper end of our town, projected a wall of reddish-looking quartz croppings, the exposed comb of a silver-bearing ledge, that extended deep down into the earth, of course. It was owned by a company entitled the "Wide West." There was a shaft sixty or seventy feet deep on the under side of the croppings, and everybody was acquainted with the rock that came from it—and tolerably rich rock it was, too, but nothing extraordinary. I will remark here, that although to the inexperienced stranger all the quartz of a particular "district" looks about alike, an old resident of the camp can take a glance at a mixed pile of rock, separate the fragments, and tell you which mine each came from, as easily as a confectioner can separate and classify the various kinds and qualities of candy in a mixed heap of the article.

All at once the town was thrown into a state of extraordinary excitement. In mining parlance the Wide West had "struck it rich!" Everybody went to see the new developments, and for some days there was such a crowd of people about the Wide West shaft, that a stranger would have supposed that there was a mass meeting in session there. No other topic was discussed but the rich strike, and nobody thought or dreamed about anything else. Every man brought away a specimen, ground it up in a hand mortar, washed it out in his horn spoon, and glared speechless upon the marvellous result. It was not hard rock, but black, decomposed stuff which could be crumbled in the hand like a baked potato, and when spread out on a paper exhibited a thick sprinkling of gold and particles of "native" silver. Higbie brought a handful to the cabin, and when he had washed it out, his amazement was beyond description. Wide West stock soared skywards. It was said that repeated offers had been made for it at a thousand dollars a foot, and promptly refused. We have all had the "blues"—the mere sky-blues—but mine were indigo, now—because I did not own in the Wide West. The world seemed hollow to me, and existence a grief. I lost my appetite, and ceased to take an interest in anything. Still I had to stay, and listen to other people's rejoicings, because I had no money to get out of the camp with.

The Wide West Company put a stop to the carrying away of "specimens," and well they might, for every handful of the ore was worth a sum of some consequence. To show the exceeding value of the ore, I will remark that a sixteen-hundred-pounds parcel of it was sold, just as it lay, at the mouth of the

shaft, at *one dollar a pound*; and the man who bought it "packed" it on mules a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, over the mountains, to San Francisco, satisfied that it would yield at a rate that would richly compensate him for his trouble. The Wide West people also commanded their foreman to refuse any but their own operatives permission to enter the mine at any time or for any purpose. I kept up my "blue" meditations, and Higbie kept up a deal of thinking too, but of a different sort. He puzzled over the "rock," examined it with a glass, inspected it in different lights and from different points of view, and after each experiment delivered himself, in soliloquy, of one and the same unvarying opinion, in the same unvarying formula—

"It is *not* Wide West rock!"

He said once or twice that he meant to have a look into the Wide West shaft if he got shot for it. I was wretched, and did not care whether he got a look into it or not. He failed that day, and tried again at night; failed again; got up at dawn and tried, and failed again. Then he laid in ambush in the sage-brush hour after hour, waiting for the two or three hands to adjourn to the shade of a boulder for dinner; made a start once, but was premature—one of the men came back for something; tried it again, but when almost at the mouth of the shaft, another of the men rose up from behind the boulder as if to reconnoitre, and he dropped on the ground and lay quiet; presently he crawled on his hands and knees to the mouth of the shaft, gave a quick glance around, then seized the rope and slid down the shaft. He disappeared in the gloom of a "side drift" just as a head appeared in the mouth of the shaft, and somebody shouted "Hello!"—which he did not answer. He was not disturbed any more. An hour later he entered the cabin, hot, red, and ready to burst with smothered excitement, and exclaimed in a stage whisper—

"I knew it! We are rich! It's a **BLIND LEAD!**"

I thought the very earth reeled under me. Doubt—conviction; doubt again—exultation—hope, amazement, belief, unbelief—every emotion imaginable swept



RAGGED BY A COS-BACK.



"THE BIG, BIG D."

in wild procession through my heart and brain, and I could not speak a word. After a moment or two of this mental fury, I shook myself to rights, and said—

“Say it again!”

“It’s a blind lead!”

“Cal., let’s—let’s burn the house—or kill somebody! Let’s go out where there’s room to hurrah! But what is the use? It is a hundred times too good to be true.”

“It’s a blind lead, for a million!—hanging wall—foot wall—clay casings—everything complete!” He swung his hat and gave three cheers, and I cast doubt to the winds and chimed in with a will. For I was worth a million dollars, and did not care “whether school kept or not!”

But perhaps I ought to explain. A “blind lead” is a lead or ledge that does not “crop out” above the surface. A miner does not know where to look for such leads, but they are often stumbled upon by accident in the course of driving a tunnel or sinking a shaft. Higbie knew the Wide West Rock perfectly well, and the more he had examined the new developments the more he was satisfied that the ore could not have come from the Wide West vein. And so had it occurred to him alone, of all the camp, that there was a blind lead down in the shaft, and that even the Wide West people themselves did not suspect it. He was right. When he went down the shaft, he found that the blind lead held its independent way through the Wide West vein, cutting it diagonally, and that it was enclosed in its own well-defined casing-rocks and clay. Hence, it was public property. Both leads being perfectly well defined, it was easy for any miner to see which one belonged to the Wide West and which did not.

We thought it well to have a strong friend, and therefore we brought the foreman of the Wide West to our cabin that night and revealed the great surprise to him. Higbie said—

“We are going to take possession of this blind lead, record it and establish ownership, and then forbid the Wide West Company to take out any more of the rock. You cannot help your Company in this matter—nobody can help them. I will go into the shaft with you and prove to your entire satisfaction that it is a blind lead. Now we propose to take you in with us, and claim the blind lead in our three names. What do you say?”

What could a man say who had an opportunity to simply stretch forth his hand and take possession of a fortune without risk of any kind, and without wronging any one or attaching the least taint of dishonour to his name? He could only say, “Agreed.”

The notice was put up that night, and duly spread upon the recorder’s books before ten o’clock. We claimed two hundred feet each—six hundred feet in all—the smallest and compactest organisation in the district, and the easiest to manage.

No one can be so thoughtless as to suppose that we slept, that night. Higbie



THE FLIGHT OF TIME.



FRIENDLY “ATTACHMENTS.”

and I went to bed at midnight, but it was only to lie broad awake and think, dream, scheme. The floorless, tumble-down cabin was a palace, the ragged grey blankets silk, the furniture rosewood and mahogany. Each new splendour that burst out of my visions of the future whirled me bodily over in bed or jerked me to a sitting posture just as if an electric battery had been applied to me. We shot fragments of conversation back and forth at each other. Once Higbie said—

"When are you going home—to the States?"

"To-morrow!"—with an evolution or two, ending with a sitting position.

"Well—no—but next month, at furthest."

"We'll go in the same steamer."

"Agreed."

Steamer of the 10th?"

"Yes. No, the 1st."

"All right."

Another pause.

"Where are you going to live?" said Higbie.

"San Francisco."

"That's me!"

Pause.

"Too high—too much climbing"—from Higbie.

"What is?"

"I was thinking of Russian Hill—building a house up there."

"Too much climbing? Shan't you keep a carriage?"

"Of course. I forgot that." Pause.

"Cal., what kind of a house are you going to build?"

"I was thinking about that. Three-storey and an attic."

"But what *kind*?"

"Well, I don't hardly know. Brick, I suppose."

"Brick—bosh."

"Why? What is your idea?"

"Brown stone front—French plate glass—billiard-room off the dining-room—statuary and paintings—shrubbery and two-acre grass plat—greenhouse—iron dog on the front steps—grey horses—landau, and a coachman with a cockade on his hat!"

"By George!"

A long pause.

"Cal., when are you going to Europe?"

"Well—I hadn't thought of that. When are you?"

"In the spring."

"Going to be gone all summer?"

"All summer! I shall remain there three years."

"No—but are you in earnest?"

"Indeed I am."

"I will go along too."

"Why, of course you will."

"What part of Europe shall you go to?"

"All parts. France, England, Germany, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Syria, Greece, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, Egypt, Camberwell—all over—everywhere."

"I'm agreed."

"All right."

"Won't it be a swell trip!"

"We'll spend forty or fifty thousand dollars trying to make it one, anyway."

Another long pause.

"Higbie, we owe the butcher six dollars, and he has been threatening to stop our—"

"Hang the butcher!"

"Amen."

And so it went on. By three o'clock we found it was no use, and so we got up and played cribbage and smoked pipes till sunrise. It was my week to cook. I always hated cooking—now I abhorred it.

The news was all over town. The former excitement was great—this one was greater still. I walked the streets serene and happy. Higbie said the foreman had been offered two hundred thousand dollars for his third of the mine. I said I would like to see myself selling for any such price. My ideas were lofty. My figure was a million. Still, I honestly believe that if I had been offered it, it would have had no other effect than to make me hold off for more.

I found abundant enjoyment in being rich. A man offered me a three-hundred-dollar horse, and wanted to take my simple, unendorsed note for it. That brought the most realising sense I had yet had that I was actually rich, beyond shadow of doubt. It was followed by numerous other evidences of a similar nature—among which I may mention the fact of the butcher leaving us a double supply of meat and saying nothing about money.

By the laws of the district, the "locators" or claimants of a ledge were obliged to do a fair and reasonable amount of work on their new property within ten days after the date of the location, or the property was forfeited, and anybody could go and seize it that chose. So we determined to go to work the next day. About the middle of the afternoon, as I was coming out of the post-office, I met a Mr. Gardiner, who told me that Capt. John Nye was lying dangerously ill at his place (the "Nine-Mile Ranch"), and that he and his wife were not able to give him nearly as much care and attention as his case demanded. I said if he would wait for me a moment, I would go down and help in the sick-room. I ran to the cabin to tell Higbie. He was not there, but I left a note on the table for him, and a few minutes later I left town in Gardiner's waggon.

Captain Nye was very ill indeed, with spasmodic rheumatism.

I wrote to the friends at home every day, instructing them concerning all my plans and intentions, and directing them to look up a handsome homestead for my mother, and agree upon a price for it against my coming, and also directing them to sell my share of the Tennessee land and tender the proceeds to the widows' and orphans' fund of the typographical union of which I had long been a member in good standing. [This Tennessee land had been in the possession of the family many years, and promised to confer high fortune upon us some day; it still promises it, but in a less violent way.]

When I had been nursing the Captain nine days he was somewhat better, but very feeble. During the afternoon we lifted him into a chair and gave him an alcoholic vapour bath, and then set about putting him on the bed again. We had to be exceedingly careful, for the least jar produced pain. Gardiner had his shoulders and I his legs; in an unfortunate moment I stumbled and the patient fell heavily on the bed in an agony of torture. I never heard a man swear so in my life. He raved like a maniac, and tried to snatch a revolver from the table—but I got it. He ordered me out of the house, and swore a world of oaths that he would kill me wherever he caught me when he got on his feet again. It was simply a passing fury, and meant nothing. I knew he would forget it in an hour, and maybe be sorry for it too; but it angered me a little, at the moment. So much so, indeed, that I determined to go back to Esmeralda. I thought he was able to get along alone now, since he was on the war path. I took supper, and as soon as the moon rose, began my nine-mile journey on foot. Even million-

aires needed no horses, in those days, for a mere nine-mile jaunt without baggage.

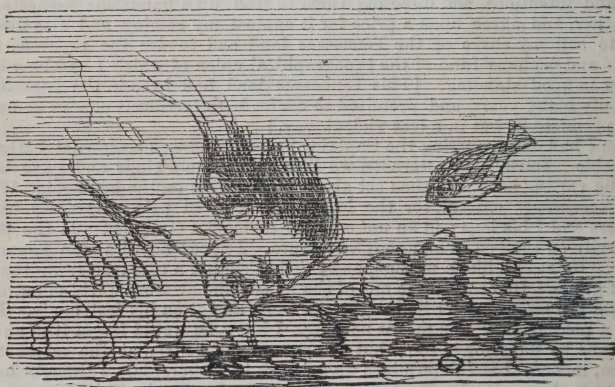
As I "raised the hill" overlooking the town, it looked fifteen minutes of time. I glanced at the mills over beyond the canyon, and in the bright moonlight saw what appeared to be about half the population of the village massed on and around the Wide West croppings. My heart gave an exulting bound, and I said to myself, "They have made a new strike to-night—and struck it richer than ever, no doubt." I started over there, but gave it up. I said the "strike" would keep, and I had climbed hills enough for one night. I went on down through the town, and as I was passing a little German bakery a woman ran out and begged me to come in and help her. She said her husband had a fit. I went in, and judged she was right—he appeared to have a hundred of them, compressed into one. Two Germans were there, trying to hold him, and not making much of a success of it. I ran up the street half a block or so and routed out a sleeping doctor, brought him down half dressed, and we four wrestled with the maniac, and doctored, drenched, and bled him for more than an hour, and the poor German woman did the crying. He grew quiet now, and the doctor and I withdrew and left him to his friends.

It was a little after one o'clock. As I entered the cabin door, tired but jolly, the dingy light of a tallow candle revealed Higbie, sitting by the pine table gazing stupidly at my note, which he held in his fingers, and looking pale, old, and haggard. I halted, and looked at him. He looked at me stolidly. I said—

"Higbie, what—what is it?"

"We're ruined—we didn't do the work—THE BLIND LEAD'S RELOCATED!"

It was enough. I sat down sick, grieved—broken-hearted, indeed. A minute before, I was rich and brimful of vanity; I was a pauper now, and very meek. We sat still an hour, busy with thought, busy with vain and useless self-upbraidings, busy with "Why *didn't* I do this, and why *didn't* I do that?" but neither spoke a word. Then we dropped into mutual explanation, and the mystery was cleared away. It came out that Higbie had depended on me, as I had on him, and as both of us had on the foreman. The folly of it! It was



THE DIVE THAT MUD-DIES YOU.

the first time that ever staid and steadfast Higbie had left an important matter to chance or failed to be true to his full share of a responsibility.

But he had never seen my note till this moment, and this moment was the first time he had been in the cabin since the day he had seen me last. He, also, had left a note for me, on that same fatal afternoon—had ridden up on horse-



COME IN AT A "FITTING" MOMENT.

back, and looked through the window, and being in a hurry and not seeing me, had tossed the note into the cabin through a broken pane. Here it was on the floor, where it had remained undisturbed for nine days :—

"Don't fail to do the work before the ten days expire. W. has passed through and given me notice. I am to join him at Mono lake, and we shall go on from there to-night. He says he will find it this time, sure. CAL."

"W." meant Whiteman, a miner, who had the secret of a rich mine—gold in clay cement. Thrice accursed "cement!"



NOT UP TO SNUFF.

An old miner, like Higbie, could no more withstand the fascination of a mysterious mining excitement like this "cement" foolishness, than he could refrain from eating when he was famishing. Higbie had been dreaming about the marvellous cement for months; and now, against his better judgment, he had gone off and "taken the chances" on my keeping secure a mine worth a million undiscovered cement veins. They prosecuted their search in the fastnesses of the mountains during nine days, without success; they could not find the cement. Then a ghastly fear came over him that something might have happened to prevent the doing of the necessary work to hold the blind lead (though indeed he thought such a thing hardly possible), and forthwith he started home with all speed. He would have reached Esmeralda in time, but his horse broke down and he had to walk a great part of the distance. And so it happened that as he came into Esmeralda by one road, I entered it by another. His was the superior energy, however, for he went straight to the Wide West, instead of turning aside as I had done—and he arrived there about five or ten minutes too late! The "notice" was already up, the "relocation" of our mine completed beyond recall, and the crowd rapidly dispersing. He learned some facts before he left the ground. The foreman had not been seen about the streets since the night we had located the mine—a telegram had called him to California on a matter of life or death, it was said. At any rate he had done no work, and the watchful eyes of the community were taking note of the fact. At midnight of this woful tenth day, the ledge would be "relocatable," and by eleven o'clock the hill was black with men prepared to do the relocating. That was the crowd I had seen when I fancied a new "strike" had been made—idiot that I was. [We three had the same right to relocate the lead that other people had, provided we were quick enough.] As midnight was announced, fourteen men, duly armed and ready to back their proceedings, put up their "notice" and proclaimed their ownership of the blind lead, under the new name of the "Johnson."

But A. D. Allen, our partner (the foreman), put in a sudden appearance about that time, with a cocked revolver in his hand, and said his name must be added to the list, or he would "thin out the Johnson company some." He was a manly, splendid, determined fellow, and known to be as good as his word, and therefore a compromise was effected. They put in his name for a hundred feet, reserving to themselves the customary two hundred feet each. Such was the history of the night's events, as Higbie gathered from a friend on the way home.

Higbie and I cleared out on a new mining excitement the next morning, glad to get away from the scene of our sufferings, and after a month or two of hardship and disappointment, returned to Esmeralda once more. Then we learned that the Wide West and the Johnson companies had consolidated; that the stock, thus united, comprised five thousand feet or shares; that the foreman, apprehending tiresome litigation, and considering such a huge concern unwieldy, had sold his hundred feet for ninety thousand dollars in gold, and gone home to the States to enjoy it. If the stock was worth such a gallant figure, with five thousand shares in the corporation, it makes me dizzy to think what it would have been worth with only our original six hundred in it. It was the difference between six hundred men owning a house, and five thousand owning it. We would have been millionaires if we had only worked with pick and spade one little day on our property, and so secured our ownership!

It reads like a wild fancy sketch, but the evidence of many witnesses, and likewise that of the official records of Esmeralda District, is easily obtainable in proof that it is a true history. I can always have it to say that I was absolutely and unquestionably worth a million dollars, once, for ten days.

A BALLAD OF THE FLESHLY SCHOOL.

A BUTCHER loved a lovely maid,
To woo her true were his designs,
He sent her copies of gushing verse,
In fact, real *tender toins*.

The girl, alas ! he could not suet,
She would love him as a brother ;
But when implored to marry, said,
“ Tripe, please, and find another.”

The butcher still pursued the girl,
His pleas became much bolder,
The girl at last, to find relief,
Gave to him a cold shoulder.

He knew then that his hopes were vain,
But as he left her, said, [tress
“ Since you have caused me such dis-
I’ll haunch you when I’m dead.”



A “MEAT” RECEPTION.

He pined and grew so thin and pale,
He felt his end was nigh,
But his woe was such he did not know
Whether to liver die.

He tried to drink to drown his cares,
And there found no relief,
But daily grew more woe-begone,
You never sausage grief.

At last his weary soul found rest,
His sorrows now are o’er,
No fickle maid now troubles him,
Pork reacher, he’s no more.

ACCORDING to a truthful India newspaper, a hungry lion invaded a young ladies’ seminary on commencement day, and, bouncing in amongst them, carried off the prettiest and plumppest, with her composition in her pocket—an essay on Kindness to Animals.

STRICTLY AN EDUCATIONAL GAME.

DEACON SLIDERBACK has a pious aversion to cards, which he looks upon as free passes to whatever place may be submitted for the old-fashioned brimstone factory. But he likes to play "Authors," and indulges in that mild dissipation in the bosom of his family when he can't find a good excuse for remaining down town. Important matters connected with the church often compel him to stay out late in consultation with the other deacons, and upon these occasions the spiritual condition of the benighted heathen is discussed in the back room of Deacon Magruder's grocery. James Bowers, a worldly young man, but a very entertaining and lively companion, takes part in these discussions once in a while. Mr. Bowers is a discreet young man.

James read in the paper that an ingenious man had devised a game of "whisky poker" to be played with the truly good and harmless "Authors" cards; so he purchased a pack and took them along to the next Conference on the Propagation of the Faith among the Esquimaux, held in Deacon Magruder's back room, on Saturday evening. Deacon Sliderback and Deacon Magruder held an argument about the amount of saving grace an Esquimaux could absorb, which was interrupted by James Bowers making some flippant remark about bears' grease, and suggesting a game of Authors.

The two deacons readily assented, and, after playing a while, James voted the game dull, and unfolded some ideas about making it more interesting. He knew the two deacons were wholly ignorant of the game of "draw," and he explained to them the relative value of pairs, two pairs, and so on. The deacons seemed to catch on very readily, and agreed to play for cider to make the game interesting.

James dealt the hands, and explained that the five cards turned down on the table constituted the "widow" hand, and that the man holding the ace had the privilege of exchanging his hand for the "widow," or knocking and passing the privilege to the next. Deacon Sliderback held "the ace," and being known in the community as the friend of the widow and fatherless, he sustained his reputation by picking up the "widow." Deacon Magruder drew "Evangeline" to fill from the hand that Deacon Sliderback discarded, and laid down the "Orley Farm," which was snapped up by Bowers to pair with "The American Senator." They drew around twice, when Deacon Sliderback knocked, and they all stood their hands and showed down. Deacon Magruder held a Longfellow full on Dickens. Deacon Sliderback exhibited two pairs Cooper up; and James had three Trollopes, giving Deacon Sliderback a point for the lowest hand. The game went along all right until each of the deacons had four points and James only two, it being agreed that the man getting five points first would be stuck for the drinks. It was Deacon Sliderback's deal, and he passed the pack to James, who cut the "Stones of Venice" for the bottom card, taking a sly glance at it as he did so. The deacon tossed around the cards, and Deacon Magruder stood pat and knocked, while James picked up the "widow" and threw down his hand, one of the cards being "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which Deacon Sliderback eagerly picked up.

"What have you got?" said Deacon Magruder to Mr. Bowers.

"Two small pairs, 'Thackeray' and 'George Eliot,'" replied James, showing down "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," "Daniel Deronda," and "Romola."

"I've got a Braddon straight," remarked Deacon Magruder, laying down "Barbara," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley," "Lucius Davoren," and "Dead Sea Fruit." He remarked—

"I guess that's the best hand out."

"Hold on," chipped in Deacon Sliderback, "I can beat that. You say it's a straight, don't you?"

"Yes, that's what I call it. What have you got?"

"Well, I've got a Ruskin flush," remarked Deacon Sliderback, exultingly, showing down "Modern Painters," "Deucallion," "Crown of Wild Olives," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Stones of Venice."

"No, you don't," said Deacon Magruder; "that's no better hand than my Braddon straight."

"Thunder!" responded Sliderback, getting excited; "I claim a flush, and that beats any straight in the deck. Any fool knows that."

"Don't call me a fool, Deacon Sliderback. I've played poker as much as you have, and I say your hand is only a straight."

"I say it's a flush."

"All right, then; mine's a flush, and it beats yours, because it is a pat, and you filled."

"I wasn't going to say anything, Deacon Magruder, about that card you dropped under the table: but when a member of the church stoops to such a



DEACON SLIDERBACK AFTER THE GAMES.

thing to get out of setting up his three glasses of cider in his own bar, it was time he was shown up. I won't mention it outside this time, though, if you give in beaten."

"Do you mean to accuse me of cheating, Deacon Sliderback?" said Magruder, in a tone of suppressed emotion.

"That's about the size of it, I am pained to say, sir, and it grieves me that a professor of religion should——"

"Oh, you dry up, you old fraud!" yelled Magruder. "Didn't I see you deal the 'Stones of Venice' to yourself off the bottom of the pack, and never say anything about it?"

"You're a liar!"

"You're another, you dumbfounded old mulligaloot."

Then they clenched and fought all over the store, tipped over a gallon of treacle, and wallowed around in the contents of a burst flour sack, and when the neighbours came in, Deacon Magruder was sitting on the floor with his back against a potato sack. Deacon Sliderback was doubled up in a bushel basket, with his arms hanging outside, and his legs pointing up towards the bacon hanging from the rafters, and both were glaring savagely and puffing hard for wind, while James Bowers, Esq., was lying on the counter choking with laughter, after having gathered up the "Authors" cards and scattered a genuine poker deck over the floor, just to avert suspicion if the laity dropped in!

HOW THE RABBIT LOST HIS BUSHY TAIL.

A COMIC NEGRO LEGEND.



"TEARS, IDOL'S TEARS."

NE time," said Uncle Remus, sighing heavily, and settling himself back in his seat with an air of melancholy resignation—"one time Brother Rabbit wuz gwine 'long down de road shakin' his big bushy tail, en feelin' des ez scrumpshus ez a bee-martin wid a fresh bug." Here the old man paused and glanced at the little boy, his hearer; who exclaimed, in open-eyed wonder, "Everybody knows that rabbits haven't got long, bushy tails."

The old man shifted his position in his chair and allowed his venerable head to drop forward until his whole appearance was suggestive of the deepest dejection; and this was intensified by a groan that seemed to be the result of great mental agony. Finally he spoke, but not as addressing himself to the little boy.

"I notices dat dem fokes w'at makes a great 'miration 'bout w'at dey knows is des de folks w'ich you can't put no 'pennunce in w'en de 'cashun come up. Year one un um now, en he done come en excuse me er 'lowin' dat rabbits is got long, bushy tails, w'ich goodness knows ef I'd a dremp' it, I'd a whirl in en ondremp' it."

"Well, but Uncle Remus, you said rabbits had long, bushy tails," replied the little boy. "Now, you know you did."

"Ef I ain't fergit it off'n my mine, I say dat ole Br'er Rabbit wuz gwine down de road shakin' his long, bushy tail. Dat w'at I say, en what I stan's by."

The little boy looked puzzled, but he didn't say anything. After a while the old man continued:—

"Now, den, ef dat's 'greed ter, I'm gwine on, en ef tain't 'greed ter, den I'm gwineter pick up my cane en look atter my own intrust. I got wuk lyin' roun' yer dat's des nat'all'y gittin' moldy."

The little boy still remained quiet, and Uncle Remus proceeded:—

"One day Br'er Rabbit wuz gwine down de road shakin' his *long, bushy tail*, w'en who should he strike up wid but ole Man Fox gwine amblin' long wid a big string er fish! W'en dey pass de time er day wid wunner nudder, Br'er Rabbit he open up de confab, he did, en he ax Br'er Fox whar he git dat nice string er fish, en Br'er Fox he up'n spon' dat he kotch um, en Br'er Rabbit he say whar-bouts? en Br'er Fox he say down at de baptizin' creek, en Br'er Rabbit he ax how? kaze in dem days dey wuz monstrous fon'er minners, en Br'er Fox he sot down on a log, he did, en he up'n tell Br'er Rabbit dat all he gotter do fer ter git er big mess er minners is ter go ter de creek atter sun-down, en drap his tail in de water en set dar twel daylight, en den draw up a whole armful er fishes, en dem w'at he don't want he kin fling back. Right dar's whar de Rabbit drap his watermillion, kaze he tuck'n sot out dat night en went a-fishin'. De wedder wuz sorter cole, en Br'er Rabbit he got 'im a bottle en put out fer de creek, en w'en he git dar he pick out a good place, en he sorter squot down, he did, en let his tail hang in de water. He sot dar, en he sot dar, en he drunk his dram, en he think he gwineter freeze, but bimeby day come, en dar he wuz. He make a pull, en he feel like he comin' in two, en he fetch nudder jerk, en lo en beholes, whar wuz his tail?"

There was a long pause.

"Did it come off, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, presently.

"She did dat!" replied the old man, with unction. "She did dat, and dat w'at make all deze yer bob-tail rabbits w'at you see hoppin' en skaddlin throo de woods."

"Are they all that way just because the old Rabbit lost his tail in the creek?" asked the little boy.

"Dat's it, honey," replied the old man. "Dat's w'at dey tells me. Look like dey er bleedzd ter take atter der pa."

MARRIED AND NEARLY "SETTLED."

"ARE you the Queen's taxes?" he asked, as they went up together in the train.

"No."

"The gas-rates man?"

"No."

"Come from the water-works?"

"No."

"Going round with samples of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' to be published in sixteen monthly parts, subscriptions payable in advance?"

"No. Nothing of the sort. Why do you ask?"

"Why, I saw you coming out of a Fulwell cottage the other day, with two chairs, a broom, and the fire-irons flying after you, and I said to myself that you were an agent or official of some sort, and had unintentionally offended the woman."

"No, I am no agent or official," replied the man, in a lonesome voice. "I live there, and that woman is my wife. Twig?"

"All there," was the sympathetic response, and they became bosom friends for ever—as it is our English custom to do on infinitesimal acquaintance.

A GENTLEMAN being applied to for a position, said there was no vacancy in his establishment. "If you have nothing else, employ me as your adviser," said the persistent applicant. "Very well," responded the gentleman, "you may begin by advising me how to get rid of you."

A SHORT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY THE WRATHFUL.



ROW-LING HOME.

WHEN she came to prey upon our family, ma told her that agents, book pedlars, hat-rack men, picture sellers, rag buyers, and all that class of people, must be met at the front door, and coldly yet firmly repulsed, and Miss De Fitzregal (front name Sarah) said she'd repulse 'em if she had to break every broomstick.

And she did. She threw the door wide open, bluffed right up to 'em, and when she got through, the cheekiest agent was only glad to leave. It got so after awhile that begging letter impostors marked that house, and the door bell never rang except for company.

The other day as the lady of the house was enjoying a nap, and our Sarah was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new curate, and he was going round to get acquainted with the members of the flock; but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is Mrs.—ah—!"

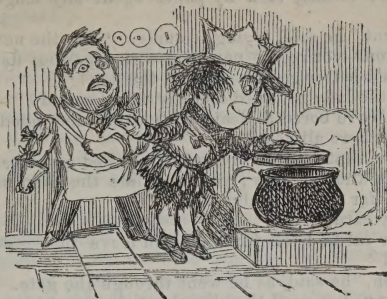
"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I'd like to see—see—"



"THAT CUP? SUGAR AT THE BOTTOM! NO, 'TAIN'T, IT'S BEETLE POWDER!"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon. "We don't want any domestic appliances here!"



A SOUP-ERSTITIOUS INVESTIGATOR.

"You are mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.



AFTER BEING A MILLIONAIRE (see page 10).

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head, also red.

"Yes, the lady's in, and I'm in, and you're out!" she snapped. "And now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-paper agent any longer. Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you're the new man with a parlour flat-iron; but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card and say that I called?"

"No, I won't. We're bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Don't you know that I am in orders?" he asked as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door an order for the Alhambra!"

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I'll heave a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do you any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat and a guardsman, and if you come around here again the policeman'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant! and my soldier lad will cane you proper if you talk back to me!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

MIGGLES.

WE were eight, including the driver. We had not spoken during the passage of the last six miles, since the jolting of the heavy vehicle over the roughening road had spoiled the Judge's last poetical quotation. The tall man beside the Judge was asleep, his arm passed through the swaying strap and his head resting upon it—altogether a limp, helpless-looking object, as if he had hanged himself and been cut down too late. The French lady on the back seat was asleep, too, yet in a half-conscious propriety of attitude, shown even in the disposition of the handkerchief which she held to her forehead and which partially veiled her face. The lady from Virginia City, travelling with her husband, had long since lost all individuality in a wild confusion of ribbons, veils, furs, and shawls. There was no sound but the rattling of wheels and the dash of rain upon the roof. Suddenly the stage stopped, and we became dimly aware of voices. The driver was evidently in the midst of an exciting colloquy with some one in the road, a colloquy of which such fragments as "bridge gone," "twenty feet of water," "can't pass," were occasionally distinguishable above the storm. Then came a lull, and a mysterious voice from the road shouted the parting adjuration—

"Try Miggles's."

We caught a glimpse of our leaders as the vehicle slowly turned, of a horseman vanishing through the rain, and we were evidently on our way to Miggles's.

Who and where was Miggles? The Judge, our authority, did not remember the name, and he knew the country thoroughly. The Washoe traveller thought Miggles must keep a hotel. We only knew that we were stopped by high water in front and rear, and that Miggles was our rock of refuge. A ten minutes' splashing through a tangled by-road, scarcely wide enough for the stage, and we

draw up before a barred and boarded gate in a wide stone wall or fence about eight feet high. Evidently Miggles's, and evidently Miggles did not keep a hotel.

The driver got down and tried the gate. It was securely locked.

"Miggles! O Miggles!"

No answer.

"Mig-ells! You Miggles!" continued the driver, with rising wrath.

"Miggles!" joined in the expressman persuasively. "O Miggy! Mig!"

But no reply came from the apparently insensate Miggles. The Judge, who had finally got the window down, put his head out and propounded a series of questions, which if answered categorically would have undoubtedly elucidated the whole mystery, but which the driver evaded by replying that "if we didn't want to sit in the coach all night, we had better rise up and sing out for Miggles."

So we rose and called on Miggles in chorus; then separately. And when we had finished, a Hibernian fellow-passenger from the roof called for "Maygells!" whereat we all laughed. While we were laughing the driver cried "Shoo!"

We listened. To our infinite amazement the chorus of "Miggles" was repeated from the other side of the wall, even to the final and supplemental "Maygells."

"Extraordinary echo," said the Judge.

"Extraordinary d—d skunk!" roared the driver, contemptuously. "Come out of that, Miggles, and show yourself! Be a man, Miggles! Don't hide in the dark; I wouldn't if I were you, Miggles," continued Yuba Bill, now dancing about in an excess of fury.

"Miggles!" continued the voice, "O Miggles!"

"My good man, Mr. Myghail!" said the Judge, softening the asperities of the name as much as possible. "Consider the inhospitality of refusing shelter from the inclemency of the weather to helpless females. Really, my dear sir—" But a succession of "Miggles," ending in a burst of laughter, drowned his voice.

Yuba Bill hesitated no longer. Taking a heavy stone from the road, he battered down the gate, and with the expressman entered the enclosure. We followed. Nobody was to be seen. In the gathering darkness all that we could distinguish was that we were in a garden—from the rose-bushes that scattered over us a minute spray from their dripping leaves—and before a long, rambling wooden building.

"Do you know this Miggles?" asked the Judge of Yuba Bill.

"No, nor don't want to," said Bill, shortly, who felt the Pioneer Stage Company insulted in his person by the contumacious Miggles.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the Judge, as he thought of the barred gate.

"Lookee here," said Yuba Bill, with fine irony, "hadn't you better go back and sit in the coach till yer introduced? I'm going in," and he pushed open the door of the building.

A long room, lighted only by the embers of a fire that was dying on the large hearth at its further extremity; the walls curiously papered, and the flickering firelight bringing out its grotesque pattern; somebody sitting in a large arm-chair by the fireplace. All this we saw as we crowded together into the room, after the driver and expressman.

"Hello, be you Miggles?" said Yuba Bill to the solitary occupant.

The figure neither spoke nor stirred. Yuba Bill walked wrathfully towards it, and turned the eye of his coach-lantern upon its face. It was a man's face, prematurely old and wrinkled, with very large eyes, in which there was that expression of perfect gratuitous solemnity which I had sometimes seen in an

owl's. The large eyes wandered from Bill's face to the lantern, and finally fixed their gaze on that luminous object without further recognition.

Bill restrained himself with an effort.

"Miggles! Be you deaf? You ain't dumb, anyhow, you know;" and Yuba Bill shook the insensate figure by the shoulder.

To our great dismay, as Bill removed his hand, the venerable stranger apparently collapsed, sinking into half his size and an undistinguishable heap of clothing.

"Well, dern my skin," said Bill, looking appealingly at us, and hopelessly retiring from the contest.

The Judge now stepped forward, and we lifted the mysterious invertebrate back into his original position. Bill was dismissed with the lantern to reconnoitre outside, for it was evident that from the helplessness of this solitary man there must be attendants near at hand, and we all drew around the fire. The Judge, who had regained his authority, and had never lost his conversational amiability—standing before us with his back to the hearth—charged us, as an imaginary jury, as follows:—

"It is evident that either our distinguished friend here has reached that condition described by Shakespeare as 'the sere and yellow leaf,' or has suffered some premature abatement of his mental and physical faculties. Whether he is really the Miggles—"

Here he was interrupted by "Miggles! O Miggles! Migglesy! Mig!" and, in fact, the whole chorus of Miggles in very much the same key as it had once before been delivered unto us.

We gazed at each other for a moment in some alarm. The Judge, in particular, vacated his position quickly, as the voice seemed to come directly over his shoulder. The cause, however, was soon discovered in a large magpie who was perched upon a shelf over the fireplace, and who immediately relapsed into a sepulchral silence, which contrasted singularly with his previous volubility. It was undoubtedly his voice which we had heard in the road, and our friend in the chair was not responsible for the discourtesy. Yuba Bill, who re-entered the room after an unsuccessful search, was loath to accept the explanation, and still eyed the helpless sitter with suspicion. He had found a shed, in which he had put up his horses, but he came back dripping and sceptical. "Thar ain't nobody but him within ten mile of the shanty, and that 'ar old skeesicks knows it."

But the faith of the majority proved to be securely based. Bill had scarcely ceased growling before we heard a quick step upon the porch, the trailing of a wet skirt, the door was flung open, and with a flash of white teeth, a sparkle of dark eyes, and an utter absence of ceremony or diffidence, a young woman entered, shut the door, and, panting, leaned back against it.

"Oh, if you please, I'm Miggles!"

And this was Miggles! this bright-eyed, full-throated young woman, whose wet gown of coarse blue stuff could not hide the beauty of the feminine curves to which it clung; from the chestnut crown of whose head, topped by a man's oil-skin sou'wester, to the little feet and ankles, hidden somewhere in the recesses of her boy's brogans, all was grace—this was Miggles, laughing at us too, in the most airy, frank, offhand manner imaginable.

"You see, boys," said she, quite out of breath, and holding one little hand against her side, quite unheeding the speechless discomfiture of our party, or the complete demoralisation of Yuba Bill, whose features had relaxed into an expression of gratuitous and imbecile cheerfulness—"you see, boys, I was mor'n two miles away when you passed down the road. I thought you might pull up here,

and so I ran the whole way, knowing nobody was home but Jim—and—and—I'm out of breath—and—that lets me out."

And here Miggles caught her dripping oil-skin hat from her head, with a mischievous swirl that scattered a shower of rain-drops over us; attempted to put back her hair; dropped two hair-pins in the attempt; laughed, and sat down beside Yuba Bill, with her hands crossed lightly on her lap.

The Judge recovered himself first, and essayed an extravagant compliment.

"I'll trouble you for that thar har-pin," said Miggles, gravely. Half a dozen hands were eagerly stretched forward; the missing hair-pin was restored to its fair owner; and Miggles, crossing the room, looked keenly in the face of the invalid. The solemn eyes looked back at hers with an expression we had never seen before. Life and intelligence seemed to struggle back into the rugged face. Miggles laughed again—it was a singularly eloquent laugh—and turned her black eyes and white teeth once more toward us.

"This afflicted person is—" hesitated the Judge.

"Jim," said Miggles. "Your father?" "No." "Brother?" "No." "Husband?"

Miggles darted a quick, half-defiant glance at the two lady passengers who I had noticed did not participate in the general masculine admiration of Miggles, and said, gravely, "No; it's Jim."

There was an awkward pause. The lady passengers moved closer to each other; the Washoe husband looked abstractedly at the fire; and the tall man apparently turned his eyes inward for self-support at this emergency. But Miggles's laugh, which was very infectious, broke the silence. "Come," she said, briskly, "you must be hungry. Who'll bear a hand to help me get tea?"

She had no lack of volunteers. In a few moments Yuba Bill was engaged like Caliban in bearing logs for this Miranda; the expressman was grinding coffee on the verandah; to myself the arduous duty of slicing bacon was assigned; and the Judge lent each man his good-humoured and voluble counsel. And when Miggles, assisted by the Judge and our Hibernian "deck passenger," set the table with all the available crockery, we had become quite joyous, in spite of the rain that beat against the windows, the wind that whirled down the chimney, the two ladies who whispered together in the corner, or the magpie who uttered a satirical and croaking commentary on their conversation from his perch above. In the now bright, blazing fire we could see the walls were papered with illustrated journals, arranged with feminine taste and discrimination. The furniture was extemporised, and adapted from candle-boxes and packing-cases, and covered with gay calico, or the skin of some animal. The arm-chair of the helpless Jim was an ingenious variation of a flour-barrel. There was neatness, and even a taste for the picturesque, to be seen in the few details of the long low room.

The meal was a culinary success. But more, it was a social triumph, chiefly, I think, owing to the rare tact of Miggles in guiding the conversation, asking all the questions herself, yet bearing throughout a frankness that rejected the idea of any concealment on her own part, so that we talked of ourselves, of our prospects, of the journey, of the weather, of each other—of everything but our host and hostess. It must be confessed that Miggles's conversation was never elegant, rarely grammatical, and that at times she employed expletives the use of which had generally been yielded to our sex. But they were delivered with such a lighting up of teeth and eyes, and were usually followed by a laugh—a laugh peculiar to Miggles—so frank and honest that it seemed to clear the moral atmosphere.

Once, during the meal, we heard a noise like the rubbing of a heavy body against the outer walls of the house. This was shortly followed by a

scratching and sniffing at the door. "That's Joaquin," said Miggles, in reply to our questioning glances; "would you like to see him?" Before we could answer, she had opened the door, and disclosed a half-grown grizzly, who instantly raised himself on his haunches, with his forepaws hanging down in the popular attitude of mendicancy, and looked admiringly at Miggles, with a very singular resemblance in his manner to Yuba Bill. "That's my watch-dog," said Miggles, in explanation. "Oh, he don't bite," she added, as the two lady passengers fluttered into a corner. "Does he, old Teppy?" (the latter remark being addressed to the sagacious Joaquin). "I tell you what, boys," continued Miggles, after she had fed and closed the door on *Ursa Minor*, "you were in big luck that Joaquin wasn't hanging round when you dropped in to-night." "Where was he?" asked the Judge. "With me," said Miggles. "Lord love you, he trots round with me nights like as if he was a man."

We were silent for a few moments, and listened to the wind. Perhaps we all had the same picture before us—of Miggles walking through the rainy woods with her savage guardian at her side. The Judge, I remember, said something about Una and her lion; but Miggles received it, as she did other compliments, with quiet gravity. Whether she was altogether unconscious of the admiration she excited—she could hardly have been oblivious of Yuba Bill's adoration—I know not; but her very frankness suggested a perfect sexual equality that was cruelly humiliating to the younger members of our party.

The incident of the bear did not add anything in Miggles' favour to the opinions of those of her own sex who were present. In fact, the repast over, a chillness radiated from the two lady passengers that no pine-boughs brought in by Yuba Bill and cast as a sacrifice upon the hearth could wholly overcome. Miggles felt it; and, suddenly declaring that it was time to "turn in," offered to show the ladies to their bed in an adjoining room. "You boys will have to camp out here by the fire as well as you can," she added, "for thar ain't but the one room."

Our sex—by which, my dear sir, I allude of course to the stronger portion of humanity—has been generally relieved from the imputation of curiosity, or a fondness for gossip. Yet I am constrained to say that hardly had the door closed on Miggles, than we crowded together, whispering, snickering, smiling, and exchanging suspicions, surmises, and a thousand speculations in regard to our pretty hostess and her singular companion. I fear that we even hustled that imbecile paralytic, who sat like a voiceless Memnon in our midst, gazing with the serene indifference of the Past in his passionless eyes upon our wordy counsels. In the midst of an exciting discussion the door opened again, and Miggles re-entered.

But not, apparently, the same Miggles who a few hours before had flashed upon us. Her eyes were downcast, and as she hesitated for a moment on the threshold, with a blanket on her arm, she seemed to have left behind her the frank fearlessness which had charmed us a short time before. Coming into the room, she drew a low stool beside the paralytic's chair, sat down, drew the blanket over her shoulders, and saying, "If it's all the same to you, boys, as we're rather crowded, I'll stop here to-night," took the invalid's withered hand in her own, and turned her eyes upon the dying fire. An instinctive feeling that this was only premonitory to more confidential relations, and perhaps some shame at our previous curiosity, kept us silent. The rain still beat upon the roof, wandering gusts of wind stirred the embers into momentary brightness, until, in a lull of the elements, Miggles suddenly lifted up her head, and, throwing her hair over her shoulder, turned her face upon the group, and asked—

"Is there any of you that knows me?"

There was no reply.

"Think again! I lived at Marysville in '53. Everybody knew me there, and everybody had the right to know me. I kept the Polka Saloon until I came to live with Jim. That's six years ago. Perhaps I've changed some."

The absence of recognition may have disconcerted her. She turned her head to the fire again, and it was some seconds before she again spoke, and then more rapidly:—

"Well, you see I thought some of you must have known me. There's no great harm done, anyway. What I was going to say was this: Jim here"—she took his hand in both of hers as she spoke—"used to know me, if you didn't, and spent a heap of money upon me. I reckon he spent all he had. And one day—it's six years ago this winter—Jim came into my back room, sat down on my sofy, like as you see him in that chair, and never moved again without help. He was struck all of a heap, and never seemed to know what ailed him. The doctors came and said as how it was caused all along of his way of life—for Jim was mighty free and wild like—and that he would never get better, and couldn't last long, anyway. They advised me to send him to Frisco to the hospital, for he was no good to anyone, and would be a baby all his life. Perhaps it was something in Jim's eye—perhaps it was that I never had a baby—but I said, 'No.' I was rich then, for I was popular with everybody—gentlemen, like yourself, sir, came to see me—and I sold out my business and bought this yer place, because it was sort of out of the way of travel, you see, and I brought my baby here."

With a woman's intuitive tact and poetry, she had, as she spoke, slowly shifted her position so as to bring the mute figure of the ruined man between her and her audience, hiding in the shadow behind it, as if she offered it as a tacit apology for her actions. Silent and expressionless, it yet spoke for her; helpless, crushed, and smitten with the Divine thunderbolt, it still stretched an invisible arm around her.

Hidden in the darkness, but still holding his hand, she went on—

"It was a long time before I could get the hang of things about yer, for I was used to company and excitement. I couldn't get any woman to help me, and a man I dursent trust; but what with the Indians hereabout, who'd do odd jobs for me, and having everything sent from the North Fork, Jim and I managed to worry through. The Doctor would run up from Sacramento once in a while. He'd ask to see 'Miggles's baby,' as he called Jim, and when he'd go away, he'd say 'Miggles, you're a trump—God bless you;' and it didn't seem so lonely after that. But the last time he was here he said, as he opened the door to go, 'Do you know, Miggles, your baby will grow up to be a man yet and an honour to his mother; but not here, Miggles, not here!' And I thought he went away sad—and—and——" and here Miggles's voice and head were somehow both lost completely in the shadow.

"The folks about here are very kind," said Miggles, after a pause, coming a little into the light again. "The men from the Fork used to hang around here, until they found they wasn't wanted, and the women are kind—and don't call. I was pretty lonely until I picked up Joaquin in the woods yonder one day, when he wasn't so high, and taught him to beg for his dinner; and then thar's Polly—that's the magpie—she knows no end of tricks, and makes it quite sociable of evenings with her talk, and so I don't feel like as I was the only living being about the ranch. And Jim here," said Miggles, with her old laugh again, and coming out quite into the firelight, "Jim—why, boys, you would admire to see how much he knows for a man like him. Sometimes I bring him flowers, and he looks at 'em just as natural as if he knew 'em; and times, when we're sitting alone, I read him those things on the wall. Why, Lord!" said Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I've read him that whole side of the house this winter. There never was such a man for reading as Jim."

"Why," asked the Judge, "do you not marry this man to whom you have devoted your youthful life?"

"Well, you see," said Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim, to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife, now, we'd both know that I was *bound* to do what I do now of my own accord."

"But you are young yet, and attractive—"

"It's getting late," said Miggles gravely, "and you'd better all turn in. Good-night, boys;" and, throwing the blanket over her head, Miggles laid herself down beside Jim's chair, her head pillowed on the low stool that held his feet, and spoke no more. The fire slowly faded from the hearth; we each sought our blankets in silence; and presently there was no sound in the long room but the pattering of the rain upon the roof, and the heavy breathing of the sleepers.

It was nearly morning when I awoke from a troubled dream. The storm had passed, the stars were shining, and through the shutterless window the full moon, lifting itself over the solemn pines without, looked into the room. It touched the lonely figure in the chair with an infinite compassion, and seemed to baptise with a shining flood the lowly head of the woman whose hair, as in the sweet old story, bathed the feet of him she loved. It even lent a kindly poetry to the rugged outline of Yuba Bill, half reclining on his elbow between them and his passengers, with savagely patient eyes, keeping watch and ward. And then I fell asleep and only woke at broad day, with Yuba Bill standing over me, and "All aboard," ringing in my ears.

Coffee was waiting for us on the table, but Miggles was gone. We wandered about the house, and lingered long after the horses were harnessed, but she did not return. It was evident that she wished to avoid a formal leave-taking, and had so left us to depart as we had come. After we had helped the ladies into the



"OH, MIGGLES, AHoy!" (see page 19).

coach, we returned to the house and solemnly shook hands with the paralytic. Then, we solemnly settling him back into position after each hand-shake. Then we looked for the last time around the long low room, at the stool where Miggles had sat, and slowly took our seats in the waiting coach. The whip cracked, and we were off!

But as we reached the high-road, Bill's dexterous hand laid the six horses back on their haunches, and the stage stopped with a jerk. For there, on a little eminence beside the road, stood Miggles, her hair flying, her eyes sparkling, her white handkerchief waving, and her white teeth flashing a last "good-bye." We waved our hats in return. And then Yuba Bill, as if fearful of further fascination, madly lashed his horses forward, and we sank back in our seats. We exchanged not a word until we reached the North Fork, and the stage drew up at the Independence House. Then, the Judge leading, we walked into the bar-room and took our places gravely at the bar.

"Are your glasses charged, gentlemen?" said the Judge, solemnly taking off his white hat. They were.

"Well, then, here's to *Miggles*, GOD BLESS HER!"

Perhaps He had. Who knows?



MAX IN HIS "EVEE"-NING APPAREL (see page 1).

BOW-LEGGED JOE.



THE YANKEE GENERAL.

In the dark and gloomy shadow
Of a cliff in Colorado
Sat Bow-legged Joe, a chieftain of the
Utes ;
Frown as black as French oil
blacking
O'er his features (beauty lacking)
Sombre hung—the buck was mad,
you bet your boots !

For his painted, howling whoopers
Had been scattered by the troopers
Of a Yankee General an hour before
And his heart was filled with sorrow
When he thought that on the morrow
They might come and wax it to his
crowd some more !

Round him stood his warriors
savage—
Heroes bold of many a ravage
On the smokehouse of the settler far
below—
And their murderous eyeballs
glistened

As they silent stood and listened
To the curses of infuriated Joe !

Suddenly the chieftain pointed
Skinny finger, ugly jointed,
At the homes of settlers far out on the plain,
“ There,” he cried, “ the pale face dwelleth,
And my nostril murder-r-r smelleth,
While thoughts of gory vengeance fire my brain ! ”

With a yell that loud resounded
’Mid the mountain peaks, he bounded
To his feet, and danced as ne’er he’d danced before !
Wasn’t the war dance he was dancing ?
Oh ! what meant that fearful prancing ?
Would he flood that settler’s peaceful home with gore ?

Was the dance preliminary
To a swoop down from his eyrie—
Or did the aborigine but jest ?
Jest ? Ah, no ! a thousand swarming
Insects were his bronze hide warming—
He’d been sitting on a yellow hornets’ nest !

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER.



BOOT-TOPSEY TURVY.

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack;" or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new-comer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jail-bird Charley,"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar-rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humour.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to house-keeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a co-partnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote

and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavour to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humour, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilisation that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gambler's epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the *chaparral*-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odours, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express-office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defence, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable but good-humoured reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief. For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and

trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with laboured cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:—

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar,—my pardner. It was a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner,—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'int in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you,—confidential-like, and between man and man,—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I,—confidential-like, as between man and man,—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humour was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honours is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily; "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played

alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marching, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the *Red Dog Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of nature, and above all, the infinite serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life with its possibilities and responsibilities had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the *Red Dog Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached they at once recognised the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of "the diseased, if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything;" he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "If thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humour, which was a feature of Sandy Bar; perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box—apparently made from a section of sluicing—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye-blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good humouredly—strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road, or some

present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon—by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian-file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside as the *cortège* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue-jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favourable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavoury details which distinguish the nest-building of the Californian miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was preliminary to a speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

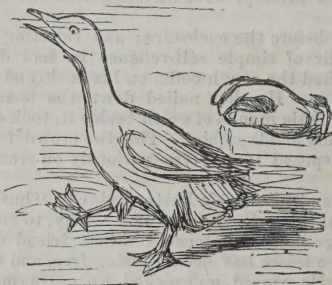
"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I've brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why—" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass-blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' 'n the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny,'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops right down in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar, I told you so! thar he is—coming this way, too—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining! Tennessee's Pardner!"

And so they met!



ADVICE TO AUTHORS: SALT TO THE TALE.

THE END.

A PRETTY PICKLE.

PICKLED GEESE.



A PRETTY PICKLE.

Mr. O'DUFFY is a sculptor in granite.

"Marble is no good here," says Mr. O'Duffy, "an' it's owin' chiefly to the cloimate. But whiniver ye do be spindin' yer money lookin' fur solid wurruth, aither a tombstone or a pavin' stone, take granite."

Mr. O'Duffy devoted his talents solely to works in granite; and a high order of paving stones was the result for the public, while a snug cabin of one room was the result for Mr. O'Duffy.

Mrs. O'Duffy inclined strongly towards the majestic in manner and personal appearance. In personal sympathy she inclined towards geese. Seven, including the gander, was the *personal* of the O'Duffy flock.

"Dacinter birds nor betther behaved wans there is not; loikewise the clanest," she has always asserted at home and abroad.

But last week Mr. O'Duffy insulted the gander at dinner-time, and a breath of unpleasantness pervaded the O'Duffy mansion then and since. This is Mr. O'Duffy's version of it:—

"It was in the autumn that our Mary Ann began to enter upon priperations fur her weddin'. 'An' it's two foine fither beds wid pillies to match 'em ye'll be givin' me,' says our Mary Ann to the old woman. 'Where 'ill they be comin' from I dunno?' says the ould woman. 'There's the bag wid fithers in it now, an' that's nigh enough,' says Mary Ann. 'Straw is chape, Mary Ann, an' coal is not dear;

it's a harrud winther comin' on, an' no dacint Christian wud be pickin' her geese at this sason, weddin' or no weddin', says the old woman, an' that settled it.

"It was a thrife of domestic aconomy that got betwixt Mary Ann an' the ould woman, an' led thim to be putting up brandy cherries. 'It's chaper to give thim cherries wid their drink, fur brandy is moighty expinsive,' says Mary Ann. The ould woman thought so, too; so it was brandy cherries fur the weddin'. But thim cherries was no good the first time, an' the ould woman fired thim out of the back windy. Along comes thim sivin geese wid the gander at the head, an' he goes for thim brandy cherries. 'It's moighty foine atin', he tells thim geese, an' they all sail in. Divil a cherry was left, an' they clathered their spoons fur more.

"Tin minutes later says Mary Ann, 'Did yer hear that?' 'Hear that?' says the ould woman. An' they looked out the back windy an' sat up the divil's hurlabaloo. 'Och, murthur! murthur!' says the ould woman. 'Run fur Tim!' that's me. 'Thim sivin geese is all pizend, an' the ould woman's got a fit; come home an' bate the divil that's done it,' says Mary Ann, screamin' fit to kill herself.

"An' thim geese was all restin' loike atther a heavy day's worruk. Some was settin' on their tails a-dobbin' their heads up and down loike they knowed it all. The ould gander was on the broad of his back, beekin' wid both fate for more brandy cherries. An' the ould woman was houldin' the wake over thim geese. Divil a kick more from thim.

"There's no atin a bit of thim, pizend, but shure the fithers is all right, says Mary Ann. So she and the ould woman turned to and picked thim clane as yer hand; an' a nice lift it was fur Mary Ann's bed. An' the ould woman went to bed wid grief over thim geese layin' pizend in the back yard.

"Tim, ye divil, wake up,' says the ould woman, the nixt mornin'. 'Somebody's in distress outside. Git up an' open the door;' and she looked out the back windy. 'May the divil fly away wid me entoiirely if I know's what's up,' says she. 'Houly mother! thim geese!'

"An' it was thim geese. The ould gander marched the whole of thim down to the wather; an' they stood there an' took the bad taste out of their mouths jest natherally loike atther a big drunk.

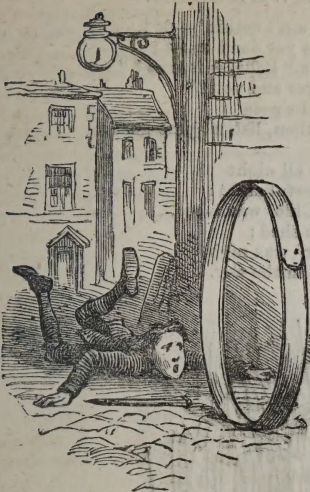
"It's whether to make flannel jackets fur thim poor geese or take thim into the family, loike Christian boarders, I dunno,' says the ould woman. 'Wid Mary Ann married an' gone there's more room, an' I'll board thim.'

"An' she did. An' that's what made the ruction at dinner-toime wid that gander. The ould woman puts the soup on the table, an' that gander, the ill-mannered divil, he ates my soup in a jiffy. When I says, 'A clane plate fur the second table, af ye plase, Mrs. O'Duffy,' she gits mad. 'The family kin ate atther the boarders, an' the plates iz clane enough fur the both of thim, I'm thinkin',' she says. Then it got warrum betwixt the plates, the family, an' the boarders. And faix! I basted an' roasted thim geeses."

"WHY do you make promises?" exclaimed an irate creditor, "if you don't expect to keep them?" "Oh, cheek!" shouted the debtor; "why do you make goods, when you don't want to keep them?"

"ANYTHING new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in an office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note-book. Said the other, edging against the door: "That paint you're leaning against."

IN A PICKLE AT A WEDDING.



"HOOPS ARE GOING OFF RAPIDLY."

impression that the miserable man was going to back out.

"I can't. It's in my boot," exclaimed the groom, under his breath, his very hair, meanwhile, turning red with mortification.

"Try and fish it out somehow—hurry up!" mumbled the minister, behind his book.

"I'll try," gasped the victim, who was rather stout; and he put one foot on the chancel rail, pulled up his trousers leg, and began making spasmodic jabs for the ring with his forefinger. The minister motioned to the organist to squeeze out a few notes to fill in the time, while a rumour went rapidly through the congregation to the effect that a telegram had just arrived proving that the groom had four wives living already.

"I—I can't reach it," groaned the half-married man, in agony. "It won't come."

"Sit down and take your boot off, you fool!" hissed the bride's mother, while the bride herself moaned piteously, and wrung her powdered hands.

There was nothing left, so the sufferer sat down on the floor and began to wrestle with his boot, which was naturally new and tight, while a fresh rumour got under weigh to the effect that the groom was beastly tight, and insisted on paring his corns.

As the boot came finally off, its crushed wearer endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to hide a hole in the heel of his stocking, noticing which, the parson, who was a humorous sort of a sky-contractor, said grimly—

"You seem to be getting married just in time, my young friend."

And the ceremony proceeded with the party of the first part standing on one leg, trying to hide his well-ventilated foot under the tail of his coat, and appropriately muttering "Darn it!" at short intervals.

H, they had a terrible time at a country wedding the other day, and which only goes to show how the smallest drawback will sometimes take the stiffening out of the swellest occasion.

It seems that the ceremony was a very grand affair indeed. There were eight bridesmaids, and the church was crowded from pit to dome, as the dramatic critics would say. But, when they got to the proper place in the ceremony, and the groom began feeling around for the hoop he discovered that it wasn't on hand. After the minister had scowled at the miserable wretch for awhile, the latter detected that the magic circlet had slipped through a hole in his pocket and worked down into his boot. He communicated the terrible fact in a whisper to the bride, who turned deadly pale, and was only kept from fainting by the reflection that they would inevitably cut the strings of her satin corsage if she did.

"Why don't you produce the ring?" whispered the bride's big brother, hoarsely, and feeling for his pistol, under the

WHACKING A BUSHWHACKER.

No, I won't—thar, now, so ! And it ain't nothin',—no !
 And thar's nary to tell that you folks yer don't know ;
 And it's " Belle, tell us, do ! " and it's " Belle, is it true ? "
 And " Wot's this yer yarn of the Major and you ? "
 Till I'm sick of it all,—so I am, but I s'pose
 Thet is nothin' to you Well then, listen ! yere goes :

It was after the fight, and around us all night
 Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight:
 And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo' was a-bed,
 And Pinky and Milly were hid in the shed ;
 And I ran out at daybreak and nothin' was nigh
 But the growlin' of cannon low down in the sky.



NOT HIS WISH : LONG MAY IT " RAIN ! "

And I saw not a thing as I ran to the spring,
 But a splintered fence rail and a broken-down swing,
 And a bird said " Kerchee ! " as it sat on a tree,
 As if it was lonesome and glad to see me ;
 And I filled up my pail and was risin' to go,
 When up comes the Major a canterin' slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and then threw
On the gate-post his bridle, and—what does he do
But come down where I sat; and he lifted his hat,
And he says—well, thar ain't any need to tell *that*—
'Twas some foolishness, sure, but it 'mounted to this,
Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted—a kiss.

Then I said (I was mad), "For the water, my lad,
You're too big and must stoop; for a kiss, it's as bad—
You ain't near big enough." And I turned in a huff,
When that Major he laid his white hand on my cuff,
And he says, "You're a trump! Take my pistol, don't fear
But shoot the next man that insults you, my dear."



CABBY-NET COUNSEL: DRINK, "FARE"!

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet and cool,
Leavin' me with thet pistol stuck there like a fool,
When thar flashed on my sight, a quick glimmer of light
From the top of the little stone-fence on the right,
And I knew 'twas a rifle, and back of it all
Rose the face of thet bushwhacker, Cherokee Hall]

Then I felt in my dread that the moment the head
Of the Major was lifted, the Major was dead ;
And I stood still and white, but Lord ! gals, in spite
Of my care, that derved pistol went off in my fright !
Went off—true as Gospil!—and strangest of all
It actooally injured that Cherokee Hall.

Thet's all—now go 'long. Yes, some folks thinks it's wrong.
And thar's some wants to know to what side I belong ;
But I says " Sarved him right ! " and I go, all my might,
In love or in war, for a fair, stand-up fight ;
And as for the Major—sho ! gals, don't you know
Thet—Lord!—thar's his step—it's my hubby's—below.

COOMBS' BRUSH WITH A PANTHER.



S Colonel Coombs, of Colorado, heard that the most ferocious wild beast could be frightened and put to flight if an umbrella should suddenly be opened in its face, he determined to test the matter at the earliest opportunity. One day, while walking in the woods, Coombs perceived a panther crouching, preparatory to making a spring at him. Coombs held his umbrella firmly in his hand, and presenting it at the panther, unfurled it. The result was not wholly satisfactory, for the next moment the animal leaped upon the umbrella, flattened it out and began to lunch upon Coombs. Not only did the beast eat that anxious inquirer after truth, but it swallowed the hooked handle of the umbrella, which was held tightly in Coombs's grasp, and for two or three weeks it wandered about with its nose buried among the ribs of the umbrella. It was very handy when there was rain, but it obstructed the animal's vision, and consequently it walked into town and was killed.

ONE of our young men has recently ceased to make calls at a certain house. It appears he went there the other night from an oyster supper, and on her father appearing at the door, he observed, " Hello, old tadpole ! where ish the floating gazelle ? Where ish my love now dreaming ? " This seemed to indicate to the old gentleman that something was wanted, and so he placed his hand sadly on the young man's shoulder, and turning him partly around stowed away a large amount of leather under his coat tail, and then retired into the house. The young man doesn't go there any more.

PICKLED CHUBB.

WHEN Mr. Chubb, the elder, returned from Europe, he brought with him from Geneva a miniature musical box, long and very narrow, and altogether of hardly greater dimensions, say, than a large pocket-knife. The instrument played four cheerful little tunes for the benefit of the Chubb family, and they enjoyed it.

Young Henry Chubb enjoyed it to such an extent that, one day, just after the machine had been wound up ready for action, he got to sucking the end of it, and in a moment of absorbed interest, it slipped, and he swallowed it. The immediate consequence of the accident was that a harmonic stomach-ache was organised upon the interior of Henry Chubb, and he experienced a restlessness which he well knew would defy peppermint and paregoric.

Henry Chubb kept his secret in his own soul, and in his stomach also, determined to hide his misery from his father, and to spare the rod to the spoiled child—spoiled, at any rate, as far as his digestive apparatus was concerned.

But that evening, at the supper-table, Henry had eaten but one mouthful of bread when strains of wild, mysterious music were suddenly wafted from under the table. The family immediately made an effort to discover whence the sounds came, although Henry Chubb sat there filled with agony and remorse and bread and tunes, and desperately asserted his belief that the music came from the cellar, where the servant-girl was concealed with a harp. He well knew that Mary Ann was unfamiliar with the harp. But he was frantic with anxiety to hide his guilt. Thus it is that one crime leads to another.

But he could not disguise the truth for ever, and that very night, while the family was at prayers, Henry all at once began to hiccough, and the music box started off without warning with "Way down upon the Suwanee River," with variations. Whereupon the paternal Chubb arose from his knees and grasped Henry kindly but firmly by his hair and shook him up and inquired what he meant by such conduct. And Henry asserted that he was practising some *Arditi* for a Sunday-school celebration, which old Chubb intimated was a singularly thin explanation. Then they tried to get up that music box, and every time they would seize Henry by the legs and shake him over the sofa cushion, or would pour some fresh variety of emetic down his throat, the instrument within would give a fresh spurt, and joyously grind out "Listen to the Mocking Bird," or still more inappropriately, "Cradle's Empty," &c.

At last they were compelled to permit that musical box to remain within the sepulchral recesses of young Chubb. To say that the unfortunate victim of the disaster was made miserable by his condition would be to express in the feeblest manner the state of his mind. The more music there was in his stomach, the wilder and more completely chaotic became the discord in his soul. As likely as not it would occur that while he lay asleep in the middle of the night the works would begin to revolve, and would play "Golden Slippers" for two or three hours, unless the peg happened to slip, when the cylinder would switch back again to "Way down upon the Suwanee River," and would rattle out that tune with variations and fragments of the scales until Henry's brother would kick him out of bed in wild despair, and sit on him in a vain effort to subdue the serenade, which, however, invariably proceeded with fresh vigour when subjected to unusual pressure.

And when Henry Chubb went to church, it frequently occurred that, in the very midst of the most solemn portion of the sermon, he would feel a gentle disturbance under the lower button of his jacket; and presently, when everything was hushed, the undigested engine would give a preliminary buzz and then reel off "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "Baaaby's Gooone!" and scales and exercises, until the clergyman would stop and glare at Henry over his spectacles and whisper to one of the deacons. Then the sexton would suddenly tack up the aisle and attack the unhappy Master Chubb by the collar and scud down the aisle again to the accompaniment of "Home, Sweet Home," and then incarcerate Henry in the upper portion of the steeple until after church.

But the end came at last, and the miserable boy found peace. One day while

he was sitting in school endeavouring to learn his multiplication table to the tune of "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love," his gastric juice triumphed. Something or other in the music box gave way all at once, the springs were unrolled with alarming force, and Henry Chubb, as he felt the fragments of the instrument hurled right and left among his vitals, tumbled over on the floor and expired.

At the *post mortem* examination they found several pieces of "Home, Sweet Home" in his liver, while one of his lungs was severely torn by a fragment of "Way down upon the Suwanee River." Small particles of "The Mocking Bird" were removed from his heart and breast-bone, and the rockers of "The Empty cradle" were found firmly driven into his fifth rib.

They had no music at the funeral. They sifted the machinery out of him and buried him quietly.

PRO BONE-O PUBLICO.



SKELETON always forms an excellent outline for a sensation, and so it proved the other day when one of Janesville's young valiants was fooling with a pair of embryonic doctors. One of them engaged the attention of the young man, while the other stepped to a cupboard, and taking an articulated skeleton by the nape of the neck, or where the nape ought to be, brought it out and started with it in front of him, right toward that young man. There was a yell like the war cry of a cat-convention on the woodshed, and that young man rushed out of that office like a dog running a race with an oyster can. It was a rush for life. He struck the stairs and the stairs struck him. The bottom was reached before he got half-way down, and as he gathered himself up he swore vengeance, and sleep rested not upon his eyelids until he had planned his campaign of wrath against that young doctor.

It was not many nights after before his plan was carried into execution. Calling to his aid in confidence the young doctor's chum, he secured possession of that skeleton, daubed its eye-sockets with phosphorus that they might send forth ghastly glances, and snugly tucked it in the young doctor's bed, covering it carefully with the quilts, and hiding it from sight until the young doctor should turn back the clothes to get into bed.

The plan worked well. The young doctor came to his room, and as was his wont, sat by the window for a time, enjoying a smoke and meditating in the dim light thrown into the room by a friendly lamp-post across the street. His smoke ended, his meditation over, he started for that bed. The young man, with a group of friends, was waiting and listening in the adjoining room for developments, and as they heard him step across the room they held their breath and stretched their ears to catch the first sound of fright. They had not long to wait.

A loud shriek was heard—"Holy Moses!"—together with the sound of a man falling. A dead silence followed, and for a minute or two the listeners waited for

some sound of life, when the remembrance of cases where fright had caused death or insanity, flashed before their eyes.

At last one exclaimed, "he's fainted," another cried, "he's dead," and a grand rush was made through the door. As they entered they found the victim of the joke not swooned or dead, but sitting doubled up on the floor, holding one foot in both hands, and thus trying to give some consolation to the injured feelings of a pet corn, which had in the dark come suddenly in rude contact with the leg of a chair.

He hadn't seen the skeleton at all. He hadn't got that far. The avenger and his friends had come in a little too soon, and were themselves more frightened than the owner of the tender corn, and had to explain their prompt appearance on the scene by putting the skeleton quietly back in its cupboard, and asking the young man to stay up a while longer, and smoke.

A-WARD AT A HORSE RACE.



A PLAY'N' DELIA.

IN the summer of '59 a great trotting race came off at Cleveland between Princess and Flora Temple, the two most famous horses then on the American turf. The following account of this appeared in Artemus Ward's *Plain Dealer*.

First Heat—The horses started about the same time. Flora soon got a slight advantage, and shot about forty rods ahead of her. When she came home Princess was nowhere to be seen, and the impression was that the driver had stopped somewhere to water her. She made her appearance, however, coming home at the rate of speed usually observed at well-conducted funeral processions. It was officially announced that this heat belonged to Flora, and from that moment we decided not to bet on Princess.

The groom sponged out the horses' mouths and put on the blankets. The bucket containing the water was made of wood with cast-iron hoops. The sponge was an ordinary one. The water was drawn from a well near by. We endeavoured to get the name of the gentleman who owns the well, but were unsuccessful. Much credit is due to the grooms for the gentlemanly manner in which they sponged out the horses' mouths. About this time the driver of Flora was observed to speak to a man. We subsequently endeavoured to find this man, in order to learn what the driver had said, but ascertained the honour so elated him that he had adjourned to take a protracted series of large drinks. This would have redoubled our eagerness if known in time.

Second Heat—About the same as the first, only more so. If the horses had gone round a few times more Princess would have been ahead. It was officially announced that this heat belonged to Flora.

Third Heat—Flora went around like a locomotive, Princess like a slowcomotive. It was officially announced that this heat belonged to Flora, as did also the race.

There were a few cheers, and a grave man in green spectacles (said to be a professor), was heard to faintly ejaculate, "*Hoo's Czar?*" In the absence of direct communication with Russia, we declined to imperil our credit for veracity with a hasty response.

WARD'S PATENT FIZZICK.

TREMENDOUS MEDICINE.—We invite the particular attention of our readers to the following advertisement:

DR. BOOZLE'S

DOUBLE REFINED, ALL-HEALING VEGETABLE PILLS—JOY TO THE AFFLICTED !

Dr. Boozle, a graduate of twelve medical colleges, formerly private physician to Choc-Whoo, brother of the Son and Moon, has succeeded, after forty-three years (Dr. B.'s sands of life have about run out) of assiduous application, in preparing the above pills. They are made of the fourth stomach of the calf, extracts of a few thousand flowers, balm of several hundred plants, hair of diseased Choctaw chiefs, &c., &c., &c., and PURELY VEGETABLE.

 Beware of counterfeits ! Dr. Boozle's pills are put up in little tin boxes, with Dr. Boozle's name engraved on the outside in the new system of chirith-ography. Read the following testimonials, which were voluntarily given :

Dr. Boozle.—In March, 1857, my liver was a mass of *ales* from excessive indulgence in malt practices. I took two boxes of your pills (from the parcels delivery office to the chemist who had ordered them), and I won a race in the *Torpids* in less than three days.—P. Larkins, Errant Boy.

Dr. Boozle.—In April last I swallowed a pike weighing fifteen pounds. I was in great distress. I didn't rest well nights. I tried all the doctors, who said I must DIE !!! I baited a hook with a box of your pills, and fetched up the pike first pull. I send you the fish, and you may do with it and this testimonial as you please.

[Mr. Perkins is a Son of Temperance, and for several years superintended a toll-gate on the Old Road, which makes the fact the more remarkable that he did not keep the *'pike*.]

R. Lumkins writes: "My wife was a confirmed consumptive. Her lungs were all gone. She was reduced to a skeleton, weighing only 38½ pounds. I tried all the doctors, but all to no avail. Poor creatur ! I knowed she was wastin' away. For two years she laid in bed, wastin' away. I heard tell of your pills, but didn't believe they would do no good ; but I saw the poor creatur a-wastin' away, and bought four boxes of your pills. Dr. Boozle, them pills saved the poor creatur's life. In two days she gained strength enough to call me a nasty, good-for-nothing sneak, and in a week she threw cups and saucers at me, just as she used to when in good health and spirits. The poor creatur' continued to revive until she was able to spank the children until they were blistered, and now she is completely well. She weighs 283 pounds, and her appetite is good, and it is me that is wastin' away.

[Mr. L. is a well-known resident, and was formerly engaged in the hawker business.]

Sold in all parts of the world and Southern Michigan. Price 50 cents a box. Be particular and ask for "Dr. Boozle's Anglo-Saxon Double-Refined, All-Healing Vegetable Pills."

PLAYING OLD NICK IN NICARAGUA.



ECUMSEH KNOX, of Ohio, while studying medicine in Philadelphia, formed a close friendship with a student from Nicaragua with the unreasonable name of Diego Mendoza, et cetera, Sandoval; and when the two graduated, Knox, having no prospect of finding a district unequipped with a physician which he could devastate while learning the practical part of his profession, was easily persuaded by his friend Sandoval, whom he addressed continually as "Sandy," that an attempt to interfere with the death-rate of Nicaragua might afford profitable employment to more than one enterprising man, and so he accompanied Sandoval to the home of the latter in that State.

The two remained upon the best of terms for several years, until a day came when Sandoval announced himself a convert to the principles of homœopathy, and began to attack the diseases of his patients with infinitesimal doses.

Tecumseh Knox thereupon swore eternal hatred to him; for the human heart knows no animosity so bitter as that with which the allopath regards the homœopath on his war-path. And when Sandoval subsequently entered political life, Knox at once joined the party that was in opposition to the Sandoval party, and the two organisations went at each other, tooth and claw, with a new fury born of the antagonistic medical theories infused into them.

Sandoval happened to become President of the Republic. It occurred to him one night that the neighbourhood was so healthy and the collection of bills so difficult that there might be more profit in governing the Republic; so he had a private interview with General Flynn, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and his arguments, for some reason, were so powerful with the General, that Sandoval was able to issue a fiery pronunciamiento, and to summon the army to his assistance while he went around and "cleaned out" the administration.

General Terence Flynn remained Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Republic. He was small in stature.

General Flynn was the son of an Irishman who came to America twenty years before the period of this narrative, and who had engaged in the business of mixing mortar with a hoe. Terence was sent to a public school, and after finishing his education he made an ineffectual attempt to study law. Then he shipped as a sailor, and when he had knocked about the world for a few years, he sailed one day into a Central American port as first mate of a schooner. Having quarrelled with the captain, he resigned his position, and went to Nicaragua, where, in a year or two, he mastered the language, and plunged into the peculiar politics of the country with hearty enthusiasm.

One of the Presidents, whom he had helped into office, gave him command of the army. As the commander of the army usually was the only man in the country of whom the rulers were afraid, and as General Flynn was just the kind of a person to recognise a particularly good thing when he had it, he proposed to himself to retain the position during the remainder of his life.

He had fought thirty-four battles in the Republic, but in the whole of them

only eight men had been wounded and one man killed—bitten by a pointer belonging to the enemy, the bite mortified. The Nicaraguan soldier, as a rule, has an overpowering aversion to getting hurt. He hates a war with real bullets. Flynn was wounded by accidentally kicking over a loaded musket at the barracks, and getting shot in the leg.

He had fifteen thousand men on the rolls, but could not *scare up* (that's the word) more than one hundred and thirty-five for active duty. Twenty-two of them were brigadier-generals jealous of each other in times of peace; but in war there arose no trouble. In one fight three brigadiers stayed at home because they had notes to meet. Duke Curculio backed out because it looked like rain, and he had lent his umbrella; and General De Campo wrote to say that he would be unable to come because his mother-in-law had lumbago.



A THREE-LING SITUATION.

The General put a guard around the door of the executive mansion. Then he broke in a window with a brick, and when the President appeared, he told him to get out. He said he would as soon as he could get his boots on. The rascal! he wanted time to bag the unexpended balance of the executive appropriation! Flynn went in and caught him at it, and marched him down stairs by the collar.

To put Sandoval in, he resorted to strategy. The army had shrunk up so much, from the weather being so hot, that the men hated to go into battle; and Flynn sent word to the President that there was a cock-fight in the Plaza on which

he had a bet. He came right out, of course, and when he got back Flynn had Sandoval in office, with eighteen men guarding him with loaded muskets.

A more disgusted man than the ex-President you never saw in the whole course of your life!

As to Sandoval's length of rule, Flynn had not made up his mind. It was a mere question now of homœopathy or allopathy. Knox belonged to the Opposition, who call Sandoval's crowd "The Pilule Party;" while Sandoval always alludes to them as the "Phlebotomists." Just at this moment Flynn was for the Pilules, but he might be made to see that the Phlebotomists have right on their side. The army looked rather more partial to quinine and calomel than to medicine that the men can't feel going right to the spot.



A BLACK AND WHITE DEMONSTRATION.

Sandoval had pleased them by giving a drum-major some medicine for spasms that sent the giant bounding about the parade-ground like a rubber ball. A corporal had to sit down on him to stop him. It was very interesting! But Flynn was afraid he'd poison them all some day—accidentally, of course; but it would be no comfort, when dead, to know that Dr. President Sandoval did not mean any harm.

So, after cogitating a few weeks, he gave the chief of the Phlebotomists a secret audience. Immediately after that, taking advantage of Sandoval calling on a friend, they dashed into the executive mansion, and set his trunks and bedsteads in the street, and Knox moved in. He turned out the Cabinet, confiscated all the

money in the Treasury, and made General Flynn Knight of the Order of San Salvador and the Blue Elephant. It was said he was about declaring war with Costa Rica, so as to give the brigadier-generals a chance to sack a couple of towns and go in for glory ! It was the biggest thing in the way of a revolution that this Republic had struck yet, and, no doubt, the bloated old despots in Europe rolled over and laughed when they heard about the proceedings.

The troops explained that Sandoval, like all these homœopathists, would persist in trying experiments ; he would use the troops for medicinal purposes.

One Tuesday he made the twenty-two brigadier-generals take ipecac., to see if it would really produce asthma, and it did. The result was horrible. For an entire day there were twenty-two brigadier-generals meandering about town gasping for breath. They didn't like it ; they said they loved their country, but hanged if they were going to make themselves short-winded for her benefit.

But Sandoval was not satisfied with that. He compelled thirty-four colonels to take sulphur, to prove that sulphur produces eruptions as well cures them. The whole batch of them broke out in a kind of scarlet rash, and Colonel Grambo's wife packed up and went home to her father's, because she was afraid he'd give it the children. So the soldiers pronounced for Knox, and ran Sandoval out.

The gain was somewhat homœopathic when Knox issued a general order to fly-blister the entire force and to cup and bleed every man, from the commander down, so's to get their systems straight again, after Sandoval's foolishness.

It was to behold the effects of this renovator that a general review of the army was summoned.

It took place on the town square, at half-past eleven. A brass band, in which bass drum and cymbals appeared to predominate, stood at the left playing polkas and other dance music with such energy that the military forces of the Republic were unable to keep their legs still. Upon the staff of the flag was perched a huge green parrot, the national bird ; and it was expressing its opinion of the music in the wickedest oburgations that the colour-sergeant, who had taught it, could discover in the Spanish language.

The army mustered one hundred and ninety-three men, the attendance being larger than usual because of the existence of a distinct understanding that there was to be no fighting. The arms were of various patterns, from the best modern rifles to old smooth-bore muskets, which kicked with such vehemence that the marksman always retained the impression that he was fired in one direction further than the bullet was in the other. There was one piece of artillery ; but it had been loaded with wet powder during a revolutionary movement several years before, and as the powder had caked and hardened in drying, it could not be dug out, and the chief of artillery was afraid to try to touch it off with a match. So the gun was used to give dignity to the appearance of things rather than for offensive purposes.

All the brigadier-generals and colonels were present, except General De Campo, whose mother had cut the buttons from his uniform and locked up the pins, to punish him for losing money upon a horse-race ; and Colonel Grambo, who had gone to bring his wife home, and to take medical advice about the eruption upon his face.

General Flynn pranced about upon a superb charger, which was the envy of the whole army. He wore a uniform which the Duke of Wellington would have been ashamed to assume after the battle of Waterloo. He was fairly covered with spangles and gold lace, and the orders on his breast were as thick as the scales upon a herring.

The General took his place by the side of the President, but it was observed that he treated Knox with marked coolness.

Sandoval sat in a neighbouring window, watching the proceedings and gritting his teeth.

While the movements were proceeding, General Flynn whispered to an orderly, and a few moments later Sandoval disappeared suddenly from his window.

Finally, General Flynn saluted Knox, and asked him if he should end the review. Knox said he should like, first, to make a speech to the troops. He rode to the front, and said :—

"Soldiers! You have the thanks of your government for the splendour and matchless precision of your manœuvres to-day. With such an army the liberties of the people are safe from the machinations of despots, and the soil of your country from the intrusion of a foreign foe. It was to save you from the traitors who were trying to destroy you with insidious poisons that I assumed the Executive Chair. Let us all renew our vows to our common country, and resolve that the last drop of our blood shall be shed to save her from foreign or domestic treason. Soldiers! I salute you! Farewell!"

The President wheeled about, and as General Flynn dismissed the forces, he rode swiftly to the Executive mansion, the General behind him.

As Knox entered, he was startled to see Sandoval sitting in the President's chair, surrounded by his former cabinet officers.

"What are you doing here, sir? What do you mean?" he demanded fiercely. "Leave this place at once, or I will put you under arrest!"

Sandoval smiled grimly, and said,

"I don't think you grasp the situation exactly. Why, my gracious, man, you don't imagine that you're the President! Don't you know that there has been another revolution?"

"General Flynn," said Knox, sternly, "have that man arrested, and locked up, upon a charge of high treason! I will make out the necessary papers at once."

"It can't be done," responded the General, "because I have just pronounced for him."

"And the army? I will appeal to the troops."

"Oh, you needn't mind. That order about fly-blisters fixed them. The brigadier-generals said they'd prefer asthma to blisters."

Knox reflected in silence upon the situation.

"It's of no use, Knox," said the General. "The Pilules are in possession. You might as well pack up your traps and quit! You know well enough that Sandoval's theories are sound. You vaccinate for small-pox, don't you? And you thaw out a frost-bite with ice, don't you? I've seen you do it myself. So move on now! Go; or I'll be obliged to call in the guard."

As Knox sullenly withdrew, Sandoval said to his secretary of the Treasury—

"Collect a tax of two per cent., at once, on all the real and personal property in the Republic. General Flynn will assist you. And try to negotiate another loan of 50,000 dollars up at the English banker's. We can't run this government without money; and, besides, I'm entirely out of cigars. General, give the army leave to forage in all the Phlebotomists' hen-roosts and banana-patches; and give the men new outfits from any occupied clothes-line that you come across! Our brave defenders must not suffer if there's not a shirt left to the civilians of the Republic!"

This generous hint about the linen on the hedge was the most important blunder Dr. Sandoval had made in his career. Flynn was tremendously tender about allusions to his kindred having fallen into menial occupations during that adversity which descends since '98 upon even the daughters of the Flynn's, formerly kings of Ireland. His mother had been a washerwoman. When you meant to



JEAMES PLUSH NON-PLUSHES HIS MISTRESS.

conver-e with a Flynn and not trample on his prejudices, the line should be drawn at the clothes line.



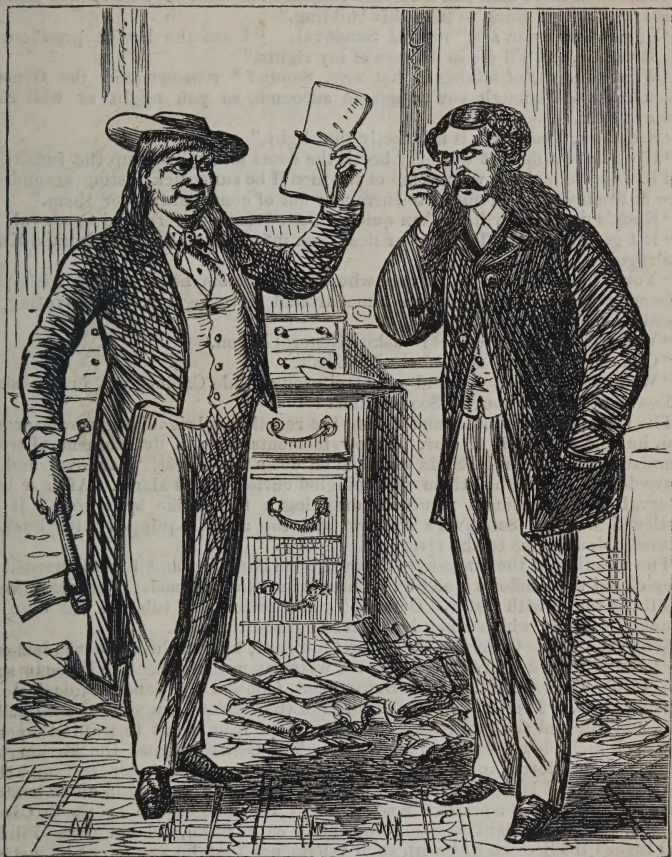
LEADING THE BALL.

The result of the new President's innocent yet cutting remark was soon manifest, in another Flynn manifesto.

Later in the day, the General called the army out, and in a short speech informed the troops that the liberties of the country were in peril, and that upon them devolved the duty of snatching the government from the hands of Sandoval and the traitorous Pilules, who were threatening it with destruction.

There were one hundred and fifteen men in the ranks, and fourteen brigadier generals. Forming the force in battle array, the General gave the order to move upon the Executive mansion.

President Sandoval seemed to have heard of the proposed attack. All the doors were shut and locked, and a dozen men stood at the second-floor windows with muskets.



"YOU DON'T GRASP IT: I MUST AXE YOU TO LEAVE!" (see page 15).

As the assailants approached, one of the muskets went off by accident, and instantly thirty-eight private soldiers, nine colonels, and six brigadier-generals left the ranks to go home after something that they had forgotten.

General Flynn rode bravely up to the besieged building, with drawn sword in his hand, and demanded that Sandoval should surrender.

"I'll see you hanged first!" replied Sandoval.

"I want to avoid bloodshed," said the General; and at the suggestion of bloodshed ten more men and a colonel remembered that they had other engagements; "but I'm going to take this building."

"I don't think you are," replied Sandoval. "I am the lawful president of this Republic, and I'll die in defence of my rights."

"What's the use of talking in that way, Sandy?" remonstrated the General. "You know well enough you've got to succumb, so you might as well come down at once."

"Somehow, I can't see it in exactly that light."

"If we have a fight it will only break the doors and splinter up the furniture; and if we have a siege, why, some of the men'll be sunstruck sitting around out here in the heat. You ought to surrender out of consideration for them."

"Knox's medicine will kill 'em quicker than sunstroke," replied Sandoval.

"If I get up there, I'll pull your nose, you infinitesimal doser!" shouted Knox, in a rage.

"You'd better attend to the men who are sore from head to foot with your poisonous fly-blisters before you come around lecturing me, you salivating old rascal!" replied Sandoval.

"Will you surrender or not?" asked General Flynn.

"Certainly I won't," replied the President.

"Well, then, I'll put you and your traitorous Pilule Cabinet out in the street in less than half-an-hour! See if I don't!"

The General dismounted, and calling the remaining brigadier-generals around him, he held a council of war. A few moments later a detachment of troops commanded by General Tejada marched off down the street. Sandoval and his brave defenders watched them with mingled curiosity and alarm. After a brief interval the detachment returned, dragging a fire-engine by a rope. It was stationed beneath Sandoval's window, and the army, equipped with buckets, formed a double line to the river.

The meaning of the manœuvre dawned upon Sandoval and his adherents, and they closed the windows quickly. The engine was manned. The army began to fill the tanks with water. General Tejada seized the tube of the hose and mounted a ladder which Knox had placed against the wall.

When the heroic General reached the top-round, he smashed the window with his fist and turned a two-inch stream of water upon the Executive Department of the Pilule Government. The Department, followed by Sandoval, dashed into another room. The General leaped through the window, dragging the hose with him, and pursued the fugitives. He drove them from point to point until they flew, pell-mell, down the main staircase. The General turned the stream upon them with full force, and they were compelled to choose between seeking refuge in the street and being drowned. They unlocked the door, and in an instant they were in the hands of a guard. Knox entered the doorway to speak to General Tejada, and that gallant soldier, being full of enthusiasm, did not recognise him, and turned the hose on him with such vehemence that he was swept off his feet, and carried clear out into the street.

The revolution was achieved! The Phlebotomists had won the day. At least Knox thought so, but he and Flynn were equally amazed when they saw General Tejada call up the chaplain to swear him in, and the secretary to read a proclamation, namely, to wit, whereas, and so forth. The purport of it was that Tejada took the rule of the roast, banishing all pretenders in order to give peace for ever

to a distracted country, and abolished all healing arts save that of hydropathy—the water-cure having been so undeniably triumphant. It was from the lips of Flynn, Knox, and Sandoval, on landing at New York, that the above enlightening facts on South American Republics were obtained.

“CEMENTING” FRIENDSHIP.

Our lady help was the victim of a very singular catastrophe a night or two since, in consequence of which she has acquired a prejudice against us. Troubled with dampness in our cellar, we got a couple of men to come and dig the earth out and fill it in with a cement-and-mortar floor. The material was, of course, very soft, and the workmen laid boards upon the surface, so that access to the furnace and the coal-bin was possible. That night, just after retiring, we heard a woman screaming for help, but after listening at the open window, we concluded that our neighbour and his wife were engaged in a debate, and so we paid no more attention to the noise. Half an hour afterwards there was a violent ring at the street-door bell, and upon going to the window again, I found my friend, Judge Pitman, standing upon the doorstep below. When I spoke to him, he said—

“Max” (the judge is inclined sometimes, especially during periods of excitement, to be unnecessarily familiar), “there’s somethin’ wrong in your cellar. There’s a woman down there screechin’ and carryin’ on like mad. Sounds ’s if somebody’s a-murderin’ her.”

I dressed and descended; and securing the assistance of Pitman, so that I would be better prepared in the event of burglars being discovered, I lighted a lamp and we went into the cellar.

There we found the maid servant knee-deep in the cement, and supporting herself with the handle of a broom, which was also half submerged. In several places about her were air-holes marking the spot where the milk jug, the cold veal, the beans, and the butter-dish had gone down. We procured some additional boards, and while Pitman seized the sufferer by one arm I grasped the other.

It was for some time doubtful if she would come to the surface without the use of more violent means, and I confess that I was half inclined to regard with satisfaction the prospect that we would have to blast her loose with gunpowder. After a desperate struggle, during which the girl declared that she would be torn in pieces, Pitman and I succeeded in getting her safely out, and she went upstairs with half a barrel of cement on each leg, declaring that she would leave the house in the morning.

The cold veal is in there yet. Centuries hence some antiquarian will perhaps grub about the spot whereon my cottage once stood, and will axe that cold veal out in a petrified condition, and then present it to a museum as the fossil remains of some unknown animal. Perhaps, too, he will excavate the milk jug and the butter dish, and go about lecturing upon them as utensils employed in bygone ages by a race of savages called “the Adellers.” I should like to be alive at the time to hear that lecture. And I cannot avoid the thought that if our servant had been completely buried in the cement, and thus carefully preserved until the coming of that antiquarian, the lecture would be more interesting, and the girl more useful than she is now. A fossilized domestic servant of the present era would probably astonish the people of the twenty-eighth century.

STIVER'S STEED.

THE other morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Perkins observed that Mr. Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse through the day.

I knew that Mr. Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the stable every day; but what kind of horse I didn't know. I never went into the stable for two reasons: in the first place I had no desire to; and, secondly, I didn't know as the horse cared particularly for company.

I never took care of a horse in my life, and had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr. Stiver had left with me might have had a very depressing effect; but I told Mrs. Perkins I would do it.

"You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?" said she.

I gave her a reassuring wink. In fact I knew so little about it that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast I seized a toothpick and walked out towards the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given him his breakfast, and I found him eating it; so I looked around. The horse looked around, too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck measure, and fell to studying the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over and never look around to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that, and I wondered if Stiver's horse was one of them.

When I came home at noon I went straight to the stable. The animal was there all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat-box and filled the peck measure, and sallied up to the manger.

When he saw the oats he almost smiled; this pleased and amused him. I emptied them into the trough, and left him above me to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall and emptied it on top of him. He brought his head up so suddenly at this that I immediately got down, letting go of everything to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, and then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and he went to work at it, and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in all my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter; and all the while I was struggling and wrenching myself and the cutter apart, that awful beast was kicking around in that stall, and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out I found Mrs. Perkins at the door. She had heard the racket, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being of me and three stove-lids which she had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

This made me mad.

"Go away, you unfortunate idiot!" I shouted. "Do you want to knock my brains out?" For I remembered seeing Mrs. Perkins sling a missile once before,

and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house at the time.

She retired at once; and at the same time the animal quieted down, but there was nothing left of that peck measure, not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs. Perkins into the house, and had her do me up, and then I sat down in a chair and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After a while I felt better, and went out to the stable again. The horse was leaning against the stable stall, with eyes half closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

"Step off to the left," I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both hind legs at once, and that fork flew out of my hands, and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with such force on the top of the head that I sat right down on the floor under the impression that I was standing in front of a drug store in the evening. I went back to the house and got some more stuff on me. But I couldn't keep away from that stable. I went out there again. The thought struck me that what the horse wanted was exercise. If that thought had been an empty nitro-glycerine can, it would have saved a windfall of luck for me.

But exercise would tone him down, and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would trounce him around the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed, but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking at him in the face thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering about and plunging for the door. I followed, as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the rope, and hit about every partition stud worth speaking of on that side of the barn. Mrs. Perkins was at the window, and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped, but my mind was filled with awe.

I took that animal out to exercise him. He exercised me before I got through with it. He went around a few times in a circle; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his forelegs, and looked at me. Then he leaned forward a little, and hoisted both hind legs, and threw about two coal hods of mud over a line full of clothes Mrs. Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window, and whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted I caught a glance at her features. She appeared to be very much interested in the proceedings; but the instant that the mud flew she disappeared from the window, and a moment later she appeared on the stoop with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind legs and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile-driver. I instantly dodged, and the cold sweat fairly boiled out of me.

It suddenly came over me that I had once figured in a similar position years ago. My grandfather owned a little white horse that would get up from a banquet to kick the President of the United States. He sent me to the lot one day, and unhappily suggested that I often went after that horse, and suffered all kinds of defeat in getting him out of the pasture, but I had never tried to ride him. Heaven knows I never thought of it. I had my usual trouble with him

that day. He tried to jump over me, and push me down in a mud hole, and finally got up on his hind legs and came waltzing after me with facilities enough to convert me into hash, but I turned and just made for that fence with all the agony a prospect of instant death could crowd into me. If our candidate for the Presidency had run one-half as well, there would be seventy-five postmasters in Danbury to-day instead of one.

I got him out finally, and then he was quiet enough, and took him up alongside the fence and got on him. He stopped an instant, one brief instant, and then tore off down the road at a frightful speed. I laid down on him and clasped my hands tightly around his neck, and thought of my home. When we got to the stable I was confident he would stop, but he didn't. He drove straight at the door. It was a low door, just high enough to permit him to go in at lightning speed, but there was no room for me. I saw if I struck that stable the struggle would be a very brief one. I thought this all over in an instant, and then spreading out my arms and legs, emitted a scream, and the next moment I was bounding about in the filth of that stable yard. All this passed through my mind as Stiver's horse went up into the air. It frightened Mrs. Perkins dreadfully.

"Why, you old fool!" she said; "why don't you get rid of him?"

"How can I?" said I, in desperation.

"Why, there are a thousand ways," said she.

This is just like a woman. How different a statesman would have answered.

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast. I could either swallow him where he stood, and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these expedients by his coming towards me so abruptly that I dropped the rope in terror, and then he turned about, and, kicking me full of mud, shot for the gate, ripping the clothes line in two, and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs. Perkins's garments, which he hastily snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house.

Stiver got his horse all right, and stays at home to take care of him. Mrs. Perkins has gone to her mother's to recuperate, and I am healing as fast as possible.

"WY-LIE," WHEN TRUTH IS SO CHEAP.

ONCE upon a time, a gentleman named Wylie was so awfully hard up he accepted a situation in a travelling show. They dressed him up in a fur shirt and put grizzly bears' claws on his feet and daubed some stuff over his face, and advertised him as "The Wild Man of Afghanistan." Then, when the show was open, he would stand in a cage and scrouge up against the bars and growl until he would scare the children nearly to death. The fat woman used to sit near him during the exhibitions just outside the cage, and by degrees he learned to love her. The keeper of the concern himself, it appears, also cherished a tender feeling for the corpulent young creature, and he became jealous of the Wild Man of Afghanistan. When the visitors came, the keeper would procure a pole with a sharp nail in the end, and he would stir up the Wild Man and poke him. Then he would ridicule the Wild Man's legs and deliver lectures upon the manner in which he

turned in his toes ; and he sometimes read to the audience chapters out of books of natural history to show that a being with a skull of such a shape must necessarily be an idiot.

Then he would poke the Wild Man of Afghanistan a few more times with the pole and pass on to the next cage with some remarks tending to prove that the monkeys therein and the Wild Man were of the same general type.

And all the time the fat woman would sit there and smile a cold, disdainful smile, as if she believed it all, and hated such legs and despised toes that turned in. At last the Wild Man of Afghanistan had his revenge. One day when all hands were off duty, the keeper fell asleep on the bench in the ticket-office adjoining the show-room. Then Mr. Wylie threw a blanket over him and went for the fat woman. He led her by the hand and asked her to be seated while he told her about his love. Then she suddenly sat down on the keeper, whose remains might have been passed under a closed door without scraping the buttons off the waistcoat. They merely slid him into a crack in the ground when they buried him, and the fat woman pined away until she became thin and valueless. Then the Wild Man married her, and began life again on a tame basis.

ON AN UNPLEASANT FOOTING.



It is a little singular how well a pair of boots can be made to fit at the store. You may not be able to get your foot only part way down the leg at the first trial, but that is because your stocking is sweaty, or you haven't started right ; and the shoemaker suggests that you start again and stand up to it, and he throws in a little powder from a pepper-box to aid you. And so you stand up, and pound down your foot and partly trip yourself up, and your eyes stick out in an unpleasant manner, and every vein in your body appears to be on the point of bursting, and all the while that dealer stands around and eyes the operation as intently as if the whole affair was perfectly new and novel to him. When your foot has finally struck bottom there is a faint impression on your mind that you have stepped into an open stove ; but he removes it by solemnly observing that he never saw a boot fit quite so good as that. You may suggest that your toe presses too hard against the front, or that some of the bones in the side of the foot

are too much smashed, but he says that is always the way with a new boot, and that the trouble will entirely disappear in a few days. Then you take the old pair under your arm and start for home as animated as a relic of 1812, all the while feeling that the world will not look bright and happy to you again until you have brained that shoemaker. You limp down town the next day, and smile all the while with your mouth, while your eyes look as if you were walking over an oyster bed barefoot. When no one is looking, you kick against a post or some other obstruction, and show a fondness for stopping and resting against something that will sustain your weight. When you get home at night you go for those old

boots with an eagerness that cannot be described, and the remarks you make upon learning that your wife has disposed of them to a widow woman in the suburbs, are calculated to immediately depopulate the earth of women and shoemakers generally.

PICKLING A NOSE.

SOME of the fellers rubbed old Cooley's nose the other night with phosphorous while he was asleep down at the tavern; an' when he went home, it 'peard's if he had an engine headlight in front of him.

When he got in the hall it was dark, an' he ketched a sight o' that nose in the



GENERAL FLYNN (*see page 14*).

lookin'-glass on the hat-rack, an' he thought Mrs. Cooley had left the gas burnin'. Then he tried to turn it off, an' after fumblin' around among the umbrellers an' hat-pegs for a while for the stop-cock, he concluded the light must come from a candle, an' he nearly bu'sted his lungs tryin' to blow it out. Then he grabbed his hat an' tried to jam her down over that candle; an' when he found he couldn't, he got mad, picked up an umbreller an' hit a whack at it, which broke the lookin'-glass all to flinders; an' there was Mrs. Cooley a-watchin' that old lunatick all the time an' afraid to tell him it was his own nose.

A THING OF NOTE.

A BASHFUL YOUTH wrote an avowal of love to a lady, and awaited an. answer through the mail. He got the letter next evening, and, hurrying to his boarding house with it, was on the point of reading it, when some one came to the door

and he was obliged to shove it into his pocket quickly. He next went to a saloon, and taking a position in a retired corner, was about to open the missive, when the passing to and fro of strangers made him more timid, and he again shoved it into his pocket and slunk out doors. He tried several places, with no better success, and finally returned home, and at once went to bed, where he remained in a state



PASTURE-AL LOVE.

of awful suspense until not a noise was heard in the house, and then, being assured that he was entirely free from interruption, he stole quietly out of bed, opened the letter with trembling fingers, and through a mist of tears saw that he was indebted to the grocer for five bottles of piccalilly.

THE Louisville authorities have resolved to put down gambling and rowdyism, even if they have to arrest every policeman on the force.

A KIND writer says: "You can trust a man who loves a horse or a dog." A lively stable man says he has tried it, and finds there is no money in it.

THE PET OF PAINTER BAR.

On a certain November day there meandered into the new mining camp of Painter Bar, State of California, an individual who was instantly pronounced, all voices concurring, the ugliest man in the camp. The adjective ugly was applied to the man's physiognomy alone; but time soon gave the word, as applied to him, a far wider significance. In fact, the word was not at all equal to the requirements made of it, and this was probably what influenced the prefixing of numerous adjectives, sacred and profane, to this little word of four letters.

The individual in question stated that he came from "no whar in pu'ttiklar," and the savage, furtive glance that shot from his hyena-like eyes seemed to plainly indicate why the land of his origin was so indefinitely located. A badly broken nose failed to soften the expression of his eyes, a long, prominent, dull-red scar divided one of his cheeks, his moustache was not heavy enough to hide a hideous hare-lip, while a ragged beard, and head of stiff, bristly red hair, formed a setting which intensified rather than embellished the peculiarities we have noted. The first settlers, who seemed quite venerable and dignified, now that the camp was nearly a fortnight old, were in the habit of extending hospitality to all newcomers, until these latter could build huts for themselves, but no one hastened to invite this beauty to partake of cracker, pork, and lodging-place, and he finally betook himself to the southerly side of a large rock, against which he placed a few boughs to break the wind.

The morning after his arrival, certain men missed provisions, and the ugly man was suspected, but so depressing, as one miner mildly put it, was his aspect when even looked at inquiringly, that the bravest of the boys found excuse for not asking questions of the suspected man.

"Ain't got no chum," suggested Bozen, an ex-sailor, one day, after the crowd had done considerable staring at this unpleasant object; "ain't got no chum, and 's lonesome—needs cheerin' up." So Bozen philanthropically staked a new claim near the stranger, apart from the main party. The next morning found him back on his old claim, and volunteering to every one the information that "stranger's a grump—a reg'lar grump." From that time forth "Grump" was the only name by which the man was known.

Time rolled on, and in the course of a month Painter Bar was mentioned as an old camp. It had its mining rules, its saloon, blacksmith's shop, and faro-bank, like the proudest camp on the Run, and one could find there colonels, judges, doctors, and squires by the dozen, besides one deacon and a dominie or two. Still, the old inhabitants kept an open eye for new-comers, and displayed an open-hearted friendliness, from whose example certain Eastern cities might profit.

But on one particular afternoon the estimable reception committee was put to its wit's end. They were enjoying their *otium cum dignitate* on a rude bench in front of the saloon, when some one called attention to an unfamiliar form which leaned against a stunted tree a few rods off.

It was of a short, loose-jointed young man, who seemed so thin and lean, that Black Tom ventured the opinion that "that feller had better hold tight to the groun', ter keep from fallin' upwards." His eyes were colourless, his nose was enormous, his mouth hung wide open and then shut with a twitch, as if its owner were eating flies, his chin seemed to have been entirely forgotten, and his thin hair was in colour somewhere between sand and mud. As he leaned against the tree he afforded a fine opportunity for the study of acute and obtuse angles. His neck, shoulders, elbows, wrists, back, knees, and feet all described angles, and even the toes of his shocking boots deflected from the horizontal in a most decided manner.

"Somebody ort to go say sumthin' to him," said the Colonel, who was recognised as leader by the miners.

"Fact, colonel," replied one of the men; "but what's a feller to say to sich a meanderin' bone-yard as that? Might ask him, for perliteness sake, to take fust pick uv lots in a new buryin'-ground; but then Perkins died last week, yer know."

"Say *somethin'*, somebody," commanded the colonel, and as he spoke his eyes alighted on Slim Sam, who obediently stepped out to greet the newcomer.

"Mister," said Sam, producing a plug of tobacco, "hev a chaw?"

"I don't use tobacco," languidly replied the man, and his answer was so unexpected that Sam precipitately retired.

Then Black Tom advanced, and pleasantly asked, "What's yer fav'rit game, stranger?"

"Blind man's buff," replied the stranger.

"What's that?" inquired Tom, blushing with shame at being compelled to display ignorance about games; "anything like going it blind at poker?"

"Poker?—I don't know what that is," replied the youth.

"He's from the country," said the colonel, compassionately, "an' hesn't had the right schoolin'. Perhaps," continued the colonel, "he'd enjoy the cockfight at the saloon to-night—these country boys are pretty well up on the roosters. Ask him, Tom."

Tom put the question, and the party, in deep disgust, heard the man reply: "No, thank you; I think it's cruel to make the poor birds hurt each other."

"Look here," said the good-natured Bozen, "the poor lubber's all gone in amidships—see how flat his breadbasket is. I say, messmate," continued Bozen, with a roar, and a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, "come an' splice the mainbrace."

"No, thank you," answered the unreasonable stranger; "I don't drink."

The boys looked incredulously at each other, while the colonel arose and paced the front of the saloon two or three times, looking greatly puzzled. He finally stopped, and said:

"The mizzable rat isn't fit to be out uv doors, an' needs takin' keer uv. Come here, feller," called the colonel; "be kinder sociable—don't stand there a-gawpin' at us ez ef we wuz a menagerie."

The youth approached slowly, stared through the crowd, and finally asked:

"Is there any one here from Pawkin Centre?"

No one responded.

"Some men went out to Californy from Pawkin Centre, and I didn't know but some of 'em was here. I come from ther myself—my name's Mix," the youth continued.

"Meanin' no disrespect to your dad," said the colonel, "Mr. Mix, senior, ortn't to have let you come out here—you ain't strong enough—you'll git fever 'n ager fore you've washed dirt half a day."

"I ain't got no dad," replied the stranger; "leastways he run away ten years age, an' mother had a powerful hard time since a-bringin' up the young uns, an' we thought I might help along a big sight if I was out here."

The colonel was not what in the States would be called a prayer-meeting man, but he looked steadily at the young man, and inwardly breathed a very earnest "God have mercy on you all." Then he came back to the more immediate present, and, looking about, asked:

"Who's got sleeping'-room for this young man?"

"I hev," quickly answered Grump, who had approached, unnoticed, while the new-comer was being interviewed.

Every one started, and Grump's countenance did not gather amiability as he sneakingly noticed the general distrust.

"Yer needn't glare like that," said he, savagely; "I sed it, an' I mean it. Come along, youngster—it's about the time I generally fry my pork." And the two beauties walked away together, while the crowd stared in speechless astonishment.

"He won't make much out ov that boy, that's one comfort," said Black Tom, who had partially recovered from his wonder. "You ken bet yer eye-teeth that his pockets wouldn't pan out five dollars."

"Then what does he want uv him?" queried Slim Sam.

"Somethin' mean an' underhand, for certain," said the colonel, "and the boy must be pertected. And I hereby app'int this whole crowd to keep an' eye on Grump, an' see he don't make a slave of the boy, an' don't rob him of dust. An' I reckon I'll take one of yer with me, an' keep watch of the old rascal to-night. I don't trust him wuth a durm."

That night the boys at the saloon wrinkled their brows like unto an impecunious Committee of Ways and Means, as they vainly endeavoured to surmise why Grump could want that young man as a lodger. Men who pursued whittling as an aid to reason made pecks of chips and shavings, and were no nearer a solution than when they began. There were a number of games played, but so great was the absent-mindedness of the players, that several hardened scamps indulged in some most unscrupulous "stacking" of the cards without detection. But even one of these, after having dealt himself both bowers and the king, besides two aces, suddenly imagined he had discovered Grump's motive, and so earnest was he in exposing that nefarious wretch, that one of his opponents changed hands with him. Even the barkeeper mixed the bottles badly, and on one occasion, just as the boys were raising their glasses, he metaphorically dashed the cup from their lips by a violent "I tell you what," and an unsatisfactory theory. Finally the colonel arose.

"Boys," said he, in the tone of a man whose mind is settled, "'tain't 'cos the youngster looked like lively comp'ny, fur he didn't. 'Tain't 'cos Grump wanted to do him a good turn, fur 'tain't his style. Cons'kently, thar's sumthin' wrong. Tom, I reckon I take you along." And Tom and the colonel departed.

During the month which had elapsed since his advent, Grump had managed to build him a hut of the usual mining pattern, and the colonel and Tom stealthily examined its walls, front and rear, until they found crevices which would admit the muzzle of a revolver, if it should be necessary. Then they applied their eyes to the same cracks, and saw the youth asleep on a pile of dead grass, with Grump's knapsack for a pillow, and one of Grump's blankets over him. Grump himself was sitting on a fragment of stone, staring into the fire, with his face in his hands.

He sat so long that the worthy colonel began to feel indignant: to sit in a cramped position on the outside of a house, for the sake of abused human nature, was an action more praiseworthy than comfortable, and the colonel began to feel personally aggrieved at Grump's delay. Besides, the colonel was growing thirsty.

Suddenly Grump arose, looked down at the sleeping youth, and then knelt beside him. The colonel briskly brought his pistol to bear on him, and with great satisfaction noted that Tom's muzzle occupied a crack in the front walls, and that he himself was out of range.

A slight tremor seemed to run through the sleeper. "And no wonder," said the colonel, when he recounted the adventure to the boys; "anybody'd shiver to hev *that* catamount glarin' at him."

Grump arose, and softly went to a corner, which was hidden by the chimney. "Gone for his knife, I'll bet," whispered the colonel to himself. "I hope Tom don't spile my aim by firin' fust."

Grump returned to view; but instead of a knife, he bore another blanket, which he gently spread over his sleeping guest, then he lay down beside Mix with a block of wood for a pillow.

The colonel withdrew his pistol, and softly muttered to himself a dozen or two enormous oaths; then he arose, straightened out his cramped legs, and started to find Tom. That worthy had started on a similar errand, and on meeting, the two stared at each other in the moonlight as blandly as a couple of well-preserved mummies.

"S'pose the boys 'll believe us?" whispered the colonel.

"We ken bring 'em down to see the show themselves, ef they don't," replied Tom.

The colonel's report was productive of the choicest assortment of ejaculations that had been heard in camp since Natchez, the leader of the Vinegar Gulch Boys, joined the church and commenced preaching.

The good-natured Bozen was for drinking Grump's health at once, but the colonel demurred. So did Slim Sam.

"He's goin' to make him work on sheers, or some hocus-pocusin' arrangement, an' he can't afford to hev him git sick—that's what his kindness amounts to," said Sam.

"Ur go fur his gratitude—an' dust, when he gits any," suggested another, and no one repelled the insinuation.

It was evident, however, that there was but little chance of either inquest or funeral from Grump's, and the crowd finally dispersed with the confirmed assurance that there would be one steady cause of excitement for some time to come.

Next morning young Mix staked a claim adjoining Grump. The colonel led him aside, bound him to secrecy, and told him that there was far richer dirt further down the stream. The young man pointed towards the hut, and replied:

"He said 'twas payin' dirt, an' I ort to take his advice, seein' he giv' me a pick an' shovel an' pan—sed he'd hev to git new ones anyhow."

"Thunder!" ejaculated the colonel, more puzzled than ever, knowing well how a miner will cling as long as possible to tools with which he is acquainted.

"Jest wait till that boy gits a bag of dust," said a miner, when the colonel had narrated the second wonder. "The express agent 'll be here next week to git what fellers wants to send to their folks—the boy 'll want to send some to his'n—his bag 'll be missin' 'bout then—jist wait, and ef my words don't come true, call me greaser."

The colonel pondered over this prophecy, and finally determined on another vigil outside Grump's hut.

Meanwhile, Grump's Pet, as Mix had been nick-named, afforded the camp a great deal of amusement. He was not at all reserved, and he was easily drawn out on the subject of his protector, of whom he spoke in terms of unmeasured praise.

"By the piper that played before Moses," said one of the boys one day, "ef half that boy sez is true, some day Grump 'll have wings sprout through his shirt, an' he'll be sittin' on the sharp edge of a cloud and playin' onto a harp, just like the other angels."

As for Grump himself, he improved so much that suspicion was half disarmed when one looked at him! nevertheless the colonel deemed it prudent to watch the Pet's landlord on the night preceding the express day.

The colonel timed himself by counting the games of old sledge that were

played. At the end of the sixth game after dark he made his way to Grump's hut, and quietly located himself at the same crack as before.

The Pet and his friend were both lying down, but by the light of the fire the colonel could see the eyes of the former were closed, while those of the latter were wide open. The moments flew by, and still the two men remained in the same positions, the Pet apparently fast asleep, and Grump wide awake.

The interior of a miner's hut, though displaying great originality of design and ingenious artistic effects, becomes after a time rather a tiresome object of contemplation. The colonel found it so, and he relieved his strained eyes by an occasional amateur astronomical observation. On turning his head with a yawn, from one of these, he saw inside the hut a state of affairs which caused him to feel hurriedly for his pistol.

Grump had risen on one elbow, and was stealthily feeling with his other hand under the Pet's head.

"Ha!" thought the colonel; "right at last!"

Slowly Grump's hand emerged from beneath the Pet's head, and with it came a leather bag containing gold dust.

The colonel drew a perfect bead on Grump's temple. "I'll jest wait till you're stowin' that away, my golden-haired beauty," said the colonel, within himself, "an' then we'll see what cold lead's got to say about it."

Grump untied the bag, set it upon his own pillow, drew forth his own pouch, and untied it; the colonel's aim remained true to its unconscious mark.

"Ef that's the game," continued the colonel to himself, "I reckon the proper time to play my trump is just when you're a-pourin' from his bag into your'n. It'll be ez good's a theatre, to bring the boys up to see how 'twas done. Lord! I wish he'd hurry up!"

Grump placed a hand on each bag, and the colonel felt for his trigger. Grump's left hand opened wide the mouth of the Pet's bag, and his right hand raised his own; in a moment he had poured out all his own gold into Pet's bag, tied it, and replaced it under Pet's head.

The colonel retired quietly for a hundred yards, or more, then he started for the saloon like a man inspired by a three days' thirst. As he entered the saloon the crowd arose.

"Any feller ken say I lie," meekly spoke the colonel, "an' I won't shoot. I wouldn't believe it ef I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Grump's poured all his dust into the Pet's pouch!"

The whole party, in chorus, condemned their optical organs to supernatural warmth; some, more energetic than the rest, signified that the operation should extend to their lungs and lives. But the doubter of the party again spoke:

"Mind yer," said he, "to-morrow he'll be complainin' that the Pet stole it, and then he'll claim all in the Pet's pouch."

The colonel looked doubtful; several voices expressed dissent; Bozen, reviving his proposition to drink to Grump, found opinion about equally balanced, but conservative. It was agreed, however, that all the boys should "hang around" the express agent next day, and should, if Grump made the Pet any trouble, dispose of him promptly, and give the Pet a clear title to all of Grump's rights and properties.

The agent came, and one by one the boys deposited their dust, saw it weighed, and took their receipts. Presently there was a stir near the door, and Grump and Pet entered. Pet's gold was weighed, his mother's name given, and a receipt tendered.

"Thinks he's goin' to hev conviction in writin'," whispered the doubter to the colonel.

But the agent finished his business, took the stage and departed. Grump started to the door to see the last of it. The doubter was there before him, and saw a big tear in the corner of each of Grump's eyes.

A few days later Grump went to Placerville for a new pick for the Pet—the old one was too heavy for a light man, Grump said. Pet himself felt rather lonesome working on his neighbour's claim, so he sauntered down the creek, and got a kind word from almost every man. His ridiculous anatomy had escaped the grave so long, he was so industrious and so inoffensive, that the boys began to have a sort of affection for the boy who had come so far to "help the folks." Finally, some weak miner, unable to hold the open secret any longer, told the Pet about Grump's operation in dust. Great was the astonishment of the young man, and puzzling miners gained sympathy from the weak eyes and open mouth of the Pet, as he meandered homeward, evidently as much at a loss as themselves.

Unlucky was the spirit which prompted Grump in the selection of his claim! It was just beyond a small bend which the Run made, and was, therefore, out of sight of the claims of the other men belonging to the camp. And it came to pass that while Pet was standing on his own claim, leaning on his spade, and puzzling his feeble brain, there came down the Run the great Broady, chief of the Jolly Grasshoppers, who were working several miles above. Mr. Broady had found a nugget a few days before, and in his exultation, had ceased work and become a regular member of the bar. A week's industrious drinking developed in him that peculiar amiability and humanity which is characteristic of cheap whisky, and as Pet was small, ugly, and alone, Broady commenced working off on him his own superfluous energy. Poor Pet's resistance only increased the fury of Broady, and the family at Pawkin Centre seemed in imminent danger of being supported by the town, when suddenly a pair of enormous, chubby hands seized Broady by the throat, and a harsh voice, which Pet joyfully recognised as Grump's, exclaimed:

"Let him go, or I'll tear yer into mince-meat, curse yer!"

The chief of the Jolly Grasshoppers was not in the habit of obeying orders, but Grump's hands imparted to his command considerable moral force. No sooner, however, had Broady extricated himself from Grump's grasp than he drew his revolver and fired. Grump fell, and the chief of the Jolly Grasshoppers, his injured dignity made whole, walked peacefully away.

The sound of the shot brought up all the boys from below.

"They've fit!" gasped the doubter, catching his breath as he ran, "an' the boy—boy's hed to—lay him out."

It seemed as if the doubter might be right, for the boys found Grump lying on the ground bleeding badly, and the Pet on his hands and knees.

"How did it come 'bout?" asked the colonel of Pet.

"Broady done it," replied Grump, in a hoarse whisper; "he pounded the boy, and I tackled him—then he fired."

The doubter went around and raised the dying man's head. Pet seemed collecting all his energies for some great effort; finally he asked:

"What made you pour your dust into my pouch?"

"'Cause," whispered the dying man, putting one arm about Pet's neck, and drawing him closer, "'cause I'm yer-dad; give this to yer mar," and on Pet's homely face the ugliest man at Painter Bar put the first token of human affection ever displayed in that neighbourhood.

The arm relaxed its grasp and fell loosely, and the red eyes closed. The experienced colonel gazed into the upturned face, and gently said—

"Pet, ye'r an orphan."

Reverentially the boys carried the dead man into his own hut. Several men dug a grave beside that of Perkins, while the colonel and doubter acted as undertakers, the latter donating his only white shirt for a shroud. This duty done, they went to the saloon, and the doubter called up the crowd. The glasses filled, the doubter raised his own, and exclaimed—

“Boys, here’s the corpse! Corpse is the best-looking man in camp.”

And so he was. For the first time in his wretched life his soul had reached his face, and the Judge mercifully took him while he was yet in His own image.

The body was placed in a rude coffin, and borne to the grave on a litter of spades, followed by every man in camp, the colonel supporting the only family mourner. Each man threw a shovelful of dirt on the coffin before the filling began. As the last of the surface of the coffin disappeared from view, Pet raised a loud cry and wept bitterly, in which operation he was joined by the whole party.



CONVERTING THE CAMP (see page 29).

THE END.

HUMOROUS "HASH."

BY THE

DETROIT PRESS FIEND.

HOW HE HAD COOLEY'S HEIR BY THE HAIR.



AM, Neighbour Cooley's boy, has an extraordinary aptitude for creating a disturbance in whatever spot he happens to be. Only last Sunday he caused such a terrible commotion in church that the service had to be suspended for several minutes until he could be removed. The interior of the edifice was painted and varnished recently, and I suppose one of the workmen must have left a clot of varnish upon the back of Cooley's pew, which is directly across the aisle from mine.

Cooley's boy was the only representative of the family at church upon that day, and he amused himself during the earlier portions of the service by kneeling upon the seat and communing with Dr. Jones's boy, who occupied the pew immediately in the rear. Sometimes, when young Cooley would resume a proper position, Jones's boy would stir him up afresh by slyly pulling his hair, whereupon Cooley would wheel about and menace Jones with his fist in a manner which betrayed utter indifference to the proprieties of the place and the occasion, as well as to the presence of the congregation.

When Samuel finally sank into a condition of repose, he placed his head, most unfortunately, directly against the lump of undried varnish, while he amused

himself by reading the commandments and the other scriptural texts upon the wall behind the pulpit.

In a few minutes he attempted to move, but the varnish had mingled with his hair, and it held him securely. After making one or two desperate but ineffectual efforts to release himself, he became very angry; and supposing that Jones's boy was holding him, he shouted:

"Le' go o' my hair! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you!"

The clergyman paused just as he was entering upon consideration of "secondly," and the congregation looked around in amazement, in time to perceive young Cooley, with his head against the back of the pew, aiming dreadful blows over his shoulder with his fist at some unseen person behind him. And with every thrust he exclaimed:

"I'll smash yer nose after church! I'll go for you, Bill Jones, when I ketch you alone! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you, or I'll knock the stuffin' out o' yer," &c., &c.

Meanwhile, Jones's boy sat up at the very end of his pew, far away from Cooley, and looked as solemn as if the sermon had made a deep impression upon him. Then the sexton came running up, with the idea that the boy had fallen asleep and had the nightmare, while Mrs. Dr. Magruder sallied out from her pew and over to Cooley's, convinced that he had a fit. When the cause of the disturbance was ascertained, the sexton took out his knife, and after sawing off enough of Cooley's hair to release him, dragged him out of church. The victim retreated unwillingly, glancing around at Jones's boy and shaking his fist at that urchin as if to indicate that he cherished a deadly purpose against Jones.

Then the sermon proceeded. I suppose a contest between the two boys has been averted, for only yesterday I saw Jones and Cooley the younger playing hop-scotch together in the street in apparent forgetfulness of the sorrows of the sanctuary.

A LUDICROUS FIX.

I WAS not long in Nevada (says Mark Twain) before I judged that I had learned the *real* secret of success in silver mining—which was, *not* to mine the silver by the sweat of my brow and the labour of my hands, but to *sell* the ledges to the dull slaves of toil and let them do the mining!

Before leaving Carson, I had purchased "feet" from various Esmeralda stragglers. I had expected immediate returns of bullion, but was only afflicted with regular and constant "assessments" instead—demands for money wherewith to develop the said mines. These assessments had grown so oppressive that it seemed necessary to look into the matter personally. Therefore I projected a pilgrimage to Carson and thence to Esmeralda. I bought a horse and started, in company with Mr. Ballou and a gentleman named Ollendorff, a Prussian—not the party who has inflicted so much suffering on the world with his wretched foreign grammars, with their interminable repetitions of questions which never have occurred and are never likely to occur in any conversation among human beings. We rode through a snow-storm for two or three days, and arrived at "Honey Lake Smith's," a sort of isolated inn on the Carson river. It was a two-storey log house, situated on a small knoll in the midst of the vast basin or desert through which the sickly Carson winds its melancholy way. Close to the house were the Overland stage stables, built of sun-dried bricks. There was not

another building within several leagues of the place. Towards sunset about twenty hay-waggon arrived and camped around the house, and all the teamsters came in to supper—a very, very rough set. There were one or two Overland stage drivers there, also, and half a dozen vagabonds and stragglers; consequently the house was well crowded.

We walked out after supper and visited a small Indian camp in the vicinity. The Indians were in a great hurry about something, and were packing up and getting away as fast as they could. In their broken English they said, "By'mby, heap water!" and by the help of signs made us understand that in their opinion a flood was coming. The weather was perfectly clear, and this was not the rainy season. There was about a foot of water in the insignificant river—or maybe two feet; the stream was not wider than a back alley in a village, and its banks were scarcely higher than a man's head. So, where was the flood to come from? We canvassed the subject awhile and then concluded it was a ruse, and that the Indians had some better reason for leaving in a hurry than fears of a flood in such an exceedingly dry time.

At seven in the evening we went to bed in the second storey—with our clothes on, as usual, and all three in the same bed, for every available space on the floors, chairs, &c., was in request, and even then there was barely room for the housing of the inn's guests. An hour later we were awakened by a great turmoil, and springing out of bed we picked our way nimbly among the ranks of snoring teamsters on the floor and got to the front windows of the long room. A glance revealed a strange spectacle under the moonlight. The crooked Carson was full to the brim, and its waters were raging and foaming in the wildest way—sweeping around the sharp bends at a furious speed, and bearing on their surface a chaos of logs, brush, and all sorts of rubbish.

Like the trees in spring, our instinct prompted us it was time to leave, and leave we did. To add to our discomfort, there was a snowfall, through which we blundered off the track. Ollendorff, however, flattered himself that his brain was capable of distinguishing the bearings in any weather, and we let him do the piloting. It was a lottery with all blanks.

Suddenly we came upon some hoofmarks, and that brightened us up; for the travellers, by the freshness of these traces, could not be far off now. But the tracks still multiplied, and we began to think the platoon of soldiers was miraculously expanding into a regiment—Ballou said they had already increased to five hundred! Presently he stopped his horse and said—

"Boys, these are our own tracks, and we've actually been circussing round and round in a circle for more than two hours, out here in this blind desert! By George, this is perfectly hydraulic!"

Then the old man waxed wroth and abusive. He called Ollendorff all manner of hard names—said he never saw such a lurid fool as he was, and ended with the peculiarly venomous opinion that he "did not know as much as a logarythm!"

We certainly had been following our own tracks. Ollendorff and his "mental compass" were in disgrace from that moment. After all our hard travel, here we were on the bank of the stream again, with the inn beyond dimly outlined through the driving snow-fall.

Presently the Overland stage forded the now fast receding stream and started towards Carson on its first trip since the flood came. We hesitated no longer, now, but took up our march in its wake, and trotted merrily along, for we had good confidence in the driver's bump of locality. But our horses were no match for the fresh stage team. We were soon left out of sight; but it was no matter, for we had the deep ruts the wheels made for a guide.

By this time it was three in the afternoon, and consequently it was not very long before night came—and not with a lingering twilight, but with a sudden

shutting down like a cellar door, as is its habit in that country. The snow-fall was still as thick as ever, and of course we could not see fifteen steps before us; but all about us the white glare of the snow-bed enabled us to discern the smooth sugar-loaf mounds made by the covered sage bushes, and just in front of us the two faint grooves which we knew were the steadily filling and slowly disappearing wheel tracks.

Now those sage bushes were all about the same height—three or four feet; they stood just about seven feet apart, all over the vast desert; each of them was a mere snow mound now; in *any* direction that you proceeded (the same as in a well laid out orchard) you would find yourself moving down a distinctly defined avenue, with a row of these snow-mounds on either side of it—an avenue the customary width of a road, nice and level in its breadth, and rising at the sides in the most natural way, by reason of the mounds. But we had not thought of this. Then imagine the chilly thrill that shot through us when it finally occurred to us, far in the night, that since the last faint trace of the wheel tracks had long ago been buried from sight, we might now be wandering down a mere sage-brush avenue, miles away from the road, and diverging further and further away from it all the time. Having a cake of ice slipped down one's back is placid comfort compared to it. There was a sudden leap and stir of blood that had been asleep for an hour, and as sudden a rousing of all the drowsing activities in our minds and bodies.

We were alive and awake at once—and shaking and quaking with consternation, too. There was an instant halting and dismounting, a bending low and an anxious



THE ROUGH AND SMOOTH PASSAGE IN THE OVERLAND COACH.

scanning of the road-bed. Useless, of course, for if a faint depression could not be discerned from an altitude of four or five feet above it, it certainly could not with one's nose nearly against it.

We seemed to be in a road, but that was no proof. We tested this by walking off in various directions—the regular snow-mounds and the regular avenues between them convinced each man that *he* had found the true road, and that the others had found only false ones. Plainly the situation was desperate. We were cold and stiff, and the horses were tired. We decided to build a sage-brush fire and camp out till morning. This was wise, because if we were wandering from the right road and the snow-storm continued another day our case would be the next thing to hopeless if we kept on.

All agreed that a camp fire was what would come nearest to saving us, now, and so we set about building it. We could find no matches, and so we tried to make shift with the pistols. Not a man in the party had ever tried to do such a thing before, but not a man in the party doubted that it *could* be done, and without any

trouble — because every man in the party had read about it in books many a time and had naturally come to believe it, with trusting simplicity, just as he had long ago accepted and believed *that* other common book-fraud about Indians and lost hunters making a fire by rubbing two dry sticks together.

We huddled together on our knees in the deep snow, and the horses put their noses together and bowed their patient heads over us; and while the feathery flakes eddied down and turned us into a group of white statuary, we proceeded with the momentous experiment. We broke twigs from a sage bush and piled them on a little cleared space in the shelter of our bodies. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes all was ready, and then, while conversation ceased and our pulses beat low



OLLENDORFF AT HOME.

with anxious suspense, Ollendorff applied his revolver, pulled the trigger and —blew the pile clear out of the county! It was the flattest failure that ever was.

This was distressing, but it paled before a greater horror—the horses were gone! I had been appointed to hold the bridles, but in my absorbing anxiety over the pistol experiment I had unconsciously dropped them and the released animals had walked off in the storm. It was useless to try to follow them, for their footfalls could make no sound, and one could pass within two yards of the creatures and never see them. We gave them up without any effort at recovering

them, and cursed the lying books that said horses would stay by their masters for protection and companionship in a distressful time like ours.

We were miserable enough, before; we felt still more forlorn, now. Patiently, but with blighted hope, we broke more sticks and piled them, and once more the Prussian shot them into annihilation. Plainly, to light a fire with a pistol was an art requiring practice and experience, and the middle of a desert at midnight in a snow-storm was not a good place or time for the acquiring of the accomplishment. We gave it up and tried the other. Each man took a couple of sticks and fell to chafing them together. At the end of half an hour we were thoroughly chilled, and so were the sticks. We bitterly execrated the Indians, the hunters and the books that had betrayed us with the silly device, and wondered dismally what was next to be done.

At this critical moment Mr. Ballou fished out four matches from the rubbish of an overlooked pocket. To have found four gold bars would have seemed poor and cheap good luck compared to this. One cannot think how good a match looks under such circumstances—or how lovable and precious, and sacredly beautiful to the eye. This time we gathered sticks with high hopes; and when Mr. Ballou prepared to light the first match, there was an amount of interest centred upon him that even these pages do not elicit. The match burned hopefully a moment, and then went out. It could not have carried more regret with it if it had been a human life. The next match simply flashed and died. The wind puffed the third one out just as it was on the imminent verge of success. We gathered together closer than ever, and developed a solicitude that was rapt and painful, as Mr. Ballou scratched our last hope on his leg. It lit, burned blue and sickly, and then budded into a robust flame. Shading it with his hands, the old gentleman bent gradually down, and every heart went with him—every body, too, for that matter—and blood and breath stood still.

The flame touched the sticks at last, took gradual hold upon them—hesitated—took a stronger hold—hesitated again—held its breath five heart-breaking seconds, then gave a sort of human gasp and went out.

Nobody said a word for several minutes. It was a solemn sort of silence; even the wind put on a stealthy, sinister quiet, and made no more noise than the falling flakes of snow.

Finally a sad-voiced conversation began, and it was soon apparent that in each of our hearts lay the conviction that this was our last night with the living. I had so hoped that I was the only one who felt so. When the others calmly acknowledged their conviction, it sounded like the summons itself. Ollendorff said:

“Brothers, let us die together. And let us go without one hard feeling towards each other. Let us forget and forgive bygones. I know that you have felt hard towards me for knowing too much and leading you round and round in the snow—but I meant well; forgive me. I acknowledge freely that I have had hard feelings against Mr. Ballou for abusing me and calling me a logarithm, which is a thing I do not know what, but no doubt a thing considered disgraceful and unbecoming in America, and it has scarcely been out of my mind and has hurt me a great deal—but let it go; I forgive Mr. Ballou with all my heart, and——”

Poor Ollendorff broke down and the tears came. He was not alone, for I was crying too, and so was Mr. Ballou. Ollendorff got his voice again, and forgave me for things I had done and said. Then he got out his bottle of whisky and said that whether he lived or died he would never touch another drop. He said he had given up all hope of life, and although ill-prepared, was ready to submit humbly to his fate; that he wished he could be spared a little longer, not for any selfish reason, but to make a thorough reform in his character, and by devoting himself to helping the poor, nursing the sick, and pleading with the people to guard themselves against the evils of intemperance, make his life a beneficent

example to the young, and lay it down at last with the precious reflection that it had not been lived in vain. He ended by saying that his reform should begin at this moment, even here in the presence of death, since no longer time was to be vouchsafed wherein to prosecute it to men's help and benefit—and with that he threw away the bottle of whisky.

Mr. Ballou made remarks of similar purport, and began the reform he could not live to continue, by throwing away the ancient pack of cards that had solaced our captivity during the flood and made it bearable. He said he never gambled, but still was satisfied that the meddling with cards in any way was immoral and injurious, and no man could be wholly pure and blemishless without eschewing them.

"And therefore," continued he, "in doing this act I already feel more in sympathy with that spiritual saturnalia necessary to entire and obsolete reform." These rolling syllables touched him as no intelligible eloquence could have done, and the old man sobbed with a mournfulness not unmingled with satisfaction.

My own remarks were of the same tenor as those of my comrades, and I know that the feelings that prompted them were heartfelt and sincere. We were all sincere, and all deeply moved and earnest, for we were in the presence of death and without hope. I threw away my pipe, and in doing it felt that at last I was free of a hated vice and one that had ridden me like a tyrant all my days. While I yet talked, the thought of the good I might have done in the world and the still greater good I might *now* do, with these new incentives and higher and better aims to guide me if I could only be spared a few years longer, overcame me and the tears came again. We put our arms about each other's necks and awaited the warning drowsiness that precedes death by freezing.

It came stealing over us presently, and then we bade each other a last farewell. A delicious dreaminess wrought its web about my yielding senses, while the snow-flakes wove a winding-sheet about my conquered body. Oblivion came. The battle of life was done.

I do not know how long I was in a state of forgetfulness, but it seemed an age. A vague consciousness grew upon me by degrees, and then came a gathering anguish of pain in my limbs and through all my body. I shuddered. The thought flitted through my brain, "this is death—this is the hereafter."

Then came a white upheaval at my side, and a voice said, with bitterness:

"Will some gentleman be so good as to kick me behind?"

It was Ballou—at least it was a towzled snow image in a sitting posture, with Ballou's voice.

I rose up, and there in the grey dawn, not fifteen steps from us, were the frame buildings of a stage station, and under a shed stood our still saddled and bridled horses!

An arched snow-drift broke up, now, and Ollendorff emerged from it, and the three of us sat and stared at the houses without speaking a word. We really had nothing to say. We were like the profane man who could not "do the subject justice," the whole situation was so painfully ridiculous and humiliating that words were tame and we did not know where to commence anyhow.

The joy in our hearts at our deliverance was poisoned; well-nigh dissipated, indeed. We presently began to grow pettish by degrees, and sullen; and then, angry at each other, angry at ourselves, angry at everything in general, we moodily dusted the snow from our clothing, and in unsociable single file ploughed our way to the horses, unsaddled them, and sought shelter in the station.

I have scarcely exaggerated a detail of this curious and absurd adventure. It occurred almost exactly as I have stated it. We actually went into camp in a snow-drift in a desert, at midnight, in a storm, forlorn and hopeless, within fifteen steps of a comfortable inn.

For two hours we sat apart in the station and ruminated in disgust. The mystery was gone now, and it was plain enough why the horses had deserted us. Without a doubt they were under that shed a quarter of a minute after they had left us, and they must have overheard and enjoyed all our confessions and lamentations.

A CONSUMMATE IDYL.

THE string that tied the dog fetched loose,
The dog came howling on ;
That misadventure cooked his goose,
His cup of joy was gone.
Swift for the picket fence he sped,
As swallows skim the plain ;
Two inches scant the dog he led—
He never smiled again.

Bright eyes were passing on the street,
Soft voices laughed in glee,
And merry shouts from happy hearts
Called other hearts to see.
He reached the fence, he strove to climb
With sudden, mighty strain ;
Sore was his *need*, scant was his time—
He never smiled again.

Where erst, like robins in the spring,
His sweetheart's voice he heard,
He hears her father's accents ring
With many a heartless word.
One leg the bristling fence bestrides,
But hastening in his train,
The haughty dog his speed derides—
He never smiled again.

Around him whirled the giddy throng,
With happy fancies blest ;
Around him rose the roistering song,
The laugh, the merry jest ;
He lived—for life may long be borne,
Ere sorrow breaks its chain ;
But that dog chewed him all forlorn—
He never smiled again.



HE SAW BOGEY, AND NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

TOO MUCH TELEPHONE.

"I GUESS haf to give up my delephone already," said a German, as he entered the office of the company with a very long face.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Oh! eferytings. I got dot delephone in my house so as I could spreak mit der boys in the tavern, and mit my relations in Springwells, but I haf to gif it up. I nefer haf so much dröubles. Vhel, my poy Shon, in der taproom, he rings der bell und calls me oop und says an old frient of mine vhangs to see how she works. Dot ish all right. I says, 'Helloh!' und he says, 'Come closer.' I goes closer und helloes again. Den he says, 'Shtand a little off.' I shtands a little off und yells vunce more, und he says, 'Shpeak louder!' I yells louder. It goes dot vhay for ten minutes, und den he says, 'Go to Jericho, you oldt Tutchman.' You see? And den mein brudder in Springwells he rings de pell und calls me oop und says How I vhas dis eafnings? I says I vhas feeling like some colts, und he says,



THE "COSTER"-MARY STEED OF THE EAST END.

'Who vhangs to buy some goats?' I says 'Colts—colts—colts!', und he answers, 'Oh! coats. I thought you said goats!' When I goes to ask him of he feels

petter, I hears a voice crying oudt, 'How tid Brinz Bishmareck come on this line?' Den somebody answers, 'I doan' know, but I likes to punch his headt!' Vhell, somedimes my vwife vphants to shpeak mit me when I am down in der bar-room. She rings mein pell und I says, 'Helloh!' Nopody speaks to me. She ring again, und I says, 'Helloh!' like dunder! Den der central office tells me 'go aheadt,' und den tells me 'holdt on,' und den tells mein vwife dot I am gone away. I yells out 'Dot ish not so,' und somebody says, 'How can I talk if dot King of Brussia doan keep sthill!'

"And when I gets in bedt at night somepody rings der pell like der house vas on fire, and when I shumps up and says, 'helloh,' I hear somebody saying: 'Oh, vere hesh mine leedel tog gone?' I haff not seen no tog, und when I tells 'em so I hear some beoples laughing, Haw! haw! haw! Und so you dake it oudt, und when somepody likes to shpeak mit me dey shall come right away to mein blaces. Oof mein prudder is sick he shall get petter, und if somebody vphants to find me a tog he shall come where I can punch him mit a glub!"

THE SMOKER'S CONFESSION.

There's not a pipe, I ween,
Like the stumpy, black dundeen
That all of us have seen
In Paddy's hatband, O.
For it makes his thought take flight,
And fills him with delight,
As it gives him second sight
Of far-off Pat-land, O.

I have read in Eastern books
How the Turks will smoke chibouques,
As grand and grave as dukes,
In seraglio.
That ye'd rather take a pull
At Paddy's pipe when full
Than lounge in old Stamboul,
I'll go bail ye, O.

A RENEWAL OF THE CONFLICT.

ONE of the sanitary police was the other day wandering over a box-full of dead cats in an alley, when he heard oaths and yells and the sounds of conflict in a house near by. As he enter the yard a man and woman burst open the side door and rolled down the steps in a heap, kicking and clawing with right good will.

"What is the trouble here?" asked the officer, as he pulled them apart.

"There I'm glad you happened along!" exclaimed the man, as he jumped up. "The old woman and me have had a dispute for the last ten or fifteen years as to when Christopher Columbus discovered America. Maybe you know."

"It was in 1492," replied the officer.

"Just what I said—just the date I had!" cried the husband, as he joyfully danced around. "Now then, old woman, will you give up?"

"Never!"

"You won't?"

"Not an inch; I said 1490, and I had your neck across the edge of the step! We agreed not to bite nor scratch, and I prefer to *renew the conflict* rather than take a stranger's figures! Come in the house."

The officer waited at the gate until he heard two chairs smashed down and a dozen yells, and he resumed his rounds with a growing conviction that Columbus would ultimately be two years ahead in that house.

VOLUNTARY ASSISTANCE.



"HE'S BEEN EATING THE PUFF
PASTE, SIR."

"That cord isn't stout enough!" yelled a third.

"Why don't they carry it up by way of the stairs?" demanded a man as he flourished his gold-headed cane around, and seemed put out.

The cord came part way down and stopped. Some ten different persons volunteered the information of "more yet," and presently it was lowered so that one of the crowd could grasp it. He pulled down and the man above pulled up, and four or five recumbent men seized the plank and brought it to the rope.

"Lower away!" yelled the man at the rope.

"Pull down on it!" cried a dozen voices.

The man above let out more rope and waved his hand.

"He wants it over that post!" screamed a boy, and it was carried there.

"Let—that—rope—alone!" came from the man above.

Six men had hold of the plank, and three more had hold of the rope.

"Do you want the plank now?" asked one.

"No! nor any other time."

"Do you want the post?"

"No!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want you to let that rope alone! I had a bet of cigars that it was long enough to touch the walk, and I've won 'em! What's the row down there—somebody dropped dead?"

The plank was hurled away, cuss-words indulged in as toes were trodden on, and in fifteen seconds the crowd had melted away to a squint-eyed boy and an organ-grinder.

MY WASHERWOMAN

BY A MANGLING POET.

‘My laundress! my laundress! she causes me distress,
And woe, and anguish infinite, and endless bitterness.”
’Twas thus, with fingers in his hair, exclaimed the muse’s scion
And gazed upon—the night was fair—Arcturus and Orion.
“Her bill she has sent in to me. What shall my cares dispel?
For how to pay that small account I cannot, cannot tell.

“My laundress! my laundress! when first for me she washed,
My brow was smooth, my eye was clear, my soul was unabashed;
And when she came to get my clothes my manner was urbane,
And I looked up and smiled, and asked if it were going to rain;
And she, with all humility, her eyes to mine would raise,
Then glancing at the clouds would murmur, ‘Yes, sor, av ye plaze.’



HIS “LAWN”-DRESS.



A PROLONGED “BAWL.”

“My laundress! my laundress! her ways are altered now,
And when she comes for clothes she comes with scorn upon her brow;
With eyes downcast upon my book, I sit absorbed and still,
Until she says, ‘Young man, I’ll loike the money for me bill;
Me childer has no shoes to wear, me rint is overdue;
Pay up, young man, and I’ll not be a-troublin’ of you!’

"My laundress! my laundress! she sends a shadowy boy!
 To watch me mornings while I sleep, and damp my rising joy;
 And when I wake from tranquil dreams and innocent repose
 That small gossoon, beside my bed, is sitting on my clothes.
 He only says, 'Miss Grady'd loike the money, sor, to-day!'
 I speechless turn towards the wall; he whistling goes away.

"I'll go and see my laundress, and speak the truth unmasked;
 I'll tell her how impossible a favour she has asked;
 I'll say that I am penniless, and if I put up spout
 So much of my effects as I could get along without,
 The sum that I would realise upon them would amount
 To only one poor third of what is due on her account.



LUXURY—THE END OF A PICKWICK AND AN ENDLESS STARE.

"I'll say I sometimes contemplate absconding from the place,
 But that I'm not a scoundrel scamp, like Thackeray's Deuceace;
 And though I cannot pay her bill, I will not run away,
 And then I'll listen patiently to what she has to say;
 And when vituperation has taken off the edge
 Of her just wrath, I'll speak, and thus I'll put myself in pledge:

"I'll say, 'You have a daughter; I know she is not fair
But never for mere looks did I particularly care;
I often have remarked her as, when the day was fine,
She went with sprightly grace to hang my clothes upon the line;
And oft have I addressed her; and, though her speech was curt,
I learned to love her as she fixed a clothes-pin on my shirt.

"I'll cultivate your daughter; I'll woo her with an art
That shall not fail to quickly make impression on her heart;
And when her young affections with subtlety I've won
I trust that you, dear madam, will receive me as your son.
The duties that devolve on me I'll never try to shirk,
And what I cannot pay in cash you shall receive in work."

THE MORMON ENOCH ARDEN.

SALT LAKE CITY; the Mormon Capital! To the right, to the left, to the north, the south, the east, and the west mountains.

The dwellings of stone, of wood, of sun-burned bricks are far apart and enshrined among mighty trees. Shops, here and there, thrust themselves out to the edge of the footway, and offer their wares to the passers-by.

It is a queer throng that is thus tempted. Such a one as no other street in this broad earth can gather. We have to do, not with shops, though, but with a large white structure, which stands upon the eastern edge in a garden. It is Mrs. Ballygag's Boarding School for young ladies. Two young men meet at the gate. We recognise them as young Mormons. One is Thompson Dunbar; the other is Arbutus Jones. Arbutus is speaking.

"Yes, sir; I shall marry them; clean out the school. I have had a special revelation; the entire senior class has been 'sealed' to me, and I am going to marry the two other classes so as to make a complete job of it."

"But the senior and junior classes have engaged themselves to me," replied Dunbar. "I proposed to them yesterday, and they said that they could love me alone."

"Can't help that," said Jones; "I have arranged the matter with the Prophet and the parents. There is not a bit of use, you know, Dunbar, in your kicking against the decrees of the Church."

"But you don't want the whole thirty-two of them?"

"Yes, sir; my house is large, and I must fill it with wives or furniture; I claim them as my bride."

"I love them all dearly," said Dunbar; "but sooner than have any fuss I'll let you pick sixteen, if you'll leave me the rest."

"No; I shall take them all. But I don't know; maybe, I might agree to leave you the one with warm hair and freckles. My heart, somehow, doesn't throb wildly for her."

"Never!" exclaimed Dunbar.

"Oh, very well, then. Let her alone. I'll pool her in with the rest."

The eye of Thompson Dunbar flashed fire. Stepping up to Arbutus Jones, he whispered fiercely in his ear—

"You think you will marry this school. Never—never! I swear it! My faith is pledged to the women of my love, and they shall be mine. Mark what I say! I shall make them my wife!"

Arbutus Jones opened the gate, and, turning away with a light laugh, he said, "Dunbar, don't talk like an idiot," and then he walked up to the porch, pulled the door-bell, and called for Mrs. Ballygag.

Thompson Dunbar sauntered sadly down the street, meditating upon his plans. Secretly he entered his office, and writing thirty-two letters, he dispatched them through the post, and then went towards the livery-stable.

Midnight came. Dark, cold, and silent. The belated wayfarer, walking into town, was startled to perceive, rushing by him in the gloom, a man, who seemed to be carrying a coil of rope upon his arm. Behind him eight carriages proceeded slowly, and with little noise.

"A midnight funeral procession," the traveller thought.

The man stopped in front of Mrs. Ballygag's mansion. The carriages halted by the kerbstone, a hundred yards below. The man opened the gate noiselessly, and walked quickly around to the side of the house. He uttered a low whistle, and a sash in a second storey window was carefully raised. He flung towards it the end of a rope, which was seized and hauled until a ladder of rope stretched from the window to the ground.

"Come, dearest," said Thompson Dunbar in a loud whisper. "Do not be afraid. I will catch you if you fall." Then the form of a lithe and graceful girl emerged from the window, and glided slowly but easily down the frail ladder. Then another descended. Then another, until thirty-two lithe and graceful girls had reached the ground. As they came, Thompson Dunbar clasped them one by one in his arms, and kissed them fervently, pointing the way to the carriages.

The last one whispered in his ravished ear that their thirty-two trunks were standing ready packed in the chamber above, and that Thompson had better see to getting them down. But the idea did not seem to strike Thompson. He asked himself what love had to do with trunks? He thought how little pure affection cares for material things. He knew that he was ready to die for his darlings. That would be heroic. But to carry thirty-two trunks down a rope-ladder, he considered, in the strictest sense, a prosaic performance.

Did Romeo shoulder Juliet's trunk? Did Paul take Virginia upon one arm, and her trunk upon the other? Did Petrarch interrupt his sweet converse with Laura with struggles with her luggage? He thought not.

Let the trunks remain as a souvenir with Mrs. Ballygag. She and Jones would weep tears of anguish and helpless rage over those leathern receptacles.

He went towards the carriages. They were all filled, and the doors were closed. He mounted upon the seat with the driver of the foremost one, and said—

"Drive like mad, now! Forty dollars extra for you!"

The vehicles dashed onward swiftly through the night, a long and difficult ride. It would have been tedious for Thompson and his bride, but for the thought that each moment brought them nearer to the wedded bliss which is the holiest joy that has ever sweetened human life.

The day was faintly breaking when the procession entered Ogden. Thompson ordered his companion to drive at once to the house of Bishop Potts. He was asleep with his family at that early hour. Thompson rang the door-bell fiercely.

There was silence.

"Bishop, hello! I say, Potts!"

The Bishop's grey head was thrust from the window.

"Who is making all that racket down there?" he said. "What's the matter? What do you want?"

"It's I, Thompson Dunbar! I've run over from the city to be married. Hurry down and perform the ceremony, please."

"Can't you get married at some less unearthly hour than this? I've been up all night with the twins and sixteen others of the children, and four of Mrs. Potts have not had a wink of sleep, and here you come routing us out just as we are dozing off! I'll marry you after breakfast. There is no hurry about it, I reckon."

"But there is a hurry, though."

"You're the first patient I met who was in a haste about it."

"Well, I've eloped with Mrs. Ballygag's boarding school."

"The whole school?"

"All but the teacher."

"Whew!"

"It loved me, and they wanted to marry it to another man, Arbutus Jones, you know; so it fled with me. We are bent on instantaneous consolidation!"



A NOT AT ALL FANCY "POT-SHOT" AT THE POTTS' INTERIOR.

"How many of her are there?" asked the Bishop.

"Only thirty-two."

"And you're single?"

"Yes."

"Very well. That'll do to begin with, but a man of your standing must disembowel a couple more boarding schools if you want to hold your own in the Church. I'll rush down and see what I can do for you."

Thompson helped his bride to alight, and a most charming picture she presented, standing there in a row in the early morning light, blushing with modest joy beneath the smiles and caresses of her devoted lover. While she waited for the Bishop she engaged in a simultaneous arrangement of her back hair. Thompson thought she had never appeared so lovely as when, holding the front strands in her mouth, the whole thirty-two of her twisted up her tresses and inserted her combs in them.



POTTS RUSHES DOWN TO DUNBAR.

A moment later the front door opened, and the Bishop appeared in dressing-gown and slippers.

Mr. Dunbar ushered the bride into the Bishop's drawing-room, and seated her upon the sofas and chairs. Then he drew the Bishop aside.

"By the way, Bishop, what are you going to charge? What are your rates?"—"Well," said the Bishop, smiling, "where there is only one couple my regular fee is two dollars. But of course I allow a discount on wholesale transactions. I'll tell you what I'll do. Seeing that you are a young man, and evidently in earnest in your efforts to start properly in life, I'll put you the whole lot in at forty-five dollars. How's that?"

"Reasonable, very reasonable, indeed," said Thompson.

"Stand up, my dear," said the Bishop to the bride.

The bride stood up in a semicircle, while in the doorway gathered seven or eight of the Bishop's wife, to witness the impressive scene.

Thompson Dunbar then advanced, and taking from the pocket of his coat-tail



THE DOCTOR: "I. C. C.—A GAME OF G.-G.!"

a quarter of a peck of gold rings he put them in his hat and handed them to the Bishop, who began the service.

"Thompson Dunbar, you take these women for your wedded wife? You promise to love, honour, and cherish?" &c., &c.

Thompson Dunbar said, "I do."

The Bishop, turning to the bride, said—

"Emma, Henrietta, Louisa, Geraldine, and the rest, as the case may be—you take this man to be your wedded husband? You promise to love, honour, and obey?" &c., &c.

And the bride said she did, and she would.

Then Thompson, with gladness in his eyes, and wild emotions in his bosom, took the hat from the Bishop and walked around the semicircle of the bride, and placed the rings on her fingers. Then the Bishop pronounced them man and wife, and Thompson started around the bridal curve again to clasp her in succession to his heart.

He was just releasing himself from the twenty-sixth clasp when a wild tumult was heard in the street; the noise of hurrying wheels, the quick tramp of horses, a crying of voices. The door was hurled open with violence, and in rushed Arbutus Jones. Behind him was Mrs. Ballygag.

Jones was white and breathless. Mrs. Ballygag panted, and brandished in a threatening manner a protuberant umbrella.

"Stop! stop!" shouted Jones, as he projected himself into the room. "Don't go on! I forbid the marriage! these women are to be my wife! This man is a depraved villain! I command you, Bishop, not to perform the ceremony!"

"Mr. Jones, it is my duty to inform you that you have come too late. Mr. Dunbar is already married to these ladies."

"This is infamous," said Arbutus. "Dunbar, you have played me a scurvy trick. But I shall be even with you."

"You can have any satisfaction you want," replied Dunbar. "But, I say, Jones, how about that revelation? Crooked, wasn't it? Didn't reveal so very much, after all?"

"We shall see!" exclaimed Jones; and then smashing his hat savagely upon his head, he left the room.

Mrs. Ballygag began to cry.

"You have treated me shamefully," she said. "The last quarter's bills of these girls are not paid. I can't have any commencement; the reputation of the school is ruined; and I am a poor lone widow-woman, with nobody to help me!"

And Mrs. Ballygag sank down upon a sofa and sobbed violently.

Then the bride began to cry also. It was altogether too melancholy for a wedding. The Bishop drew Thompson aside.

"Dunbar," he whispered, "you'll have to do something for this woman. You must do the fair thing."

"What do you recommend?"

"Mrs. Ballygag," said the Bishop, "how would you like to marry Mr. Dunbar, in with the rest?"

With a wild cry of joy, Mrs. Ballygag rushed forward and threw her arms about Dunbar's neck and nestled her head in his bosom.

"Take me, take me!" she exclaimed. "I'll help you manage the girls."

The girls looked as if they were not bursting with ecstasy; but they wanted to be submissive to Thompson, and so they said nothing.

Then Dunbar took Mrs. Ballygag by the hand, the Bishop began the ceremony, and in a few moments she was made a thirty-third of him.

The honeymoon passed blissfully. Thompson Dunbar was by profession a sailor, and having no ship at this time he was at liberty to devote himself wholly to domestic life.

Thompson Dunbar was proud, and he had a right to be. Never once in the early days of his married life did anything happen to cloud his domestic sky. But the painful summons came at last. He was ordered to join his ship at San Francisco, about to sail upon a three years' cruise. Three years! It seemed intolerable to be separated so long from his darlings. Poor Dunbar! If he could have foreseen the trials that were in store for him!

The hour of parting arrived. Let us draw a veil over the scene. There are some things too sacred for the vulgar eye; some episodes in a man's life of which to speak lightly were a profanation. Mrs. Dunbar clung to him, of course. Ah, may none of us ever know the agony of such a farewell. May we never know what a husband suffers to whom thirty-three wives are clinging in desperate woe.

T. Dunbar sailed away upon the bosom of the mighty deep. For some weeks all was well. One night there was a fearful tempest, and the gallant barque, after a prolonged contest with the elements, sank to rise no more. All on board were lost; all save one. Lashed to a spar, Thompson Dunbar contrived to sustain himself in the seething foam for four days. Upon the morning of the fifth day he was cast upon a desert island.

Thompson Dunbar remained upon that island for fifteen years. He had a particularly prosaic time; eating and sleeping, and walking about.

But his wife! Did he ever think of her? Ah, yes! The bitterness of that separation no tongue can tell. Often he would lie upon his back and take from his pocket the thirty-three miniatures, and look at them with longing and tearful eyes. And he would get to wondering which was Emma, which was Rebecca, which Columbia, and which Sapphira. The lineaments of Ballygag were the only ones he felt certain about, but, somehow, he never lingered very long over them!

Meantime, how did Mrs. Dunbar bear the bereavement that had come to her? For the first three or four years she was hopeful; but gradually, as the time passed swiftly by, and no word came to her from the wanderer, she began to feel the growing agony of despair.

At last, however, she was forced to the conclusion that Thompson was dead.

Arbutus Jones was enabled to perceive with perfect clearness what were his obligations in the sad premises. He made up his mind that the anguish of Mrs. Dunbar could be assuaged only by sweet words of consolation from his lips. He called early to offer his sympathies, and after a while he became more assiduous in his attentions, and he felt reviving in his bosom, with all its vehement force, the love he had for her when she was maidens. Often he would lead her forth in the twilight, and, while as many of her little hands as he could conveniently hold, lay confidently in his, they would stroll to some quiet, grassy dell, and she would arrange herself in a circle by the side of a babbling brook, while he sat in the centre and whispered soft words of love to her, and walked around, and pressed each of her hands, and let the love light of his eyes shine on her faces and warm to life the flickering flame in her hearts.

One evening he proposed to her in a lump. After an animated debate, during which the Ballygag gave her views, Mrs. Dunbar decided by a vote of twenty-nine to three (a woman with a cataract not voting) to become the wife of Arbutus Jones!

The wedding attracted a good deal of attention in Salt Lake City.

The ceremony occupied but a few moments, and when Bishop Potts had made these thirty-four one, the procession turned, passed down the aisle again, entered

the carriages, and went to the home that was once Dunbar's, but now had come into the possession of Jones.

Dunbar! how he would have been torn with agony if he, far away upon that lonely island of sea, could have witnessed that scene in the temple! But no voice whispered the truth to him.



JONES RETURNS HOME GLOOMY.

But Jones did not look as if he were really glad. A dark foreboding entered his mind. The precedent was bad; it was dangerous. If this kind of thing began, where was it going to stop? That was the question that he asked himself, with gloom in his soul and a scowl upon his brow each time he opened his door.

Two days later Mary Jane's mother arrived. Mary Jane said that she had invited her mother down to spend the summer, and to give her a chance to learn to love her son-in-law. Arbutus forced a smile as he welcomed her, but it was not difficult to see that his mother-in-law would have to labour hard to induce him to return her love.

A month passed, and at intervals mothers-in-law continued to arrive, until there was a sum total of twenty-one in Jones's house. He began to grow desperate. One day he called the Ballygag aside. He asked her if she had a mother. She said she had not.

Arbutus clasped her in his arms and kissed her tenderly. She was amazed. He had not been lavish of caresses with her. She asked for an explanation. He said—

"I adore a woman who has lost her parents. Ah, Lucille" (her name was Lucille), "my only regret now is that you didn't keep an orphan asylum instead of a boarding-school, when Dunbar eloped with your establishment."

As he spoke thus the door-bell rang. Lucille went out to see who was there. When she returned, she said the mothers of Columbia and Emma had just arrived with two wagon-loads of trunks and furniture.

Arbutus shuddered.

"This is terrible, Mrs. Bally—Lucille, I mean. If this thing continues I shall go mad. But I have in my mind the outlines of a malignant plot, which will rid me of these women for ever. It is an awful thing to do, this that I propose, but

Of the domestic life which came to Arbutus Jones, with the golden days which followed the wedding, we need not speak. But one day, a month or two after the marriage, Arbutus, upon his return home, found an elderly lady whom he did not know occupying a seat at his dinner-table. He thought at first it might be one of his wife, so he counted the row of her, and found that there were thirty-four women instead of thirty-three. A moment later Sapphira introduced the stranger as her mother.

"She has come to stay with us, Arbutus, dear, upon my invitation. I longed to have her with me, and I knew you would welcome her for my sake. Won't you, darling?"

"Oh, certainly! Glad to see her! Very glad! Of course. She is always welcome here."

the case is desperate ; I am driven to an extremity. Will you promise to help me in it ? ”

“ Yes. ”

“ Do you know any of Mrs. Brigham Young ? ”

“ Oh, yes ; one of her went to school to me. She was the best girl I had at grammar. She could tell a participle as far as she could see it. ”

“ Well, ” said Arbutus, “ I want you to go to see her. Tell her I will give her a thousand dollars if she will persuade the Prophet to have a revelation declaring that all my mothers-in-law must be sealed at once to Partridge, the coroner ! I want him to suffer. ”

A gleam of savage exultation shone from Jones’s eyes, as he thought of the probable completeness of his vengeance. In an hour the Ballygag returned. It was all fixed. She had a promise that the order would be issued the next morning.

Sure enough, next morning Partridge called, looking livid with rage.

“ Where, ” said he to Jones, “ are these preposterous old hags that you are trying to shove off on me ? Where are they ? Here, you women ! Get on your things, and come along. I’d commit suicide to get rid of you, if it wasn’t that I don’t want my successor to collect a fee for my remains. Come on now, and be quick about it. ”

Upon the departure of his wife’s mothers, Jones rubbed his hands, and, in a gleeful mood, danced about the room with the Ballygag. He was joyful. He had reason for joy. But there was a dire and awful retribution preparing for him. The shadow of his doom was slowly creeping towards him.

Fifteen years had elapsed since Thompson Dunbar tore himself away from his bride, and his happy home. Fifteen years had he dragged out a dreary existence upon his lonely rock in the midst of the sea. One day he saw a ship approaching the island, and he made frantic signals to attract the attention of those on board. Holding up a brandy-bottle fetched them.

The captain gave him a suit of clothes, and loaned him some money ; and as soon as the vessel touched the wharf, a few weeks later, he leaped ashore, and took the first train for Salt Lake City.

Imagine the alternation of hope and despair that distracted his mind ! Again and again he asked himself how he should find her. Would she be all alive and well, or partially dead ? Would his children be alive ? Would he find his home as beautiful as ever ? Would he go there to obtain peace and joy, or to suffer pangs of terrible sorrow ?

As he mused the train entered the city. He walked rapidly towards the house where he used to live. There were brilliant lights in the windows as he softly crept through the gateway and trod with noiseless footfall upon the gravelled walk. He stepped upon the porch, and hiding behind a shutter he peered through the casement.

How beautiful that sweet domestic scene ! but how horrible for him ! His own dear sitting-room, and yet not his !

There she was ! Emma, Sapphira, Ethelberta, Henrietta, Columbia—all of her. A few of her sat about the centre table knitting. A few of her were around



PARTRIDGE IS DESPERATE.

the wall. Lucille (his own Ballygag) was there making over one of Thompson's shirts for Jones! Everything seemed to conspire to cut him up.

There was Arbutus Jones, his own rival, sitting in an arm-chair with smiling face, dangling three infants upon each knee. He was playing with them and with forty-two other children; and in a corner were seven cradles full of babes among them two twins and a triplet, which were rocked by a hydraulic engine operated by pellucid water from the sparkling mountain stream. Every now and then one of Mrs Jones would look from her work and smile at her husband and at the pranks of the little ones. They were all so peaceful, so happy, so thoughtless of the haggard man who shivered and shuddered out there in the dusky night, as with wild eyes he devoured the scene.

Thompson looked eagerly at the children. In the faces of some he traced his own lineaments, his own noble Roman nose; in others he saw distinctly the facial outlines of Jones: he saw the nose which turned upward as if perpetually it would sniff the celestial constellations.

There was a great pain in his heart. He did not know what to do. He was dazed, bewildered. His first impulse was to express his emotion by bursting in the window with a brick. But he repented him of the thought. His wife was happy. He had nothing to live for, nothing to hope for, no joy or happiness any more in this cold and cruel world.

He returned again to his lodgings. That night a raging fever attacked him. For days he was wild with delirium, but at last the fever left him, and he became conscious. His life was fast ebbing away. The physician told him that the end was near. He must finish at once his connection with the affairs of this world.

He called for his landlord.

"When I am dead," he said, "I want you to have my remains prepared for the tomb, and then I wish you to send for Mrs. Arbutus Jones to come here to look upon my face."

"Which of her?" asked the landlord, sadly.

"All of her. She loved me once. She will wish to see me."

"Who are you?"

"THOMPSON DUNBAR!"

And then his tired spirit winged its way into the illimitable ether. He was no more. Perhaps he was even less.

The last message of the unhappy Thompson was conveyed to Mrs. Jones; and she came, in melancholy array, to view all that remained of him who had won the love of her youth. It was a sad, sad scene at that reunion.

Even Jones was affected. Overcome by the spectacle of his wife's grief, he wandered off disconsolate to the bar-room, and tried to find solace in a variety of mixed beverages.

Of course Coroner Partridge came; his duty was to view the body. When the shocking story was told him, he laughed. Partridge, a man holding a high and responsible and most solemn public position actually laughed boisterously. Persons thought that his familiarity with woe had robbed him of sensibility; but that was not it. Partridge had suddenly thought of a terrible scheme of revenge.

The funeral was held upon the following Tuesday. Mrs. Jones attended in full force, and each of her carried with her a modest tombstone, bearing a tribute to the memory of Thompson Dunbar. They buried him upon the hillside with impressive ceremonies, and then Mrs. Jones planted the thirty-three tombstones upon the grave and watered them with her tears.

The next morning Mr. Partridge called. Mr. Jones and the whole of his wife

were at home. After some preliminary and original remarks about the weather, Partridge said—

"By the way, Jones, you know my brother Joe?"

"The chemist, you mean?"

"Yes. I called, ladies, to ascertain what you think of him."

"We don't know him," the ladies said.

"And we don't want to know him," Jones added.

"Ah, that is indeed unfortunate. I hoped the ladies knew him and admired him," said Partridge. "It would be so much better for all parties if there was some basis upon which to build a genuine affection."

"Affection! What in thunder do you mean?" demanded Jones, warmly, and rising from his chair.

"I suppose, ladies, you consider yourself the wife of this person, Jones?"

"Certainly," was the unanimous answer.

"You were married to him while Dunbar was alive. The marriage, therefore was illegal. It was null and void. Consequently, you are now simply Mrs. Dunbar, the widow of the late Thompson Dunbar."

"Is that all," said Jones, laughing; "we'll soon remedy that. We will perform the ceremony again this afternoon."

"Oh, no, you won't, Mr. Jones," sneered Partridge. "Last night, the Prophet Young had a revelation. He was commanded to seal the whole of the Widow Dunbar to another man! That man was my brother Joe?"

Jones perceived the folly of fighting against the Prophet and Fate. He kissed his darlings fondly, as they began to resuscitate, and then going out into the wilderness, he swore civilisation.

As for Mrs. Partridge, she dwindled and died, one by one, and her husband bought an acre in the cemetery, in which he placed her; and when the last was gone, he went back to his desolate home, to roll pills in agony, and to moisten his salts and senna with his tears!

A TALE TO KILL-ARNEY OTHERS.

AN Englishman landed at Dublin a few months ago, filled with apprehension that the life of any loyal subject was not worth a farthing there and thereabouts. The Land Leaguers, he imagined, were assassins, and all that sort of thing. But it was his duty to travel in the land—a duty he approached with fear and trembling. Now there happened to be on his route a number of towns, the name of which begin with the suggestive syllable "Kil." There was Kilmartin, and so on. In his ignorance of geographical nomenclature his affrighted senses were startled anew on hearing a fellow-passenger in the railway-carriage remark to another as follows: "I'm just afther bein' over to Kilpatrick." "And I," replied the other; "am afther bein' over to Kilmory." "What murderers they are!" thought the Englishman. "And to think that they talk of their assassinations so publicly!" But the conversation went on. "And fhere are ye goin now?" asked assassin No. 1. "I'm goin' home, and then to Kilmore," was No. 2's reply. The Englishman's blood curdled. "Kilmore, is it?" added No. 1. "You'd better be comin' along wud me to Killmaule." It is related that the Englishmen left the train at the next station.

A NAVVISH TRANSACTION.

SOME time ago a railway was being made in the neighbourhood of Galashiels, and it was arranged that each of the numerous navvies employed should pay one penny a week to a medical practitioner, so that they might have his services in the event of accident, or medicine in the case of illness. During the summer and autumn neither illness nor accident occurred. But, when a severe winter followed all at once the "navigators" began to call on the doctor for castor-oil. Each brought his bottle, into which an ounce was poured, until the oil was exhausted, and the doctor forced to send to Edinburgh for a further supply. When that, too, was getting done, the doctor one day quietly asked a decent-looking fellow what was wrong with the men that they required so much castor-oil. "Nothing wrong at all, doctor; we grease our big boots with it!"



"HARK! 'TIS THE MIDNIGHT H'OWL!"

PEW-RILE REFLECTIONS.

AT church I sat within her pew,
 O Pew!
 But there I heard
 No pious word—
 I saw alone her eyes of blue!

I saw her bow her head so gracious,
 O Gracious!
 The choir sang,
 The organ rang—
 And seemed to fill the building spacious.

I could not hear the gospel law—
 O Law!
 My future bride
 Was by my side—
 Without a single fault or flaw.

And when pealed forth the organ's thunder—
 O thunder!
 I fixed my eyes
 In mute surprise
 On her whose beauty was a wonder.



THE PROMENADE TO THE SAD SEA WAVES (p. 26).

To me that maiden was most dear,
 O Dear!
 And she was mine,
 Joy too divine
 For human words to picture here,

HUMOROUS HASH.

Her love seemed like a prayer to bless me—
O bless me!

Before she came
My life was tame,
My rarest joys could but oppress me.

The service done, we sought the shore—
O Shore!

And there we walked,
And sadly talked—
More sadly talked than e'er before.

I thought she was the type of goodness—
O Goodness!

But on that day
I heard her say
Plain words whose very tone was rudeness.

We strayed beyond the tide-mill's dam—
O Dam!

She jilted me
And now I see
That woman's love is all a sham!

PLUMB-TRUE.—There are some disadvantages in living on the second floor. A housewife thus situated left a bar of soap on the stairs while she exchanged a few words with the first floor tenant, and a plumber who was upstairs mending the pipes came down a moment later with several tongs and wrenches in one hand, and a sheet iron furnace in the other, and when he reached the immediate locality of the soap, his legs suddenly spread apart, a look of astonishment stole into his face, and in an instant his head was half way through the front door, and his coat tail on fire, and those tongs and wrenches were up in the air struggling for dear life with that red hot furnace. He says now that his father forced him to learn the trade of plumbing, and that it was not his own choice.

TO A YOUNG MAN.

REMEMBER, son, that the world is older than you are by several years: that for thousands of years it has been so full of cleverer and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the attic windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten millions went to the funeral. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. Remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him they cost more money, and they are more stylish; your moustache is neater, the

cut of your hair is better. But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a cheque will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months.

An officer of the 60th not present at the battle inquiring of a sailor about Majuba Hill—his reply was graphic—"Well, sir, I took four hours going up the booming hill, but I came down in four minutes, and only touched the ground three times."

CONUNDRUMS.

'Twas Harry who the silence broke :

"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"

"Because, because—I'm board," she spoke.

"Oh, no: because you're woo'd," said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said,

"I have a—heart?" he asked, so low,

Her answer made the young man red:

"Because you're sappy, don't you know?"

"Once more," she asked, "why are you now

A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.

"Trees leave sometimes and make a bow,

And you can always bow—and leave."

HAPPY—TIGHT.

CHILD (who has disposed of a basin of bread and milk, followed by broiled bacon, bread, and an egg) leans her head on her hand and looks "so-so."

Anxious Mother: "What's the matter, dear?"

Child: "I ain't dot no appetite!"

MRS. JUDGE JENKINS.

[THE ONLY GENUINE SEQUEL TO "MAUD MULLER.]

MAUD MULLER, all that summer day,

Raked the meadow sweet with hay;

Yet, looking down the distant lane,

She hoped the judge would come again.

But when he came with smile and bow,

Maud only blushed, and stammered, "Ha-ow?"

And spoke of her "pa," and wondered whether

He'd give consent they should wed together.

Old Muller burst in tears, and then

Begged that the judge would lend him "ten;"

For trade was dull, and wages low,
And the "craps," this year, were somewhat slow.

And ere the languid summer died,
Sweet Maud became the judge's bride.

But, on the day that they were mated,
Maud's brother Bob was intoxicated ;

And Maud's relations, twelve in all,
Were very drunk at the judge's hall.

And when the summer came again,
The young bride bore him babies twain.

And the judge was blest, but thought it strange
That bearing children made such a change :

For Maud grew broad and red and stout ;
And the waist that his arm once clasped about

Was more than he now could span. And he
Sighed as he pondered, ruefully,

How that which in Maud was native grace
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place ;

And thought of the twins, and wished that they
Looked less like the man who raked the hay

On Muller's farm, and dreamed with pain,
Of the day he wandered down the lane.

And, looking down that dreary track,
He half regretted that he came back.

For, had he waited, he might have wed
Some maiden fair and thoroughbred ;

For there be women fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

Alas for maiden ! alas for judge !
And the sentimental—that's one-half "fudge ;"

For Maud soon thought the judge a bore,
With all his learning and all his lore.

And the judge would have bartered Maud's fair face
For more refinement and social grace.

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"

More sad are these we daily see :
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

WIGGED DECEPTION.

During the recent visit of a party of Indians to the East, one of the number, Squatting Bear, was observed to behave himself in a very remarkable and mysterious manner. He separated himself from his companions on one occasion for several hours, and was then seen returning dragging a huge trunk behind him through the streets with a string. When he reached his lodgings with the trunk the other Indians were puzzled. Some of them believed the trunk to be a model for a new kind of wigwam with a novel roof, while others conceived the idea that it was a patent bath-tub of some peculiar sort, and that Squatting Bear, in a moment of mortal aberration, had been seized with an inexplicable and unprecedented desire to wash himself.

The souls of the savages burned with fiery indignation as they contemplated the possibility of the adoption of this revolutionary, enervating, and demoralising practice of the pale faces by the noble red man. But when they questioned Squatting Bear and remonstrated with him, that incomprehensible brave merely placed his copper-coloured finger upon his burnt-umber nose, and winked solemnly with his right eye.

The trunk was carried through to the wigwam of Squatting Bear unopened, and within the precincts of his home it was hidden finally from view, and was soon entirely forgotten.

In the tribe the brave who killed the largest number of enemies in any given year, and secured the usual trophies of victory, was entitled to occupy the position as chief. Squatting Bear was known to have ardent aspirations for the office, and he worked hard to win it. For a while after his return he was always foremost in every fight; and when the scalps were counted around the camp fire, he invariably had secured the greatest number.

Gradually, however, certain of the braves were impressed with the notion that Squatting's trophies sometimes did not bear a very correct proportion to the ferocity of the contest or to the number of slain. Several times, after a brief skirmish in which ten or fifteen men were killed, Squatting would come sidling home with as many scalps as there were dead men; and at the same time the other warriors would together have nearly as many more.

The braves thought it was queer, but they did not give the subject very serious attention until after the massacre of a certain band of emigrants which had passed close by the camp of the tribe. There were just twenty persons in the company, and after the butchery several Indians took the trouble to count the bodies and to keep tally with a butcher-knife upon the side of a chip.

That night, when the scalps were numbered, each brave had one or two apiece, but Squatting Bear handed out exactly forty-seven of the most beautiful bunches of human hair that had ever been seen west of the Mississippi. The braves looked cross-eyed at each other and cleared their throats. Two of their number stole out to the battlefield for the purpose of counting the bodies again, and of ascertaining if this had been a menagerie with a few double-headed persons in the party.

Yes, there lay exactly twenty corpses, and, to make matters worse, one of them was a bald-headed man who, for additional security to his scalp, had run a skate-strap over his head and buckled it under his chin.

When they returned, the entire camp devoted itself to meditation and calculation.

Twenty men killed and forty-seven scalps in the possession of a single Indian, without counting those secured by other participants in the contest! The more the warriors pondered over this fact, the more perplexing it became. A brave,

while eating his supper and reflecting upon the problem, would suddenly imagine he saw his way clear, and he would stop, with his mouth full of baked dog, and fix his eyes upon the wall and think desperately hard. But the solution invariably eluded him. Then all of them would glide behind their wigwams and perform abstruse mathematical calculations upon their fingers, and they would get sticks and jam the points into the sand and do hard sums out of their aboriginal arithmetic. And they would tear around through the Indian rule of three, and struggle through their own kind of vulgar fractions, and wrestle with something that they believed to be a multiplication table. But in vain. Forty-seven scalps off twenty heads! It seemed incredible and impossible.

They tried it with algebra, and let the number of heads equal x and the number of scalps equal y , and they multiplied x into y and subtracted every letter in the alphabet in succession from the result until their brains reeled; but still the mystery remained unsolved.

At last a secret council was held, and it was determined that Squatting Bear must have some powerful and wonderful charm which enabled him to perform such miracles, and all hands agreed to investigate the matter upon the first opportunity. So the next week there was another fight, in which four persons were killed, and that night Squatting actually had the audacity to rush out one hundred and eighty-seven scalps, and to ask those benighted savages, sitting around their fire, to believe that he had snatched all that hair from those four heads.

It was too much—much too much; they seized him and drove a white oak stake through his bosom to hold him still, and then they proceeded to his wigwam to ascertain how that scalp business was conducted by the Bear family. They burst open the trunk the first thing, and there they found fifteen hundred wigs and a keg of red paint, purchased by the disgraceful aboriginal while in Philadelphia.

That concluded his career. They buried him at once in the trunk, and the wigs with him; and ever since that time they have elected annually a committee on scalps, whose business it is to examine every hirsute trophy with a double-barreled microscope of nine hundred diameters.

WEATHER OR NO.

A WORTHY Teuton was recently talking about forecasts.

"Look here," said he, "I dell you vat it is. You petter don't dake no shtook in dem weather bredietions. Dose beoble don't know noding. Dey can't tell no petter as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person present, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dat ish zo," replied the German, contemplatively; "but I dell you vat it is. Dat shtorm would have come yust de same if it had not peen bredieted."

AN ARTISTIC BUST.

PHILO W. BATES has a quarry east of our village. He is also the owner of a blacksmith's shop near by, where he employs two or three men to sharpen the tools used in quarrying stone. In accordance with a good old custom, the powder used in blasting is kept in the blacksmith's shop. There were two kegs partly filled, and one unbroken in the shop at the time our story opens. It was a pleasant day. There was no bright sunshine, but the general appearance of things out doors was

mellow and comfortable-like. One of the men was employed at the anvil, hammering the sultry end of a crowbar. A few grains of powder had fallen upon the floor while replenishing the quarry from the open kegs. We came near forgetting to state this, which is a more important matter than at first sight seems probable. The other employes were busily engaged, as forgetful sons of toil are apt to be when hired by the day. A balsamic perfume filled the atmosphere of the shop, slightly modified by the flavour left by the last horse. Suddenly a flake of streaming hot iron shot from the anvil and down among the grains of powder which held their slumbering fires to the floor. There were a few unnoticed pops and flashes. Then came a hiss, as the flame shot over into the open kegs. The man who held the crowbar mechanically passed out doors. Another son of toil, who, with his back to the danger, was looking through a window to observe two neighbouring cocks which were waltzing into each other, was suddenly deprived of the slack to his trousers, and looked around in time to detect one end of the shop in the act of moving off, followed by a comrade whose shirt had gone up in a flame. The two partly filled kegs had exploded with the customary violence, and the full keg was on fire. At this juncture was displayed an act of heroism seldom exhibited. Mr. Bates seized the burning keg, and hurled it out into the snow in time to quench the flames, save the balance of his shop, and the lives of himself and men. Two of the men were badly burned, a portion of the shop was wrecked, and the two roosters at once buried all animosities engendered by the fray, and immediately started over the hill for home, at the rapid and graceful gait peculiar to those feathered Mormons.

SHORT AND SINGULAR RATIONS.

As many will remember, the clipper-ship "Hornet," of New York, was burned at sea on her passage to San Francisco. The disaster occurred in lat. $2^{\circ} 20'$ north, long. $112^{\circ} 8'$ west. After being forty-three days adrift on the broad Pacific in open boats, the crew and passengers succeeded in making Hawaii. A tribute to the courage and brave endurance of these men has been paid in a letter detailing their sufferings (the particulars being gathered from their own lips), from which the following excerpt is made:—

On Monday, the thirty-eighth day after the disaster, we had nothing left (said the third mate) but a pound and a half of ham—the bone was a good deal the heaviest part of it—and one soup-and-bully tin. These things were divided among the fifteen men, and they ate it—two ounces of food to each man. I do not count the ham-bone, as that was saved for next day. For some time, now, the poor wretches had been cutting their old boots into small pieces and eating them. They would also pound wet rags to a sort of pulp, and eat them.

On the thirty-ninth day the ham-bone was divided up into rations and scraped with knives and eaten. I said, "You say the two sick men remained sick all through, and after a while two or three had to be relieved from standing watch; how did you get along without medicines?"

The reply was, "Oh! we couldn't have kept them if we'd had them; if we'd had boxes of pills, or anything like that, we'd have eaten them. It was just as well—we couldn't have kept them, and we couldn't have given them to the sick men alone—we'd have shared them around all alike, I guess." It was said rather in jest, but it was a pretty true jest, no doubt.

After apportioning the ham-bone, the captain cut the canvas cover that had been around the ham into fifteen equal pieces, and each man took his portion. This was the last division of food the captain made. The men broke up the small oaken butter tub, and divided the staves among themselves, and gnawed them

up. The shell of a little green turtle was scraped with knives, and eaten to the last shaving. The third mate chewed pieces of boots, and spit them out, but ate nothing except the soft straps of two pairs of boots—ate three on the thirtieth day, and saved one for the fortieth.

The men seemed to have thought in their own minds of the shipwrecked mariner's last dreadful resort—cannibalism: but they do not appear to have conversed about it. They only thought of the casting lots and killing one of their number as a possibility; but even when they were eating rags, and bone, and boots, and shell, and hard oak wood, they seem to have still had a notion that it was remote. They felt that some one of the company must die soon—which one they well knew; and during the last three or four days of their terrible voyage they were patiently but hungrily waiting for him. I wonder if the subject of these anticipations knew what they were thinking of? He must have known it—he must have felt it. They had even calculated how long he would last. They said to themselves, but not to each other—I think they said, "He will die Saturday—and then!"

There was one exception to the spirit of delicacy I have mentioned—a Frenchman—who kept an eye of strong personal interest upon the sinking man, and noted his failing strength with untiring care and some degree of cheerfulness. He frequently said to Thomas, "I think he will go off pretty soon now, sir; and then we'll eat him!" This is very sad.

Thomas, and also several of the men, state that the sick "Portyghee," during the five days that they were entirely out of provisions, actually ate two silk handkerchiefs and a couple of cotton shirts, besides his share of the boots, and bones, and lumber.

Captain Mitchell was fifty-six years old on the twelfth of June—the fortieth day after the burning of the ship, and the third day before the boat's crew reached land. He said it looked somewhat as if it might be the last one he was going to enjoy. He had no birthday feast except some bits of ham-canvas—no luxury but this, and no substantials save the leather and oaken bucket-staves.

Speaking of the latter diet, one of the men told me he was obliged to eat a pair of boots, which were so old and rotten that they were full of holes; and then he smiled gently, and said he didn't know, though, but what the holes tasted about as good as the balance of the boot. This man was very feeble, and after saying that he went to bed. And then we went to bed.



THE END.

Stirling, July 1885.



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